

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MARCH, 1918

A PORT SAID MISCELLANY

BY WILLIAM McFEE

I

THERE has come upon us, suddenly, one of those inexplicable lulls which make the experienced seafarer in the Mediterranean recall bygone voyages out East. It is as if the ship had run abruptly into some sultry and airless chamber of the ocean, a chamber whose cobalt roof has shut down tight, and through which not a breath is moving. The smoke from the funnel, of a sulphurous bronze color, even while our trail yet lies somnolent in a long smear on the horizon, now goes straight to the zenith. The iron bulwarks are as hot as hand can bear, as the westering sun glows full upon the beam. Under the awnings the troops lie gasping on their rubber sheets, enduring silently and incomprehendingly, like dumb animals.

Far ahead, the escort crosses and recrosses our course. Still farther ahead, a keen eye can detect a slight fraying of the taut blue line of the horizon. Signals break from the escort and are answered from our bridge. I turn to a sergeant who is shambling to and fro by the machine-room door, and inform him that Port Said is in sight, and that he will be in harbor in an hour or so.

And then, just as suddenly as we entered, the door of that heated chamber of the sea opens and we pass out into a

warm humid wind. The wind and the news wake everybody. The soldiers, who have encamped on our after-deck during the voyage, suddenly display a feverish activity. Rations are packed, rifles are cleaned, and I am in the full tide of popular favor because I permit oil-reservoirs to be replenished in the machine-room and furnish those priceless fragments of old emery cloth which give such a delectable and silvery gloss to the bolts. Later, I am so popular that I could almost stand for Parliament, for I tell the sergeant that each man can fill his water-bottle with iced-water. Which they proceed to do at once, so that said water gets red-hot before the moment of disembarkation!

But take a look at these men on our after-deck while we are coming up to Port Said. You have never seen them before and you will not see them again, for they are bound for Bagdad and beyond. They are very representative, for they are of all ages, races, and regiments. They are going to join units which have been transferred. Three were hours in the water when their ship was torpedoed. Several have come overland across France and Italy, and got most pleasantly hung up at entrancing cities on the way. Others have come out of hospitals and trenches in Macedonia and France and Flanders.

They are Irish, Scottish, Welsh, and English. The sergeant, now thumbing a worn pocket-book, has seen service in India, China, Egypt, and France.

Behind him, on the hatch, is a boy of eighteen who wears the uniform of the most famous regiment in the British Army. He is small for his age, and he has a most engaging smile. When I asked him how on earth he got into the Army he explained that he had 'mis-riprisinted his age.' He has a chum, a gaunt Highlander, who scarcely opened his lips all the voyage, and who sat on the hatch sewing buttons on their clothes, darning their stockings, and reading a religious pamphlet entitled *Doing it Now*.

There is another sergeant, too, a young gentleman going home to get a commission. He is almost to be described as one apart, for he holds no converse with the others. He walks in a mincing way, he has a gold watch with a curb-chain on one wrist, a silver identification plate and a silver slave-bangle from Saloniki on the other, and an amethyst ring on one of his fingers. As the Chief Engineer said to me one day, he needed only a spear and a ring through his nose to be a complete fighting man. However, in this war it is unwise to make snap judgments. I understand that this young gentleman has an aptitude for certain esoteric brain-work of vast use in artillery. He never goes near the firing-line at all. Our young friend Angus MacFadden has that job. When the young gentleman with the slave-bangle and gold-mounted fountain-pen and expensive Kodak has figured out certain calculations in his dug-out office, Angus, who resembles an extremely warlike bell-hop, with his gaunt Highland chum beside him, will scramble up out of his trench, make a most determined rush toward a given point, and, in short, complete the job, whatever it may be.

Now it is all very well to talk about the triumphs of mind over matter, but my interest is not with the young gentleman at all. He may carry Omar Khayyam in his kit. He may call the 'Shropshire Lad' 'topping poetry.' He may (as he does) borrow Swinburne from my book-shelf. My interest is with Angus and his chums. I look out of my machine-room window and watch them getting ready to disembark. They are very amusing, with their collapsible aluminium pannikins, their canvas wash-basins and buckets, their fold-up shaving tackle and telescopic tooth-brushes.

There is one tough old private of the Old Army among them. He has the Egyptian and two South African medals. He never seems to have any kit to bother him. I see him in the galley, peeling potatoes for their dinner, deep in conversation with the pantry-man and smoking an Irish clay. He knows all the twenty-one moves, as we say. Then there is a very young man who reads love-stories all the time, a rosy-cheeked lad with the Distinguished Service Order ribbon on his tunic.

Another, almost as young, is tremendously interested in refrigeration. He comes into my engine-room and stares in rapt incredulity at the snow on the machine. 'I don't see why it does n't melt!' he complains, as if he had a grievance. 'How *do* you freeze? if it isn't a rude question.'

I explain briefly how we utilize the latent heat of reëvaporation peculiar to certain gaseous media, in order to reduce the temperature. He turns on me with a rush of frankness and bursts out, 'But, you know, that's all Greek to me!' Well, I suggest, his soldiering's all Greek to me, come to that. He laughs shortly, with his eyes on the ever-moving engines, and says he supposes so. By and by he begins to talk

of his experiences in Macedonia. He thinks the sea is beautiful, after the bare hot gulches and ravines. He is so fair that the sun has burned his face and knees pink instead of brown. I asked him what he was doing before the war, and he said his father had a seed-farm in Essex and he himself was learning the business.

Meanwhile we have arrived at Port Said. The engines stop and go astern violently, and the pilot comes alongside in a boat and climbs the rope-ladder. Just ahead is the breakwater, with a couple of motor patrols keeping guard over the fairway. Our escort puts on speed and goes in, for her job with us is done. She has gone in to coal, and she will be ready in a few hours to take another transport out. She and her sisters are like us — they are never through. The big ships may lie for days, or even weeks, in harbor. We small fry have to hurry. Back and forth we ply without ceasing. Sometimes we run ashore in our haste, and so make less speed. Sometimes we smash into each other in the dark, and have to stagger back to port and refit with all possible expedition. Sometimes, too, we go out and never come back, and nobody save the authorities and our relatives hears anything about it. To what end? Well — and herein lies my interest in those soldiers of the King on the after-deck — the one ultimate object we have in view is to get Master Angus MacFadden and his chums into that front-line trench, to keep them there, warm and fed, and fully supplied with every possible assistance when they climb over the parapet to make the aforesaid rush. Everything else, when you come to think of it, is subordinate to that.

The ship goes at half-speed now past the breakwater, a long gray finger pointing northwards from the beach. Half-way along we pass the De Les-

seps statue on its high pedestal, the right hand flung out in a grandiose gesture toward the supreme achievement of his life. The warm wind from the westward is sending up the sea to break in dazzling white foam on the yellow sand below the pink and blue and brown bathing-huts. The breakwater is crowded with citizens taking the air, for the walks of Port Said are restricted and flavored with the odors of Arabian domesticity. We pass on, and the hotels and custom-house buildings come into view. All around are the transients of the ocean, anchored and for a moment at rest. Past the Canal building we steam, a pretentious stucco affair with three green-tiled domes and deep Byzantine galleries. Past also Navy House, a comely white building in the Venetian style, recalling the Doge's Palace — an illusion heightened by the fleet of patrols anchored in front, busily getting ready to go out to work.

And then we stop, and manœuvre, and go astern; tugs whistle imperiously, motor-boats buzz around us, ropes are hurriedly ferried across to buoys and quays, and we are made fast and pulled into our berth alongside of an immense vessel which has come from the other side of the world with frozen meat to feed Master Angus and his chums. But by this time it is dark. The ochreous sheen on the sky behind Port Said is darkening to purple and violet, the stars are shining peacefully over us, and the sergeant comes to ask for a lantern by which to finish packing his kit.

It has been warm during the day, but now it is stifling. We are, as I said, close alongside a great ship. She extends beyond us and towers above us, and even the warm humid breeze of Port Said in August is shut out from us. Up from below comes a suffocating stench of hot bilge. The ship is invaded by a swarm of Arab cargo-men,

who begin immediately to load us from our neighbor. Cargo lights, of a ghastly blue color, appear at the hatchways. Angus and his chums take up their kits and fall in on the bridge-deck. Officers hurry to and fro. Hatches are taken off, and the cold air of the holds comes up in thin wisps of fog into the tropic night. Winches rattle. Harsh words of French and Arabic commingle with the more intelligible shouts of the ship's officers. All night this goes on. All night proceeds this preposterous traffic in frozen corpses, amid the dim blue radiance of the cargo-clusters. Hundreds upon hundreds of frozen corpses!

I go off watch at eight and, seated in a room like a Turkish bath, I try to concentrate on the letters which have come over the sea. I am seized with a profound depression, arising, I suppose, from the bizarre discrepancy between the moods communicated by the letters and my own weariness. Most letters are so optimistic in tone. They clap one on the back and give one breezy news of the flowers in New Jersey gardens, of the heat in New Orleans, of bombs in London and reunions in English houses. All very nice; but I have to get up at two, and the thermometer over my bunk is now registering a hundred Fahrenheit. An electric fan buzzes and snaps in the corner and seems only to make the air hotter. An Arab passes in the alleyway outside and calls to some one named Achmet in an unmelodious howl. (All male Arabs are named Achmet apparently.)

I sit in my pajamas, with the letters in my hand, and wonder how long it is going to last. Another week or so and we shall have had two years of it. Most of us have gone home on leave. Counting the commander, there are — let me see — four of us left of the original crowd. It is over a year since I applied for leave. Nothing will come of it. I look into the future and see myself, a

gray elderly failure, still keeping a six-hour shift on a Mediterranean transport, my life spent, my friends and relatives all dead, Angus and his chums gone west, and a new generation coming out, with vigorous appetites for fresh provisions.

And then the door opens and lets in a slight uniformed figure with a grip in his hand and a familiar smile on his face. Lets in also liberty, freedom, payday, England, Home and Beauty.

It is my relief, arrived at last!

II

We greet each other shyly, for the chief and some of the others are standing in the alleyway, with broad grins on their faces at my look of flabbergasted bewilderment. An Arab porter comes along with a big canvas bag of dunnage, which he dumps at our feet.

'Why — what — how — when — did you get here?' I ask weakly.

'Train from Alexandria,' he replies, sitting down on the settee.

My kitten, a sandy little savage known as O'Henry, jumps up and begins to make friends. O'Henry is stroked and tickled, and Tommy looks up at me with his old tolerant, bland, imperturbable smile.

'You, of all people!' I remark, looking at him inanely.

'Aye, they sent me out,' he affirms. 'They told me you were here. How's things?'

The others go away, still smiling, and I shut the door. For this young chap, who has come across Europe to relieve me, is an old shipmate. We were on the Merovingian. We have been many voyages to Rio and the Plates. We were always chums. In some obscure fashion, we got on. Tommy is North Country — dry, taciturn, reticent, slow to make friends. A hot-air merchant makes him restive and he

goes away. He abhors bluffers. I like him. We have never written, though, for it is a fact that some friendships do not 'carry' in a letter. They are like some wines — they do not travel. For all I knew, I was never to see him again. What of that? We had been chums and we understood each other. I had often thought of him since I'd been out here — a good little shipmate. And now here he was, on my settee, smiling and tickling O'Henry just where he likes to be tickled, and asking me to come ashore with him.

Will I come ashore with him? Will I not? I drag open drawers, fling out a white-drill suit, and begin to dress. I open the door and shout to the messman to go and get a boat and bring my shoes and some hot water. While I shave, Tommy relates his adventures in a sketchy way. He has no gift of tongues, but now and again he strikes out a phrase that brings the picture before me. He has been torpedoed. He was in the Malthusian when she was 'plugged.' He was on watch, of course, — Thirds always are on watch when anything happens. I used to tell him that he was the original of Browning's 'Shadowy Third,' he is so small, with delicate hands and that charming, elusive, shadowy smile.

Oh, I remark, as I reach for the talcum powder, he was torpedoed, was he? He nods and smiles at O'Henry's trick of falling off the settee head over heels. And the poor old Malthusian too — what a box of tricks she was, with her prehistoric pumps and effervescent old dynamo — gone at last, eh? Tommy says nothing about the catastrophe save that he lost his gear. Then, he observes, he joined the Polynesian as Third, having, of course, got himself fresh gear. Ah, and had I heard about the Polynesian? She's gone too, he said, letting O'Henry down to the floor by his tail. What? Torpedoed too? It

must be a sort of habit with him. Good Heavens! But no, says Tommy, she was attacked, but she got away, and —

'It was a funny thing,' he adds meditatively; and looks at me as though he could n't make it out.

'What,' I ask, 'what happened?' as I look round for my stick and cigar-case.

'Oh, I'll tell you when we get ashore,' he says; and he rolls O'Henry into a ball and drops him on my bunk.

'Come on, then. — Sam! Got that boat?'

A negro voice howls, 'Yes, sah,' and we go out and down the ladder.

A three-quarter moon is coming up, hangs now over Palestine, and Port Said, the ancient Pelusium, takes on a serene splendor inconceivable to those who have seen her only in the hard dusty glare of noon-day. The harsh outlines of the ships soften to vague shadows touched with silver; the profound gloom within the colonnades of the Canal building, the sheen of the moonlight on green domes and gray stucco walls make of it a fairy palace of mist and emerald. Each motor-launch speeding past leaves a broadening, heaving furrow of phosphorescence. Each dip of our oars breaks the dark water into an incredible swirl of boiling greenish-white radiance.

Tommy and I sit side by side in the stern in silence as the Arab boatman, in blue gown and round white cap, pulls us up to the Custom-House quay. We pass out at a side gate and find ourselves in Egyptian darkness. Whether this is due to military exigencies or to a shortage of fuel, nobody seems to know. The hotel buildings along the front throw their shadows right across the Sharia el Legera, down which we pass until we reach the broad dusty Rue el Nil, a boulevard running straight down to the sea. We are bound for the Eastern Exchange Hotel, familiarly known as 'The Eastern.' It is the grand rally-

ing-point of mariners east and west of Suez. It is a huge gaunt structure of glass and iron, built over to the curb of the street, and the arcade under it is full of green chairs and tables, green shrubs in enormous tubs, and climbing plants twined about the iron stanchions. The lights are shrouded in green petroleum cans, and one has the illusion of sitting in the glade of some artificial forest. Hotel waiters, in long white robes cut across with brilliant scarlet sashes, and surmounted by scarlet fezes, move noiselessly to and fro with trays of drinks. An orchestra, somewhere beyond, plays a plaintive air.

All around are uniforms naval and military, British, French, Italian, and so forth. It is here, I say, that East and West do meet. Here the skipper from Nagasaki finds an old shipmate just in from New Orleans. Here a chief engineer, burned brown and worn thin by a summer at Basra, drinks with a friend bound East from Glasgow to Rangoon. Here the gossip of all the ports of the Seven Seas changes hands over the little tables under the dim green-shaded lights. Outside, beyond the screen of verdure, a carriage will go by stealthily in the dust, a cigar glowing under the hood. Itinerant salesmen of peanuts in glass boxes, beads, Turkish delight, postals, cigarettes, news-sheets, postage-stamps, and all the other passenger junk, pass to and fro. A native conjurer halts as we sit down, sadly produces a dozen lizards from an apparently empty fez, and passes on as I look coldly upon his peripatetic legerdemain. Here and there parties of residents sit round a table—a French family, perhaps, or Italian, or Maltese, or Greek, or Hebrew, or Syrian—for they are all to be found here in Pelusium, the latter making money out of their conquerors, just as, I dare say, they did in Roman times. Papa is smoking a cigarette; Mamma is

sitting back surveying the other denizens of the artificial forest through her lorgnon; the young ladies converse with a couple of youthful 'subs' in khaki, and a bare-legged boy, in an enormous pith hat like an inverted bath, is haggling over half a piastre with a vendor of peanuts. Tommy and I sit in the shadow of a shrub and I order gin and lime-juice. He wants beer, but there is no beer—only some detestable carbonated bilge-water at half a dollar (ten piastres) the bottle.

And soldiers go by continually to and from the cafés and canteens. Many are Colonials, and their wide-brimmed hats decorated with feathers give them an extraordinarily dissipated air. There is something very un-English about these enormous, loose-limbed, rolling fighting-men, with their cheeks the color of raw beef and their truculent eyes under their wide hats. They remind me at times of the professional soldiers of my school-days, who dressed in scarlet and gold and were a race apart. As they pass us, in twos and threes and singly, slouching and jingling their spurs, and roll off into darkness again I think of Master Angus MacFadden and his chums, and I wonder what the future holds for us all. Then I hear Tommy talking and I begin to listen.

No use trying to tell the story as he told it. Whoever thinks he can is the victim of an illusion. Tommy's style, like his personality, is not literary. I often wonder, when I think of the sort of life he has led, how he comes to express himself at all. For he often startles me with some queer semi-articulate flash of intuition. A direct challenge to Life! As when he said, looking up at me as we leaned over the bulwarks and watched the sun rise one morning in the Caribbean, 'Yo' know, I have n't *had* any life.'

Well, as I said, he and I are chums on some mysteriously taciturn, North

Country principle that won't bear talking about! And I must tell the story in my own way, merely quoting a phrase now and then. I owe him that much because, you see, he was there.

III

That voyage he made in the Polynesian was her usual London to South American ports. And nothing happened until they were homeward bound and making Ushant. It was a glorious day, as clear as it ever is in northern waters, and the Third Mate was astonished to see through his glasses what he took to be land. Ushant already! As he looked he saw a flash and his wonder deepened. He told himself, well, he'd be blown! A tremendous bang a hundred yards abeam of the Polynesian nearly shook him overboard. It had come at last, then!

The Old Man came from his room, running sideways, his face set in a kind of spasm, and stood by the rail, clutching it as if petrified. The Third Mate, a friend of Tommy's, pointed and handed the binocular just in time for the Old Man to see another flash. The morning telegraph clanged and jangled. The Third Mate ran to the telephone and was listening, when the second shell, close to the bows, exploded on the water and made him drop the receiver. Then he heard the Old Man order the helm over — over — over, whirling his arm to emphasize the vital need of putting it hard over. A few moments of tense silence, and then, with a roar that nearly split all their ear-drums, the Polynesian's six-inch anti-raider gun loosed off at nine thousand yards.

So you must envisage this obscure naval engagement on that brilliant summer day in the green Atlantic. Not a ripple to spoil the aim, not a cloud in the sky, as the two gunners, their

sleeves rolled to the shoulders, their bodies heaving, thrust a fresh shell and cartridge into the breech, shoved in the cap, and swung the block into place with the soft 'cluck' of steel smeared with vaseline. As the ship veers, the gun is trained steady on the gray dot. Nine thousand and fifty, no deflection — 'Stand away!' There is another roar, and the gunner who has stood away now stands with his feet apart, his elbows out, staring with intense concentration through his glasses.

Down below, the engine-room staff, which included Tommy doing a field-day on the spare generator, were clustered on the starting platform. The expansion links had been opened out full, — any locomotive driver will show you what I mean, — and the Polynesian's engines, four thousand seven hundred horse-power indicated, driven by steam at two hundred pounds to the square inch from her four Scotch boilers, were turning eighty-nine revolutions per minute and making very good going for her, but nothing to write home about, when a modern submersible cruiser doing sixteen knots on the surface was pelting after her. The tremendous explosions of the six-inch gun discouraged conversation.

The Chief Engineer, a tall man with a full chestnut moustache and a stern contemptuous expression born of his hatred of sea-life, was striding up and down the plates. The Second appeared, like Ariel, around, above, below, intent on sundry fidgets of his own, and whistling — nobody knew why. The Fourth was in the stokehold and back in the engine-room every ten minutes. The Fifth, as though he had been naughty and was being punished by that stern man with the four gold-and-purple wings on his sleeve, was standing with his face to the wall, big rubber navy-phone receivers on his ears and his eyes fixed in a rapt saintly way on two

ground-glass discs above him, one of which was aglow and bore the legend *More Revolutions*. The other, *Less Revolutions*, was dull and out of use. So he stood, waiting for verbal orders.

All the revolutions possible were being supplied, for the safety-valves were lifting with an occasional throaty flutter. Unexpectedly the Second would appear from the tunnel, where he had been feeling the stern gland, and would hover lovingly over the thrust-block, whistling, amid the clangor of four thousand seven hundred horse-power, 'Love me, and the world is mine.'

Suddenly all was swallowed up, engulfed, in one heart-shattering explosion on deck. It was so tremendous that the Fifth's head involuntarily darted out from the receivers and he looked sharply at the Chief, who was standing stock-still with his long legs apart, his hands in his coat pockets, staring over his shoulder with stern intentness into vacancy. The telephone bell brayed out a call and the Fifth fitted his head once again to the receiver. 'Yes, sir!' he sang out; and then, to the others, 'We're gainin' on her! We're gainin' on her!' Tommy goes on methodically with his dynamo. He is close at hand when wanted, ready, resourceful, devoid of panic. The excitement is on deck, where the shell has struck the house amidships, blowing the galley ranges and bakehouse ovens overboard, killed three men outright, and left two more mere moving horrors of the slaughter-house floor. Another, a scullion, with his hand cut off at the wrist, is running round and round, falling over the wreckage, and pursued by a couple of stewards with bandages and friar's balsam.

And on that gray dot, now nine thousand five hundred yards astern, there is excitement too, no doubt, for it seems authentic that the Polynesian's third shot hit the forward gun-

mounting, and the list caused by this, heavy things slewing over, the damage to the deck, the rupture of certain vital oil-pipes, and the wounds of the crew, would account for the Polynesian, with her fourteen-point-seven knots, gaining on U 999, supposed to have sixteen knots on the surface.

On the bridge of the Polynesian, too, there is excitement of sorts. The Chief Mate, who has been rushing about, helping the ammunition carriers, then assisting the stewards with their rough surgery, then up on the bridge again, has come up and is prancing up and down, every now and then looking hard at the Old Man, who stares through the telescope at the gray dot.

Something awful had happened. When that shell hit the ship, the Old Man had called out hoarsely, 'That's enough — oh, enough — boats!' and the Chief Mate, to the horror of the young Third Mate, who told Tommy about it, grabbed the Old Man round the waist, whirled him into the chart-room, and slammed the door upon them both. The Third Mate says he saw, through the window, the Chief Mate's fist half-an-inch from the Old Man's nose, the Old Man looking at it in gloomy silence, and the Chief Mate's eyes nearly jumping out of his head as he argued and threatened and implored. '... Gainin' on her,' was all the Third Mate could hear, and '... For God's sake, sir!' and such-like strong phrases. So the Third Mate says. And then they came out again, and the Mate telephoned to the engine-room.

IV

The company is dwindling now, for, as Tommy gulps his drink and orders two more, it is on the stroke of nine, when the bars close, and folks are melting group by group into the darkness. Some are bound for home, some for

'Eldorado,' a dusty barn where one watches dreadful melodramatic films and faints with the heat. The lights are turned still lower. The few shops which have been open in a stealthy way now shut up close. The moonlight throws sharp blue-black shadows on the white dust of the Rue el Nil. The orchestra fades away; chairs are stacked between the tubs, and reproachful glances are cast upon the dozen or so of us who still linger in the gloom.

I become aware that Tommy, in his own odd little semi-articulate fashion, is regarding me as though he had some extraordinary anxiety on his mind. That is the way his expression strikes me. As though he had had some tremendous experience and did n't know what to make of it. I remember seeing something like it in the face of a youth, religiously brought up, who was listening for the first time to an atheist attempting to shake the foundations of his faith. And while I ruminate upon this unusual portent in Tommy's physiognomy, he plunges into the second part of his story. It has its own appeal to those who love and understand the sea.

For the rest of the day the Polynesian's course was a series of intricate convolutions on the face of the Atlantic. As the Third Mate put it in his lively way, you could have played it on a piano. Owing to the wireless room having been partially demolished, they were out of touch with the world, and the commander felt lonely. He even regretted for a while that he had not retired. Was just going to, when the War came. He was sixty years old, and had been an easygoing skipper for twenty years now. This, — and he wiped his moist face with his handkerchief, — this was n't at all what he had bargained for when he had volunteered to carry on 'for the duration of the War.' Men dead and dying and mu-

tilated, ship torn asunder — He sat on his settee and stared hard at the head and shoulders of the man at the wheel, adumbrated on the ground-glass window in front of him. He had turned sick at the sight down there —

But the Polynesian was still going. Not a bolt, rivet, plate, or rod of her steering and propelling mechanism had been touched, and she was galloping northwest by west at thirteen knots. The commander hoped for a dark night, for in his present perturbed state the idea of being torpedoed at night was positively horrible. The Brobdingnagian, now, was hit at midnight and sunk in three minutes with all hands but two. He wiped his face again. He felt that he wasn't equal to it.

It was dark. All night it was dark and moonless. All night they galloped along up-Channel. All night the Old Man walked the bridge, watching the blackness ahead. At four o'clock the Mate came on watch and the Old Man felt that he must lie down. He was over sixty years old, remember, and he had been on his feet for eighteen hours. The Chief Mate, who had been strangely shy since his outrageous behavior, merely remarked that it looked as if it might be thick presently, and began to pace to and fro.

What happened, — if anything did happen, — nobody seemed to know; but Tommy, who came off at four, and was enjoying a pipe, a cup of cocoa, and a game of patience in his room, was suddenly flung endways against his wardrobe, and a series of grinding crashes, one of which sent his porthole glass in a burst of fragments over his bed-place, buckled the plates of the ship's side. He remembered that the wardrobe door flew open as he sprang up, and his derby hat bounced to the floor.

He at once skipped down below, where he found the Second and Chief

trying to carry out a number of rapid, contradictory orders from the telegraph. And as he joined them the telegraph whirled from *Full astern* to *Stand by*, and stopped. They stood by. Tommy was told to go and finish 'changing over,' which involves opening and shutting several mysterious valves. Having achieved this, he took up his station by the telegraph.

The Chief, clad in a suit of rumpled but elegant pink-and-saffron-striped pajamas, prowled to and fro in front of the engines like one of the larger carnivora in front of his cage. The Second, with the sleeves of his coat rolled up, as if he were a conjuror and wished to show there was no deception, produced a cigarette from his ear, a match from an invisible ledge under the log-desk, and then caused himself to disappear into the stokehold, whistling a tune at one time very popular in Dublin called 'Mick McGilligan's Daughter Mary Ann.' He returned in some mysterious fashion, smoking with much enjoyment, and reporting greaser, firemen, and Tommies all gone up on deck.

And so they waited, those three, and waited, and waited; and the dawn came up, ineffably tender, and far up above them through the skylights they saw the stars through the fog turn pale, and still there was no sign, the telegraph finger pointing, in its mute peremptory way, at *Stand by*. They were standing by.

And at length it grew to be past endurance. The Chief spoke sharply into the telephone. Nothing. Suddenly he turned and ordered Tommy to go up and see what was doing. The Second, coming in from the stokehold, reported water in the cross-bunker, but the doors were down. So Tommy went up the long ladders and out on deck and stood stock-still before the great experience of his life. For they were alone on the ship, those three. The boats

were gone. There was no sound, save the banging of the empty blocks and the gurgle and slap of the sea against her sides.

For a moment, Tommy said, he 'had no heart.' The sheer simplicity of the thing unmanned him, as well it might. He had n't words — Gone! Behind the horror lay another horror, and it was the reminiscence of this ultimate apprehension that I saw in his face to-night. And then he threw himself backward (a North Country football trick), turned, and rushed for the ladder. The other two, down below, saw him there, his eyes feverish, his face dark and anxious, his usually low voice harsh and strident, as he prayed them to drop everything and come up quick — come on — and his voice trailed off into huskiness and heavy breathing.

When they came up, which happened immediately, four steps at a time, they found him sprawled against the bulwarks, his chin on his hands, looking as though to fix the scene forever on his brain. And they looked too, and turned faint, for there, far across the darkling sparkle of the sea, were the boats, and on the sky-line a smear of smoke. So they stood, each in a characteristic attitude — Tommy asprawl on the rail, the Second halfway up the bridge-deck ladder, one hand on his hip, the Chief with his hands behind him, his long legs widely planted, his head well forward, scowling. They were as Tommy put it, 'in a state.' It was n't, you know, the actual danger: it was the carrying away of their faith in the world of living men. Good God! And I imagine the prevailing emotion in their hearts at this moment was instinct in the lad's query to me, — 'What was the use of goin' back, or making a fight of it, if *that* was all they thought of us?' And then the Polynesian recalled them from specu-

lations as to the ultimate probity of the human soul by giving a sudden lunge forward. She was sinking.

For a moment, Tommy says, they were 'in a state.' I should imagine they were. They began running round and round the deck, picking up pieces of wood and dropping them in a shame-faced manner. Suddenly the Chief remembered the raft — an unfortunate structure of oil-barrels and hatches. It was on the foredeck, a frowsy incubance devised by the Mate in a burst of ingenuity against the fatal day. When the three of them arrived on the foredeck their hopes sank again. A single glance showed the impossibility of lifting it without steam on the winches. They stood round it and deliberated in silence, tying on life-belts which they had picked up on the bridge-deck. The Polynesian gave another lunge, and they climbed on the raft and held tight.

The Polynesian was in her death-throes. She had been cut through below the bridge, and the water was filling the cross-bunker and pressing the air in Number 2 hold up against the hatches. While they sat there waiting, the tarpaulins on the hatch ballooned up and burst like a gun-shot, releasing the air improvised within. She plunged again, and the sea poured over her bulwarks and cascaded around them. The raft slid forward against a winch, skinning the Second's leg against a wheel-guard. They held on.

Now, it is perfectly simple in theory to sit on a raft and allow a ship to sink under you. The ship sinks, and the raft, retaining its buoyancy, floats. Quite simple, in theory. In practice, however, many factors tend to vitiate the simplicity of it. Indeed, it becomes so difficult that only by the mercy of God could anybody attempt it and survive. The fore-deck of the Polynesian was like the fore-deck of most ships, cluttered up with hatch-comb-

ings, winches, ventilator-cowls, steam-pipes, masts, derricks, bollards, snatch-blocks, dead-eyes, ladders, and wire-rope drums. Look forward from the promenade next time you make a trip, and conceive it. As the Polynesian subsided, she wallowed. Her centre of gravity was changing every second, and the raft, with its three serious passengers, was charging to and fro as if it were alive and trying to escape. It carried away a ventilator, and then, for one horrible instant, was caught in the standing rigging and canted over. A rush to starboard released it, and the next moment it was free. Only the windlass on the fore-castle-head was now above water forward.

They saw nothing more of her. Not that she vanished all at once, but the sucking whirlpools in which the raft was turning over and reeling back on them kept them fully occupied. And when at last they had coughed up the sea-water and wiped their eyes and looked at each other as they floated in the gentle swell of a smiling summer sea, she was gone. Only one thing destroyed their peace and stood up before them like a spectre: she was lying at the bottom, with her telegraph at *Stand by*. The deathless sporting spirit of the race was expressed in these words: 'You know, if it had n't been for *that*, it was a joke, man!'

The moon rides high over Pelusium as we go back to the ship. Tommy and I will keep the morning watch together for once and talk over old times. Tomorrow I shall go through the hot white dust of the Rue el Nil and be paid off in the consul's office for my two years' labor. There is a mail-boat next week, and perhaps I shall board her, passenger-fashion, and go across the blue Mediterranean, through sunny France, across the English Channel, where the Polynesian stands by for-

ever, up through Sussex orchards and over Surrey downs. And perhaps, as I idle away the autumn in the dim beauty of the Essex fenland, and as we drive

in the pony-cart through the lanes, we shall stop and the children will say, 'If you stand up, you can see the sea.'

Perhaps. Who knows?

WOMAN ENTHRONED

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

THE Michigan magistrate who gave orders that a stalwart male angel presiding over the gateway of a cemetery should be recast in feminine mould may have been an erring theologian and a doubtful art-critic; but that he was a sound-hearted American no one can deny. He was not thinking of Azrael the mighty who had garnered that little harvest of death; or of Michael, great leader of the 'fighting seraphim,' whose blade

smote and felled
Squadrons at once;

or of Gabriel the messenger. Holy Writ was as remote from his mental vision as was *Paradise Lost*. He was thinking very properly of the 'angel in the house,' and this feminine ideal was affronted by the robust outlines, no less than by the robust virtues, associated with the heavenly host. Cowley's soothing compromise, which was designed as a compliment to a lady, and which, instead of unsexing angels, endowed them with a double line of potencies, —

They are than Man more strong, and more than
Woman sweet, —

is not easily expressed in art. The very gallant Michigan gentleman simplified

the situation by eliminating the masculine element. He registered his profession of faith in the perfectibility of women.

It is awkward to be relegated to the angelic class, and to feel that one does not fit. Intelligent feminists sometimes say that chivalry — that inextinguishable point of view which has for centuries survived its own death-notices — is more disheartening than contempt. Chivalry is essentially protective. It is rooted in the consciousness of superior strength. It is expansively generous and scrimpingly just. It will not assure to women a fair field and no favors, which is the salvation of all humanity; but it will protect them from the consequences of their own deeds, and that way lies perdition. Down through the ages we see the working of its will. Rome denied to women all civic rights, but allowed them many privileges. They were not permitted to make any legal contract. They were not permitted to bequeath their own fortunes, or — ordinarily — to give testimony in court. But they might plead ignorance of the law, 'as a ground for dissolving an obligation' — which, if often convenient, was always demoralizing. Being somewhat contemptuously absolved from the oath of allegiance in the Middle Ages, they were as

a consequence immune from outlawry. On the other hand, the severity with which they were punished for certain crimes which were supposed to come easy to them — poisoning, husband-murder, witchcraft (King Jamie was not the only wisacre who marveled that there should be twenty witches to one warlock) — is evidence of fear on the legislators' part. The very oldest laws, the very oldest axioms which antedate all laws, betray this uneasy sense of insecurity. 'Day and night must women be held by their protectors in a state of dependence,' says Manu, the Hindu Noah, who took no female with him in his miraculously preserved boat, but was content with his own safety, and trusted the propagation of the species to the care and ingenuity of the gods.

In our day and in our country women are gaining their rights (I use the word 'rights' because, though its definition be disputed, everyone knows what it implies) slowly and haltingly. They have a hard time winning the franchise in certain states. They have a hard time making their way in the professions, although a great deal of courtesy is shown them by professional men. They have a hard time making their way in the trades, where the unions block their progress. They have a very small share of political patronage, and few good positions in the civil service. Whether the best interests of the country will be advanced or retarded by a complete recognition of their claims — which implies giving them an even chance with men — is a point on which no one can speak with authority. The absence of data leaves room only for surmise. Women are striving to gain this 'even chance' for their own sakes, which is lawful and reasonable. Their public utterances, it is true, dwell pointedly on the regeneration of the world. This also is lawful and reason-

able. Public utterances have *always* dwelt on the regeneration of the world, since the apple was eaten and Paradise closed its gates.

Meanwhile American chivalry, a strong article and equal to anything Europe ever produced, clings passionately and persistently to its inward vision. Ellen Key speaks casually of 'the vices which men call woman's nature.' If Swedish gentlemen permit themselves this form of speech, it finds no echo in our loyal land. Two things an American hates to do — hold a woman accountable for her misdeeds, and punish her accordingly. When Governor Craig of North Carolina set aside the death-sentence which had been passed upon a murderess and committed her to prison for life, he gave to the public this plain and comprehensive statement. 'There is no escape from the conclusion that Ida Bell Warren is guilty of murder, deliberate and premeditated. Germany executed the woman spy; England did not. The action of the military Governor of Belgium was condemned by the conscience of the world. The killing of this woman would send a shiver through North Carolina.'

Apart from the fact that Edith Cavell was not a spy, and that her offense was one which has seldom in the world's history been so cruelly punished, Governor Craig's words deserve attention. He has explicitly exempted a woman, because she is a woman, from the penalty which would have been incurred by a man. Incidentally he was compelled to commute the death-sentence of her confederate, as it was hardly possible to send the murderous wife to prison, and her murderous accomplice to the chair. That the execution of Mrs. Warren would have sent a 'shiver' through North Carolina is doubtless true. The governor had received countless letters and telegrams

protesting against the infliction of the death-penalty on a woman.

One of the reasons which has been urged for the total abolition of this penalty is the reluctance of juries to convict women of crimes punishable by death. The number of wives who murder their husbands and of girls who murder their lovers, is a menace to society. Our sympathetic tolerance for these *crimes passionnés*, the sensational scenes in court, and the prompt acquittals which follow, are a menace to law and justice. Better that their perpetrators should be sent to prison and suffer a few years of corrective discipline, until soft-hearted sentimentalists circulate petitions and secure their pardon and release.

The right to be judged as men are judged is perhaps the only form of equality which feminists fail to demand. Their attitude to their own *errata* is well expressed in the solemn warning addressed by Mr. Louis Untermeyer's Eve to the Almighty, —

Pause, God, and ponder, ere Thou judgest me!

The right to be punished is not and has never been a popular prerogative with either sex. There was, indeed, a London sugar-baker who was sentenced in the year 1816 to be whipped and imprisoned for vagabondage. He served his term; but, whether from clemency or from oversight, the whipping was never administered. When released, he promptly brought action against the prison authorities because he had not been whipped, 'according to the statute,' and he won his case. Whether or not the whipping went with the verdict is not stated; but it was a curious joke to play with the grim realities of British law.

American women are no such sticklers for a code. They acquiesce in their frequent immunity from punishment, and are correspondingly, and very nat-

urally, indignant when they find themselves no longer immune. There was a pathetic ring in the explanation offered a few years ago by Mayor Harrison of Chicago, whose policemen were accused of brutality to women strikers and pickets. 'When the women do anything in violation of the law,' said the mayor to a delegation of citizens, 'the police arrest them. And then, instead of going along quietly as men prisoners would, the women sit down on the sidewalks. What else can the policemen do but lift them up?'

If men 'go along quietly,' it is because custom, not choice, has bowed their necks to the yoke of order and equity. They break the law without being prepared to defy it. The lawlessness of women may be due as much to their exclusion from citizenship, —

Some reverence for the laws ourselves have made, —

as to the lenity shown them by men — a lenity which they stand ever ready to abuse. We have only to imagine what would have happened to a group of men who had chosen to air a grievance by picketing the White House — the speed with which they would have been arrested, fined, dispersed, and forgotten — to realize the nature of the tolerance granted to women. For months these female pickets were unmolested. Money was subscribed to purchase for them umbrellas and overshoes. The President, whom they were affronting, sent them out coffee on cold mornings. It was only when their utterances became treasonable, when they undertook to assure our Russian visitors that Mr. Wilson and Mr. Root were deceiving Russia, and to entreat these puzzled gentlemen to help them free our nation, that their sport was suppressed, and they became liable to arrest and imprisonment. Since then they have solaced themselves by vigor-

ous protests against ill-usage, and by pronouncing 'Kaiser Wilson' (who runs a close race with Mr. Roosevelt in the advocacy of woman suffrage) to be an antiquated product of the 'feudal south.'

Much censure has been passed upon the unreasonable violence of these women. The great body of American suffragists has repudiated their action, and the anti-suffragists have used them to point stern morals and adorn vivacious tales. But was it quite fair to permit them in the beginning a liberty which would not have been accorded to men, and which led inevitably to license? Were they not treated as parents sometimes treat children, allowing them to use bad language, because, 'if you pay no attention to them, they will stop it of their own accord'; and then, when they do not stop it, punishing them for misbehaving before company? When a sympathetic gentleman wrote to a not very sympathetic paper to say that the second Liberty Loan would be more popular if Washington would 'call off the dogs of war on women,' he turned a flashlight upon the fathomless gulf which sentimentality has dug between the sexes. No one would dream of calling policemen and magistrates 'dogs of war' because they arrested and punished men for similar offenses. Men are citizens. They enjoy every right which a free government can give, and they incur every penalty which law can justly inflict.

II

Agitators, we are told, are always sure of their market; but sometimes they have to go far afield to seek it. When Mrs. Pankhurst found her occupation gone in Great Britain, where women have become constructive patriots, and part of 'England's Effort,' she braved the sea, and from Australia

came a plaintive cry that she was buzzing in the streets of Adelaide, within the prohibited area. At the same time a moan from India betrayed the presence of Mrs. Annie Besant, who was offering her especial blend of theosophy and treason to the scandalized natives of Madras. In vain the Madras government explained to her that she was welcome to preach theosophy until the skies fell, but that she must leave out the treason. The unaccommodating lady refused the concession, saying that her theosophic campaign and her political campaign were necessarily interchangeable. In vain the authorities murmured polite requests that she would 'move on.' In vain the authorities of Adelaide made the same pathetic appeal to Mrs. Pankhurst. In the end, Mrs. Pankhurst was arrested, and — familiar words — 'resisted arrest'; and Mrs. Besant was expelled from Madras, as she had formerly been expelled from Bombay. Great India and great Australia strove to be tolerant to their unwelcome guests; but the old song, —

The landlord then aloud did say,
As how he wished they would go away,

adequately expressed the situation.

While Mrs. Besant was doing her little best to harass the Orient, that astute Oriental, Sir Rabindranath Tagore, was preparing a 'Parting Wish for the Women of America,' and bearing well in mind the sort of thing he would naturally be expected to say. The skill with which he modified and popularized an alien point of view revealed the seasoned lecturer. He told his readers that 'God has sent women to love the world,' and to build up a 'spiritual civilization.' He condoled with them because they were 'passing through great sufferings in this callous age.' His heart bled for them, seeing that their hearts 'are broken every day, and victims are snatched from

their arms to be thrown under the car of material progress.' The occidental sentiment which regards man simply as an offspring, and a fatherless offspring at that (no woman, says Olive Schreiner, could look upon a battlefield without thinking 'So many mothers' sons!'), comes as naturally to Sir Rabinathan as if he were to the manner born. He is content to see the passion and pain, the sorrow and heroism of men, as reflections mirrored in a woman's soul. The ingenious gentlemen who dramatize biblical narratives for the American stage, and who are hampered at every step by the obtrusive masculinity of the East, might find a sympathetic supporter in this accomplished and accommodating Hindu.

The story of Joseph and his Brethren, for example, is perhaps the best tale ever told the world — a tale of adventure on a heroic scale, with conflicting human emotions to give it poignancy and power. It deals with pastoral simplicities, with the splendors of court, and with the 'high finance' which turned a free landholding people into tenantry of the crown. It is a story of men, the only lady introduced being a disedifying *dea ex machina*, whose popularity in Italian art has perhaps blinded us to the brevity of her biblical rôle. But when this most dramatic narrative was cast into dramatic form, Joseph's splendid loyalty to his master, his cold and vigorous chastity, was nullified by giving him an Egyptian sweetheart. Lawful marriage with this young lady being his sole solicitude, the advances of Potiphar's wife were less of a temptation than an intrusion. The key-note of the noble old tale was destroyed, to assure to woman her proper place as the guardian of man's integrity.

Still more radical is the treatment accorded to the parable of the 'Prodigal Son,' which has been expanded into

a pageant play, and acted with a hardy realism permitted only to the strictly ethical drama. The scriptural setting of the story has been preserved, but its patriarchal character has been sacrificed to modern sentiment which refuses to be interested in the relation of father and son. Therefore we behold the prodigal equipped with a mother and a trustful female cousin, who, between them, put the poor old gentleman out of commission, reducing him to his proper level of purveyor-ordinary to the household. It is the prodigal's mother who bids her reluctant husband give their willful son his portion. It is the prodigal's mother who watches for him from the house-top and silences the voice of censure. It is the prodigal's mother who welcomes his return and persuades father and brother to receive him into favor. The whole duty of man in that Syrian household is to obey the impelling word of woman and bestow bags of gold, blessings, and fraternal affection according to her will.

The expansion of the maternal sentiment until it embraces, or seeks to embrace, humanity, is the vision of the emotional, as opposed to the intellectual, feminist. 'The Mother State of which we dream' offers no attraction to many plain and practical workers for the franchise, and is a veritable nightmare to others. 'Woman,' writes an enthusiast in the *Forum*, 'means to be, not simply the mother of the individual, but of society, of the state with its man-made institutions, of art and science, of religion and morals. All life, physical and spiritual, personal and social, needs to be mothered.'

Needs to be mothered! When men proffer this welter of sentiment in the name of women, how is it possible to say convincingly that the girl student standing at the gates of knowledge is as humble-hearted as the boy; that she

does not mean to mother medicine, or architecture, or biology, any more than the girl in the banker's office means to mother finance? If her hopes for the future are founded on the belief that fresh opportunities will meet a sure response, she does not, if she be sane, measure her untried powers by any unknown scale of valuation. She does not consider the advantages which will accrue to medicine, architecture, or biology by her entrance — as a woman — into any one of these fields. Their need for her maternal ministrations concerns her less than her need for the magnificent heritage they present. It has been said that the craving for material profit is not instinctive in women. If it is not instinctive, it will be acquired, because every legitimate incentive has its place in the progress of the world. The demand that women shall be paid men's wages for men's work may represent a desire for justice rather than a desire for gain; but money fairly earned is sweet to the hand and heart. An open field, an even start, no handicap, no favors, and the same goal for all. This is the worker's dream of paradise. Women know that lack of citizenship is a handicap. Self-love prompts them to overrate their imposed and underrate their inherent disabilities. 'Whenever you see a woman getting a high salary, make up your mind that she is giving twice the value received,' writes an angry correspondent to the *Survey*; and this pretension paralyzes effort. To be satisfied with ourselves is to be at the end of our usefulness.

M. Émile Faguet, that most radical and least sentimental of French feminists, would open wide to women every door of which man holds the key. He would give them every legal right and burden which they are physically fitted to enjoy and to endure. He is as unwearyed by doubts as he is uncheered

by illusions. He has no more fear of the downfall of existing institutions than he has hopes for the regeneration of the world. The equality of men and women, as he sees it, lies, not in their strength, but in their weakness, not in their intelligence, but in their stupidity, not in their virtues, but in their perverseness. Yet there is no taint of pessimism in his rational refusal to be optimistic. No man sees more clearly, or recognizes more justly, the art with which his countrywomen have cemented and upheld a social state at once flexible and orderly, enjoyable and heroic. That they have been the allies, not the dictators and not the inspiration, of men in building this fine fabric of civilization, is also plain to his mind. Allies and equals he holds them, but nothing more. '*La femme est parfaitement l'égale de l'homme, mais elle n'est que son égale.*'

Naturally to such a man the attitude of Americans toward women is as unsympathetic as is the attitude of Dahomeyans. He does not condemn it (possibly he does not condemn the Dahomeyans, seeing that the civic and social ideals of France and of Dahomey are in no wise comparable); but he explains with careful emphasis that the Frenchwoman, unlike her American sister, is not, and does not desire to be, '*un objet sacro-saint.*' The reverence for women in the United States he assumes to be a national trait, a national point of view, a sort of national institution among a proud and patriotic people. '*L'idolâtrie de la femme est une chose américaine par excellence.*'

The superlative complacency of American women is largely due to the oratorical adulation of American men, — an adulation that has no more substantiality than has the foam on beer. I have heard a candidate for office tell his female audience that men are weak and women are strong, that men are

foolish and women are wise, that men are shallow and women are deep, that men are submissive tools whom women, the leaders of the race, must instruct to vote for *him*. He did not believe a word that he said, and his hearers did not believe that he believed it, yet the grossness of his flattery kept pace with the hypocrisy of his self-depreciation. The few men present wore an attitude of dejection, not unlike that of the little boy in Punch who has been told that he is made of

Snips and snails,
And puppy dogs' tails,

and can 'hardly believe it.'

What Mr. Roosevelt calls the 'lunatic fringe' of every movement is painfully obtrusive in the great and noble reform which seeks fair play for women. The 'full habit of speech' is never more regrettable than when the cause is so good that it needs but temperate championing.

'Without the aid of women England could not carry on this war,' said Mr. Asquith — an obvious statement, no doubt, but simple, truthful, and worthy to be spoken. Why should the *New Republic*, in an article bearing the singularly ill-mannered title, 'Thank You For Nothing!' heap scorn upon these words? Why should its writer make the angry assertion that the British Empire had been 'deprived of two generations of women's leadership,' because only a world's war can drill a new idea into a statesman's head? The war has drilled a great many new ideas into all our heads. Mr. Asquith's cranium is probably not more perforated with them than is Mr. Wilson's. But 'leadership' is a large word. It is not what men are asking, and it is not what women are offering, even at this stage of the game. Partnership is as far as ambition on the one side and obligation on the other are prepared to go; and a

clear understanding of this truth has accomplished great results.

Therefore, when we are told that the women of to-day are 'giving their vitality to an anæmic world,' we wonder if the speaker has read a newspaper for the past three years and a half. The passionate cruelty and the passionate heroism of men have stained the earth with blood, red blood poured out inextinguishably to wrong and right this 'anæmic world,' which never since it came from its Maker's hand has seen such shame and glory. There are some who still believe that this blood would never have been spilled had women shared in the citizenship of nations; but the reasons they advance in support of an undemonstrable theory show an easy ignorance of events.

'War will pass,' says Olive Schreiner, 'when intellectual culture and activity have made possible to the female an equal share in the control and government of modern national life.' And why? Because 'arbitration and compensation will naturally occur to her as cheaper and simpler methods of bridging the gaps in national relationship.'

Strange that this idea never occurred to man! Strange that no delegate at The Hague should have perceived so straight a path to peace! Strange that when Germany struck her long-planned, long-prepared blow, this cheap and simple measure failed to stay her hand! War will pass when injustice passes. Never before that day, unless hope leaves the world.

III

That any civilized people should bar women from the practice of law is to the last degree unfair and unreasonable. There can never be an adequate cause for such an injurious exclusion. There is in fact no cause at all, only an arbitrary decision on the part of those who

have the authority to decide. Yet nothing is less worth while than to speculate dizzily on the part women are going to play in any field from which they are at present debarred. They may be ready to burnish up 'the rusty old social organism,' and make it shine like new; but this is not the work which lies immediately at hand. A suffragist who believes that the world needs house-cleaning has made the somewhat terrifying statement that when English women enter the law courts they will sweep away all 'legal frippery,' all the 'accumulated dust and rubbish of centuries.' Latin terms, flowing gowns and wigs, silly staves and worn-out symbols, all must go, and with them must go the antiquated processes which confuse and retard justice. The women barristers of the future will scorn to have 'legal natures like Portia's,' basing their claims on quibbles and subterfuges. They will cut all Gordian knots. They will deal with naked simplicities.

References to Portia are a bit disquieting. Her law was stage law, good enough for the drama, which has always enjoyed a jurisprudence of its own. We had best leave her out of any serious discussion. But why should the admission of women to the bar result in a volcanic upheaval? Women have practiced medicine for years, and have not revolutionized it. Painstaking service has been their contribution to their chosen field rather than any brilliant display of originality. It is reasonable to suppose that their advance will be resolute and beneficial. If they ever condescended to their profession, they do so no longer. If they ever talked about belonging to 'the class of real people,' they have relinquished such flowers of rhetoric. If they earnestly desire the franchise, it is because they see in it justice to themselves, not the torch which will enlighten the world.

Only the agitator, the visionary, and the sentimentalist choose to deal with illusions rather than with realities, and are more concerned with the influence they are going to exert than with the service they are going to render. A prominent and very feminine feminist has predicted with touching simplicity that 'the dullness which inheres in both domestic and social affairs when they are carried on by men alone, will no longer be a necessary attribute of public life when gracious and gray-haired women become a part of it.'

This is early Victorian. It is Coventry Patmore dallying with the sweets of suffrage. And it presupposes a condition of which we had not been even remotely aware. Granted that domesticity palls quickly on the solitary male. Housekeeping seldom attracts him. The tea-table and the friendly cat fail to arrest his roving tendencies. Granted that some men are polite enough to say that they do not enjoy social events in which women take no part. They have by no means abandoned such pastimes. On the contrary, they cling to them with an assiduity suggestive of relish. When they assert, however, that they would have a much better time if women were present, no one is rude enough to contradict them. But public life! The arena in which whirling ambition sweeps human souls as an autumn wind sweeps leaves; which resounds with the shouts of the conquerors and the groans of the conquered; which is degraded by treachery and ennobled by achievement; that this field of adventure, this heated race-track needs to be relieved from dullness by the presence and participation of elderly ladies is the crowning vision of sensibility.

We are accustomed to hear what women would do in the civic world if they had the opportunity. We are accus-

tomed to hear what the loss of their 'leadership' has cost the human race. We have been told by an American suffragist that Miss Susan B. Anthony would have made a better executive than Abraham Lincoln, and that Miss Jane Addams might fill the presidential chair more successfully than any of her male contemporaries. Such flights of fancy are the natural outcome of woman's exclusion from political life. Only grim experience can teach realities to adult or to child. There is nothing like a heavy crop of failures to enrich the soil of human endeavor. The realm of the untried holds no impossibilities. But to be able to believe that politicians are dull without the enlivening coöperation of 'gracious and gray-haired women,' is far more wonderful than to be able to believe that such women would make better presidents than men. In the one case we are dealing with theories, in the other, encountering facts.

'Qui veut faire l'ange fait la bête,' said Pascal; and the Michigan angel is a dangerous social symbol. The chivalric and sentimental attitude of American men reacts alarmingly when they are brought face to face with the actual terms and inevitable consequences of woman's enfranchisement. There exists a world-wide and age-long belief that what women want they get. They must want it well enough and long enough to make their desire operative. It is the listless and preoccupied unconcern of their own sex which bars their progress. But men will fall into a flutter of admiration because a little Florida town has a woman mayor (the town of Aldeburgh in England had a woman mayor ten years ago), and they

will look aghast upon such headlines as these in their morning paper: 'Women Confess Selling Votes,' 'Chicago Women Arrested for Election Frauds,' as if there had not always been, and would not always be, a percentage of unscrupulous voters in every electorate. No sane woman believes that women, as a body, will vote more honestly than men; but no sane man believes that they will vote less honestly. They are neither the 'gateway to Hell,' as Tertullian pointed out, nor the builders of Sir Rabindranath Tagore's 'spiritual civilization.' They are neither the repositories of wisdom, nor the final word of folly.

It was hardly fair to focus X-rays upon the only woman in Congress, and exhibit to a gaping world her native and elemental limitations. Such qualities are common in our legislative bodies, and excite no particular comment. They are as inherent in the 'ordinary man,' for whom Mr. Wilson says America was created, as in the ordinary woman. They in no way affect the question of enfranchisement. Give as much and ask no more. Give no more and ask as much. This is the watch-word of equality.

'God help women when they have only their rights!' exclaimed a brilliant American lawyer; but it is in the 'only' that all savor lies. Rights and privileges are incompatible. Emancipation implies the sacrifice of immunity, the acceptance of obligation. It heralds the reign of sober and disillusioning experience. Women, as M. Faguet reminds us, are only the equals of men; a truth which was more simply phrased in the old Cornish adage, 'Lads are as good as wenches when they are washed.'

ADVENTURES IN INDIGENCE. II

THE ADVENTURE OF MAMIE FAFFELFINGER

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I

THE *nouveaux pauvres* are, I believe, as a rule, fully as awkward with their poverty as the *nouveaux riches* with their wealth. They have not the true grand manner. They are not a whit more born to the rags than your suddenly prosperous parvenu to the purple. It is difficult to be at ease with them. Their behaviors, their manners, their speech, more often their silences, are forever reminding you of their former mode of living.

For these and other reasons, I willingly pass over those intervening years, when, though distinctly poor, I was unaccustomed, and wore my changed conditions, I do not doubt, awkwardly. I pass on to a later and more fixed season when, thrown wholly now on my own resources, and totally untrained and unfitted for such an emergency, I made shift to support myself, to live meagrely, and to endure what I took to be a well-nigh intolerable poverty.

Poverty is a variable term and much subject to comparison. Some will allow it only to those who have been born to it. To have been always half-starved, these think, and to carry a basket from door to door — *that* is to be poor. But it is idle to think of cold and hunger to the point of beggary as the only cold and hunger there are. Not alone are there degrees of cold and

hunger of the body, — discomfortable and ill-nourished living, — but there are, as well, things which seem to me even more difficult to endure — unsatisfied hunger of the mind and heart and a most cruel and persistent chill of the spirit. The literal-minded may need to see the open sore, the sightless eye, or the starved countenance, before their pity is moved; but he who has ever touched the spiritual values, will know — with a tenderness that is mercy — that in one who never asked for pity, one who perhaps even went outwardly gay, there may be hidden hurts borne unflinchingly; intolerable darknesses not complained of; crippled powers which once went proud and free; and a heart and mind which have endured, it may be, starved hours. These are, I believe, some of the most real poverties that the soul may be called on to endure.

In every circumstance of our lives lies the stirring knowledge that one's own case, however strange, is far from being singular. There are others besides myself with whom Poverty has taken up its abode; there are others from whose cup Despair has daily drunk; who, looking up from their daily bread, have found Sorrow's eyes forever on them. Those who have known these cup-companions need not be told how the House of Life can be darkened, or how these darker presences occupy the chambers of the mind.

Nor need they yet be reminded how all this becomes bearable, even enduringly precious to the heart, if Love but remain and consent still to sit at the board, and, though with brows bent, still break bread with its white hands, and lift in its unshaken fingers the cup of bitter wine.

We went to live in the deep country, on what had once been a beautiful old estate. The house had not been lived in for years. It still preserved an air of beauty and dignity, but its ancient pride and fitness were turned toward decay. But if, like myself, it had fallen on adversity and evil days, that was but the better reason I should understand and love it. Wholly without what the world calls comforts, yet how comforting it was in those chill and cheerless days! Downfallen in the eyes of others, lowered from its proud estate, how I have yet lifted my heart up to it under the stars, and paid it an homage of love and thankfulness not matched, I think, in all its better days.

Our precarious means being entirely dependent on such writing as I could do, it would have been extravagance and bankruptcy for me to assume the domestic duties. There was no one else. I was the only woman of the household. It seemed to me that a working housekeeper might solve the difficulty; one of that variety which lays not so much stress upon wages as upon a home. I found a surprising number with this tendency — women who had seen better days and were by their own affidavit capable of standing anything. But I found them to be without exception, shrinkingly susceptible to physical discomforts, and of these there were in that old house many.

Each of them carried with her a remnant of her 'better days,' as an inveterate shopper carries an out-of-date sample, resolved, yet unable, to find its

match. One of them could not forget, and had no mind to let you forget, that her husband had made four thousand a year; another had been to school in Paris; and one always wore rubber gloves, 'because,' she assured me, 'as long as I can have my hands white, I can stand a great deal.' Another insisted on the most fluffy and unsubstantial desserts, and thought the rest of the meal mattered little, so long as the finale had a grand air. Another could not endure the odor of onions and fainted at the sight of liver. Yet another, from reverses and humiliations unendurable, had turned Christian Scientist. I learned afterward that she came hoping to convert me to the idea that there is no poverty. I wish I could have spared her the futility.

By and by I abandoned all hope of a working housekeeper. I knew that what I needed was a 'general house-worker.'

Those who in extremity have sought servants in city employment bureaus need not be told what is too old a tale. When the array of imposing applicants had all declined the discomforts of my home, and the honor of being employed by me, the manager explained, what I was dull not to have known myself, that it might be wise to try some of the employment bureaus in the poorer quarters. I found one finally at the head of the Bowery and climbed its rickety stairs.

They were a strange and varied lot that I came upon now: weird old flat-footed fairies, given to feathers and elaborate head-dresses, or young heavy Audreys who looked at you out of dull eyes. I explained elaborately the conditions under which they would be called on to live. I omitted nothing, not even the screech-owls, or the night sounds that might or might not be wild cats. They came eagerly or sullenly, according to their dispositions. But apparently

none of them had at all grasped what I said. For when they saw the place and felt the loneliness of which I had so thoroughly warned them, they turned and fled. The house might have been haunted.

Finally I heard that one could engage servants of a certain order from the Charities associations, more particularly from the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor. Thither I went.

The matron, a full-eyed woman who gave the impression of having to discipline an over-kind heart by an assumption of great severity, questioned me curtly. What surroundings had I to offer? My heart sank, but I went over faithfully the disadvantages — the extreme loneliness of the life, the necessity that those who entered on it should abandon all hope of 'movies.' 'Movies' there were not within twelve miles. There were no conveniences, no department stores, no bargain sales, nothing — only field and forest, stars and dawns and sunsets — nothing!

She lifted explanatory eyebrows, a little displeased, I thought.

'I mean the *moral* surroundings.' Then, at my pause, 'I mean, are you yourself a Christian woman?'

Being perhaps the better satisfied on this point, for a rather faltering answer on my part, she sent a mild-eyed assistant for 'Mamie Faffelfinger.'

She meanwhile explained in a businesslike way that Mamie was a Catholic, brought up in an orphan asylum; her child was not a year old; 'the man' (so the matron designated him curtly) was not her husband.

'You mean she would wish a home for the child too?'

The full-eyed woman ceased turning her pencil between her thumb and fingers on the desk and gave me an aggressive look.

'Certainly. Most of these people

have n't a crust to live on. If you do not wish to employ that kind, there are the employment bureaux.'

So they dawned on me like a blessing. These were not parvenu poor who had been to school in Paris, who would insist on unsubstantial desserts. Here were no head-dressy old fairies of questionable powers; these were no exotic fruits of the 'gardens of Proserpine'; here was the good salt brine, here the ancient tides of reality — 'the surge and thunder of the Odyssey.'

Meanwhile the matron was speaking: —

'The man is not her husband. But if you are a Christian, I am sure you have no narrow scruples as to *that*. He drinks. She is half-starved. I have told her we will get her and the child a place, if she will promise to leave him.' She glanced at the open doorway of her tiny office: 'Yes, Mamie, come in.'

It was then that I first saw Mamie and Anne.

Mamie looked her part. She was pallid, rather pretty; very slight, with a skirt of extreme fineness. She had heavy-lidded eyes, that looked to have seen much weeping, and a smile the more pathetic for its great readiness.

As to Anne, a consistent story would require that she should be as pallid as her mother, that her little hand, intent now on her mother's hat-brim, should be a mere kite's claw; and there should have been delicate dark rings under her eyes. But, far from being a kite's claw, the hand on the hat-brim was as plump as ripe fruit, and her cheeks were like smooth apricots perfect with the sun. But after all there is no describing Anne. If you will look at the child held in the arms of the Madonna of the Chair and then at the one in the arms of the Sistine Madonna; then, if you will picture a child not quite a year old, who might worthily be the little sister and companion of these, you

will have some idea, even though inadequate still, of what Anne was, as she held tight to Mamie's rakish hat-brim and gave me the solemn attention of her eyes.

I went over the requirements. I spoke of the loneliness. Not a town within miles.

'Well, what do you think of that!' Mamie replied. But she was unfeignedly eager to come.

'When could you be ready?'

'Oh, right away,' she said. 'I've got Anne's clothes here.' She glanced at a small paper bundle under one arm.

My good fairy, who pays me occasional visits, prevented my asking her where her own clothes were.

The matron interposed. Mamie could stay right there until I was ready to take her, late that afternoon. Then when Mamie had gone into the outer room, the matron explained.

'She has n't any home to go to. He left her and raised money on her furniture. They came and took it. She has n't even a stick of it.'

Tragic as this was, my mind was for the moment intent on something else.

'But she wears a wedding ring!' I said.

The matron pulled a heavy ledger toward her.

'Oh, yes; they all do. They'd go starved, but they'd buy a wedding ring.'

She pressed her lips together, shook her head, and began setting down data, — my name, address, occupation, the names of two of my friends, — they must be people of some standing, who could vouch for me; then more as to Mamie, I suppose, in the interest of system and statistics.

II

I can give you no idea of the comradeship of that journey with Mamie

and Anne. Mamie looked delightedly out of the car-window, noting the most trifling points of interest with enthusiasm, and saying every little while, 'Well, what do you think of *that*!' Or she would excitedly point out some speeding bird, or flitting house, or other flying object, to Anne, and Anne would lurch forward to look, her little nose sometimes touching the pane, and then would turn good-naturedly and look at me with every air of asking me if that probably so-interesting object had managed to escape me also.

When we arrived at the house Mamie was as cheerful as a sparrow. The room on which flat-footed fairies and dull Audreys had looked with unconcealed contempt or disapproval, she flew to. She settled in it like a bird in her nest, and chirped contentedly to Anne, —

'Oh, Anne, look at the nice bureau! And the washstand! What do you think of *that*!' Then she turned to me, with that winning comradesly smile; 'I *like* bureaus and washstands — furniture, I mean, and things. It makes you think of home.' And she drew her hand along the bureau.

I did not know then, but I soon found out, that this was the top and bottom of all her longings, and this the real hunger of her heart, — a hunger starved enough, of course, in all her orphan-asylum years, — a craving for a place of her own.

Mamie talked much of 'Bill.' He filled her life and days, there could be no doubt. If she swept, it was to his glory. If she scrubbed a floor or kneaded dough, or bent affectionately over the scalloping of a pie-crust, it was certainly for love of him that she lent these her attention. She soon began sending him her weekly earnings. I remonstrated, and suggested that it might be better to save her money against another rainy day. She dusted her hands of flour and began scraping

the bread-board, vigorously, with the strength of her whole body. I waited for my reply. At last it came.

'Well, I will say you've been good to me, and Anne loves you — but I think you've got a hard heart.'

Secretly I agreed with her. I retrenched and urged her to send only a part of her money, saving the rest for furniture. Of course, I knew by this time that the word 'furniture' was to her like magic and a charm.

Meanwhile, fond as she was of Anne and proud of her, Mamie was bent on not spoiling her. She used to put her in a wooden tub in the sunshine on the floor of the kitchen, as Peter Pumpkin-Eater put his wife in the pumpkin shell; and like Peter, there she kept her very well. And Anne, more ingenuous and happier than Diogenes, — for she liked it and crowed if people came into her sunshine, — would stay there perfectly happy and delighted for the greater part of the day, playing with an apple or a potato. I really never saw such a baby.

Meanwhile, although Bill was, it seems, drinking more than ever, with the aid, of course, of Mamie's earnings, Mamie herself contrived to be above fact and experience, and was sure he was actively reforming. In a sense she really lived a charmed life.

It seemed that Fate and fact could deal her no blow which would finally affect her. She knew Bill's failings better than the matron, by a great deal; but if you suppose that these could spoil the pure romance of life for her, or invalidate her dream of a home and furniture of her own, cushioned chairs owned and sat upon by the reformed Bill and herself, you are much mistaken.

She was a firm believer in miracles. 'I know you don't believe in them,' she would say; 'but at the Orphan Asylum there was a statue of Saint Stephen

that used to turn around over night, it really did, if it was pleased with what you did.'

Like so many of her class, Mamie had an incorrigible tendency toward rumor. Knowledge comes not to these by laborious delving of their own, but appears to be delivered to them out of the air as by bird auguries, and by all manner of unauthenticated hearsay infinitely rather to be trusted than fact. I take this to be in their case a survival of what was believed, in ancient times, to be speech with Divinity. However it may shock the modern mind to read of the Almighty giving out to Moses, not merely the majestic laws carved on tables of stone, but commands and detail and measurement of great exactness as to the stuff and manner of fashioning and trimming the High Priest's breeches, to the minds of Mamie and her class there would be in this little that was shocking, they themselves believing and delighting in Divine collaboration in even the most homely matters.

Anne wore on a string about her neck a little square of Canton flannel which in the course of many months had become extremely grimy. I suggested as tactfully as I could that this was not in keeping with the laws of health, and might be, with a view to germs, a positive danger to Anne.

Mamie smiled happily, indulgently: 'That's just where you're wrong! It's to protect her from danger — specially danger by drowning!'

Once I suggested that, if I were she, I would not feed Anne burned bread-crusts.

'Oh, but they say they're good for a baby; they say they're splendid for the digestion.'

Useless to argue. She had always heard so. 'They' said so.

So it is that knowledge comes to them, not laboriously, as does our own,

but by easy rumor, floating hearsay, and wisdom is brought to them without effort of their own, as viands to a king. They are fed by ravens. Their gourd grows over night. Messengers still come and go between heaven and earth to instruct them. There is not required of them, the laboring class, that slavish mental toil exacted of the world's great intellects. Angels and ministers of grace, however they may have abandoned the wise, do still, it seems, defend them. They have only to be of a listening mind and a believing heart, and they shall know what is good for digestion, and what will save their children from drowning.

Mamie, further, was able to maintain a remarkable equilibrium between respectful service as a servant and what might have been the gracious democracy of a ruler. She taught Anne to call me 'Honey,' and had it as a surprise for me one morning. I will not deny that it was a surprise. But if you think that so sweet an appellation in Anne's bird-like voice, her golden head leaning over into the sunshine as she heard my step, seemed to me to be lacking in dignity, then you and I are of contrary opinions.

One day, when Mamie was dusting where hung a Fra Lippo Madonna, Anne pointed a fat finger at it, demanding, 'Honey?'

Mamie did not even pause.

'No,' she said briskly, 'that's not Honey. That's Lord and Lord's maw-ma.'

III

One day, Mamie came to me, her face beaming.

'I want to do the right thing, so I'm going to give you a whole month's notice. Bill has rented some rooms. What do you think of that?'

I told her gently, but firmly, what I suspected concerning it.

She brought out his letter for proof. 'He's to pay for the rooms, and I'm to send him the money for the furniture. He'll get whatever kind I like. You've always been kind to me,' she added, 'but I think you've got a hard heart as to Bill.'

Well, perhaps I had.

The month passed very happily. As his letters came, she would tell me what he had bought.

'It's a bureau with a marble top, — second-hand, Second Avenue, — but as good as new. Besides, some people would rather have antiques. And I *do* like bureaus!'

Then it would be a table that set her singing her queer rag-time songs. Once there came word of three cushioned chairs. One letter announced a looking-glass. And once, as I went into the kitchen suddenly, there was Mamie, one arm above her head, the other holding her skirt, dancing for Anne to see and to Anne's inexpressible wonder and delight. She sat there in her tub, leaning forward, beaming, fascinated, and holding tight to its sides as though we might all be personages in a fairy-tale, and she and the tub might any moment fly away.

At sight of me, Mamie stopped, flushing pink as a rose, apologetic, but unfeignedly happy.

'I could n't help it! He's bought me a *chiffoneer*!'

A moment later, as I passed through the hall, I could hear Mamie singing, 'And she's going back to her Daddy, and her home, home, *home*!' — to some impromptu rigmarole tune of her own.

Soon after this she took the train to the nearest town and came back laden with packages — all manner of cheap household stuff picked up at the five-and-ten-cent store. It occurred to me that she might as well have a small empty trunk of mine that there was in the attic. She was delighted with the

gift, and wore the key of it on a chain around her neck.

'I'd rather have that key than a locket!' she said, putting her hand over it affectionately. It was so that she repaid you tenfold. 'It's wonderful,' she would say, every little while, in joyful anticipation, 'having your own home!'

For myself, despite many unmitigated realities, I could not help feeling that I was living in something of a wonder story. Who knew but with those extraordinary powers of hers, which so readily rose above fact, who knew but that she might rub that key some day as Aladdin his lamp, and turn us all into triumphant heroes and heroines.

Mamie did not forget, as I said goodbye to her in the big city terminal where I finally left them, to give me parting advice, sisterly sympathy:—

'Now, don't you go and get discouraged. I know you've had troubles. Well, I've had trouble enough too. You just keep right on, and hold your head high. There's no telling what'll come to them that holds their heads high. Look at me!'

I looked at her and could have felt convinced. Then we said our good-byes, and away they went. The last I saw of them in the crowd was Anne's hand still waving loyally to me over Mamie's shoulder quite a long time after her eyes had lost me.

I missed them exceedingly; and the bluebirds of that second spring hardly made up to me for the absence of Anne's birdlike voice. The new maid, Margaret, was interesting enough, but no one could ever quite take the place of those others. With all this in mind, you will realize with what a sinking of the heart I found that there was more than Mamie to be missed. There could be no doubt in the matter, for there had been no outsider in the house at

all of late; therefore it could be due to no other magic than hers that there was a grievous lessening of my scant stores of household belongings—sheets and pillow-cases, towels and a pair of blankets, napkins and I think a tablecloth, and some muffin-rings and kitchen conveniences, and I do not know what else.

Little bits of reality came drifting back to me—the key kept so faithfully always around her neck; my own gift of the trunk; and the sentiment—say now, if you like, the sentimentality—with which I had noted the fact that even that rather small trunk was too large for her poor belongings.

Then suddenly, the whole episode read to me like an Uncle Remus 'Br'er Fox and Br'er Rabbit' tale, and I was not too discouraged to laugh—as the 'Little Boy' is recorded always to have done—at the turn of the story, at the inevitable triumph of the cleverer of the two.

Yet for Mamie's sake, not to speak of my own, such an ending was not to be permitted. I had asked her to come to see me in town on one of the days of the week that I was always there, and to be sure to bring Anne to see me. She had assured me that she would, and that she would never forget me. Now I knew it would be necessary, rather, for me to go and find her. I rehearsed the scene mentally. I meant to tell her that she could keep all the things she had stolen. (Let them remain in the manner of coals of fire in her trunk!) I would first reduce her to powder in a solemn and serious manner, and then strew her upon the winds of my righteous indignation! *She* whom I had treated with unfailing kindness! *She* whom in sickness I had nursed! *She* whose many faults had been forgiven her, and in whom I had placed trust! *She!*—

Strangely enough she did come to

see me, that very next day I was in town. She seemed eager to get to me; nervous, too, like one whipped of her conscience. I felt my heart suddenly softening and as quickly hardened it. I really had not expected quick penitence of her, but even so, she must take the full punishment of my disapproval. There is a duty we owe in such matters. I would make nothing easy for her.

She sat down heavily, then suddenly put her hand over quickly on mine. I made no sign. Not even that should move me. Then in a hoarse whisper, a really hoarse whisper, almost a moan, she said, —

‘Oh, how shall I tell you? *How* shall I tell you?’

Stony pause. I looked coldly at her. It seemed, for a moment, that the irresistible force really *had* met the immovable body. Then all at once, she put her head down on her arm, sobbed, and spoke.

‘There *was n’t* any bureau! There *was n’t* any chiffoneer! There was *n’t* even any rooms!’

An instant of time swirled past. Then I knew, as of old, that the power of the poor is an irresistible force, never — never — not even by the immovable body of our strongest determinations, to be withstood. My own iron resolves I saw converted suddenly into the flimsiest fiction — rent gossamer floating wide.

Oh! Oh! I could have put my face in my hands and wept. All her dreams gone! All her hopes! her pride! her cherished plans! her money! her faith — everything! How small the theft of a few pillow-cases and towels looked now that, at Fate’s hands, she, poor thing, had had all this stolen from her! This was no time to reduce her to powder, when she was already reduced to floods of tears and I by no means far from the verge of them.

The story is too obvious to tell.

Mamie’s miracle had failed. The un-reformable Bill had not reformed. But neither, — I hasten to add, — neither, it seems, was Mamie’s ineradicable desire for a home eradicated. I have mentioned before my belief that Fate cannot finally affect the people of this extraordinary class. I believe them all to have been plunged more effectually than Achilles in some protective flood.

Mamie, with the help of the perpetually severe, perpetually tender-hearted matron, went out to work again. But there may be those who would be more interested to know what I did with my resolves, my righteous indignation, and, above all, with my conscience. As to my conscience, I cleared that. I wrote to the matron, warning her that in assigning Mamie to any place, it should be remembered that, valuable as Mamie was in many ways, she had a light-fingered tendency to collect household goods. From my later knowledge, I believe that the matron may have smiled at the ingenuousness of that. It might readily be thought superfluous to warn the expert physicist that water does not run up hill.

As to my righteous indignation, it may seem to you a poor thing, but it never came back. Somehow I never quite forgot the grip of Mamie’s hand on mine that day, and her hoarse voice as it announced the total ruin of her hopes; or the memory, by contrast, of her little singing dance before Anne at a happier season, with Anne leaning forward holding delightedly to the sides of the tub.

He is not apt to be the most severe in correction who has suffered much discipline at the hands of Fate. It should be remembered by the unrelenting and conscientious disciplinarian who judges me, that I had seen the ruin of some of my own hopes. Joys that I had planned for full as eagerly as Mamie, delights that I had reared on

more likely foundations, had been swept away and almost as suddenly. I am entering here on no philosophy, I am merely stating facts; and I may as well confess that I took comfort in the thought, that, though the bureau, the washstand and the 'chiffoneer' had fallen in the general ruin, Mamie still had the sheets, the pillow-cases, the towels, the muffin-rings, and the rest. It was even turning out a little like a fairy-tale after all, for I really now wanted her to have these, and in view of my own very meagre circumstances and my duties to others, I could not with a clear conscience have afforded to give them to her. She, as with a magic foresight, had contrived to relieve me of all embarrassment.

Meanwhile, I heard nothing more of Mamie. Then one day, I had this letter from her (I omit the independent spelling): —

I thought I'd write to tell you that Anne has a good Papa. He's a farmer. I'm married again. (Since she was not married before, the 'again' may refer to a second wedding ring.) He's got a nice house. Do come and see me. (Here followed very careful directions.) I'd like you to see our animals. We've got five chickens, one rooster, a cat and a dog. He had a house already furnished. It's good furnished too. The bed has got shams on the pillows.

It was not long after this that I had a letter from an old aunt of Mamie's, of whom Mamie had several times spoken to me, and to whom she used sometimes to write. The aunt said that, though she had always been too poor to do anything for Mamie, still she took an interest in her. She knew I had been good to her. If it was n't

too much trouble, would I write and tell her how Mamie was, or would I send her her address if she was not with me.

I wrote her with a good deal of pleasure that Mamie was happily married (I did not quibble at the word) to a well-to-do farmer; that she had a nicely furnished house, some animals, and that her husband loved Anne devotedly.

Then I wrote to Mamie and sent her her aunt's letter; and I told her that I thought it would be a kindness if she would write to the old lady.

In reply I had the following: 'I know you meant to be kind. But I'm sorry you wrote to my aunt. It was n't my aunt at all. It was Bill.'

Here also — I know it well — fact is less satisfactory than romance. There should, no doubt, be the telling scene of a sequel. I never saw Mamie again, however, and the unfocused waving of a fat, lovely little hand in that crowded terminal is my last memory of Anne.

You who read this may be in some uneasiness as to Mamie. I confess that I am not. I cannot forget the angels of grace that do undoubtedly attend on such. Need Pharaoh, having seen the wonders, be anxious do you think, as to how the departed children of Israel would be maintained in the desert places where he would so easily have perished?

But lest you should, nevertheless, have Mamie's welfare at heart, and should entertain, with some misgivings, thought of what may have become of Anne, there are yet other signs and wonders of which I shall ask to be allowed to speak.

(To be continued)

THE LIFE OF THE AFRICAN OSTRICH

BY WILLIAM CHARLES SCULLY

I

THERE has been some desultory controversy as to whether Africa contains only one species of ostrich or several species. In Mr. W. L. Sclater's *Fauna of South Africa*, four are mentioned, namely: *Struthio camelus*, which ranges over North Africa and Arabia, and in ancient times was found in South-western Asia; *S. masaicus*, *S. molybdophanes*, and *S. australis*. In view, however, of Professor Deurden's recent researches, it is fairly clear that this classification will have to be revised. Possibly there exists only one species, which includes several varieties. The ostrich is only semi-gregarious and, like all animals not wholly gregarious, is subject to individual variation. It is, however, stated that the Somaliland ostrich has a horny shield on the top of its head. If this be so, and especially if the horn be an excrescence from the skull, not only will *S. molybdophanes* establish its claim to being a separate species, but an interesting link between the ostriches and the cassowaries will be suggested.

The genus *Struthio* belongs to the subclass *Ratitae*, all the genera of which are flightless birds with no keel to the sternum or breast-bone. Such are the rheas, the cassowaries, the emus, and the kiwis. Except the ostrich, none of the genera of this subclass are found north of the equator. Up to a comparatively recent period, the ostrich ranged over the whole African continent except in the denser for-

ests and on the higher mountain ranges.

Half a century ago the ostrich of Southern Africa was in danger of extinction; now, however, owing to domestication, its numbers have enormously increased. In 1913 there were 776,268 ostriches owned by farmers within the South African Union. Salutory laws for the protection of wild birds have also been enacted. Although wild birds have disappeared from the more settled parts, they are still to be found in considerable numbers in the less accessible areas, such as the Kalihari and Great Bushmanland deserts.

Very little is known of the habits of the wild birds; nearly every extant account bristles with inaccuracies. Some of the latter have their origin in the Bible, wherein, among other errors, it is stated that the eggs of the ostrich are hatched out by the heat of the sun, and that the young are cruelly deserted by their parents. In Job and Jeremiah the ostrich, which is really an example to many other birds in the matter of caring for its young, is held up to the execration of mankind as a cruel and unfeeling parent.

The male ostrich stands nearly eight feet high; the female about eighteen inches less. The upper portion of the body of the male, as well as the lower fourth of the neck, is covered with short, glossy black feathers. The foam-white plumes are the primary feathers of the wings; plumes of an inferior quality form the tail. The hue of the female is a dove-tinted brown. Her

plumes are not nearly so luxuriant as those of the male, and are dingy-white in color. A full-grown male ostrich at the beginning of the breeding-season is a truly magnificent creature. The short, black feathers with which his back and sides are densely covered ripple and glint in the sunshine; his waving plumes gleam gallantly. So charged is he with abounding vigor that the blood suffuses the scales of the tarsi and the feet, the visible portion of the so-called thigh, the head and the beak, until they glow in clear crimson. His large, brilliant hazel eye flashes from beneath a fringe of black bristles. Fierce, fearless, and majestic, he stalks toward an intruder, lashing and whisking his plumes, hissing loudly, and snapping his beak. The strength of the ostrich is prodigious; he can disembowel a horse or kick through a sheet of corrugated iron. To an unprotected man in the open an infuriated ostrich is as dangerous as the lion. Many have lost their lives through ignorance of his strength, his speed, and his implacable ferocity.

Equally impressive is the demeanor of the male when wooing his mate. Here is the description given by Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner:—

‘A cock, if courting the hen, will often run slowly and daintily on the points of his toes, with neck slightly inflated, upright and rigid; the tail half-drooped and all his body-feathers fluffed up; the wings raised and expanded, the inside edges touching the neck for nearly the whole of its length, and the plumes showing separately, like an open fan, flat to the front, on each side of the head. In no other attitude is the splendid beauty of his plumage displayed to such advantage.’

The breast of the ostrich is oval, and bare of feathers. So strong is the sternum that it might almost be compared to the ram of a battleship — except

that it is not beaked. The anterior portion consists of a bony shield which is heavily strutted by the ribs, and is but scantily covered with flesh. When the bird runs against any obstacle, or falls to the ground in its flight, it is the breast-bone which sustains the impact. When the cocks fight, as they often do, it is on this useful shield that the thundering kicks are usually received.

The wings have lost almost every vestige suggestive of their original function. Contrary to general opinion, they are of no use toward accelerating the speed of the bird when it runs; if anything they are a hindrance — especially if the bird be hard pressed. But they are serviceable in covering the eggs during the process of incubation, and also in enabling the bird to turn at a sharp angle in the course of a rapid run, or even to stop almost abruptly. In the process of ‘waltzing’ or gyrating, which will presently be described, the wings enable the bird to retain or recover its balance. But the true use of the wings lies in the transcendent beauty of the primary feathers. These were developed through sexual selection, by that influence which ever strives to lead the Caliban of passion from the morass to the mountain peak.

Incidentally, it is due to the beauty of its plumes that the ostrich has not become practically extinct in Southern Africa. Among the many animals which man has taken from their natural environment and adapted to his needs, the ostrich is the only one in respect of which sheer loveliness, as distinguished from utility, — in its usually restricted sense, — formed the motive of domestication. It is also the only one which has benefited by the change. The ox, the horse, and the sheep have been reduced to a servitude of which many of the aspects are cruel. They all subserve material needs. But the ostrich furnishes plumes

which are probably the most perfect decorative items in Nature's storehouse, and, fortunately for itself, is otherwise of no use to man. It is kindly treated; even the removal of the feathers is quite a painless process. All this may be not without significance in the general scheme of things. As Emerson sang of the Rhodora, 'Beauty is its own excuse for being'; and in the estimation of a deeper civilization, a humming-bird flashing through sunlit greenery may be of far more importance than a fat bullock in the abattoir.

In the leg of the ostrich occurs most marvelous specialization. The bird has but two toes, the third and the fourth, the outer being somewhat short. The toes have springy pads beneath and are armed with strong nails. From the foot the tarsus rises for about eighteen inches; it is covered with wide transverse scales. Above the tarsus is the so-called thigh, which is really the tibia, or shin. Here the bone is swathed in huge muscles which are covered with naked skin — usually dark blue in color in the adult bird.

Dr. Haughton, in Volume IX of the *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy*, gave an excellent description of the ostrich's mode of running: 'In the act of running the leg of the ostrich is to be regarded as a jointed lever having four joints, viz., the hip, the knee, the heel, and the metatarsal joints. As the animal springs from foot to foot, the whole limb on reaching the ground is bent as far as possible at each of the articulations, and when the spring is made, the muscles proper to each joint increase the angle made by the bones meeting at the joint, so that the effect of the whole is to unbend the limb, and give it a maximum of extension at the moment of leaving the ground. During the spring the antagonist muscles again bend the joints, so that on next touching they are at their maximum

of flexion, again waiting to be unbent by the muscles that open the angles of the joints; and so on. As the animal runs, it is thrown alternately from each foot in contact with the ground, as from a catapult, and advances by successive leaps or springs from foot to foot.'

The speed thus attained is very great. For a comparatively short distance when the sun is hot, or for a practically unlimited distance if the day be cool, an adult ostrich can easily outspeed a horse. In running the bird holds its head somewhat low, with the neck flexed. Strangely enough, although the neck moves with slight undulations, the head remains steady. One peculiarity which does not appear to have been noted by other observers is this: if an ostrich be kept moving continuously on a very hot day, it will suddenly fall, roll over on its back, and die — apparently of heat-apoplexy.

Sight is the special sense of the ostrich; the sense of hearing being next in importance. The sense of smell is, I am convinced, of use only in connection with feeding and in the matter of recognition of the young. I have several times had wild ostriches pass within a few hundred yards to leeward of where I lay concealed, without evincing the slightest alarm. The nostrils are narrow and lie in a membranous groove rather forward on the bill. The brain is exceedingly small; its weight has been computed to be in the proportion of 1 to 1200 as compared with the whole body. The brain of the eagle is about 1 to 150; that of the parroquet as 1 to 45. If one deducts from the ostrich's brain those portions specialized for sight and hearing, the remainder is almost infinitesimal. It has been related that Heliogabalus caused the brains of six hundred ostriches to be used for a single dish. Yet the ostrich is by no means a stupid creature.

II

Most of the older observers mention having seen ostriches herding with the larger wild animals, such as the zebra and the gnu. From my own observations, especially in connection with the hartebeest, I am convinced that it is the other animals which seek the society of the ostrich for the purpose of being insured against surprise. The commanding height and matchless eyesight of these birds give them a range of vision probably unsurpassed by any other flightless animal — except, possibly, the giraffe. In this connection it is interesting to note that in the first book of the *Anabasis*, Xenophon mentions the circumstance of ostriches and wild asses associating together on the plains to westward of the Euphrates.

Although it is usually the high, open desert plains that the ostrich frequents, it is also to be found in broken, bushy tracts. I have personally seen them in the wooded country on the East Coast, in a tract lying between the sea and a practically (to them) impassable range of mountains. In view of the number and variety of the carnivora there existing at the time, the survival of these birds was very surprising indeed. But it was only in the southwestern deserts that I had opportunities of observing the ostrich's habits. The observations made are necessarily scanty and incomplete. The shy and elusive nature of the bird is an almost insuperable bar to any connected scrutiny. The mere approach to a nest may cause the loss of a whole brood, for if the birds be badly scared they may not return. Even an unobliterated spoor in the vicinity of a nest may cause them to abandon it.

Another danger lies in the possibility of the eggs being scorched, or chilled, when the birds decamp — according to

whether heat or cold prevail. But the greatest danger arises from the jackal, which is almost invariably to be found in the vicinity of a nest, waiting for an opportunity to maraud. The usual way in which a jackal does mischief is by rolling an egg out to the rim of sand surrounding the nest, and then pushing it back hard with his nose. This cracks the egg — possibly also the one it strikes against. Occasionally two, or even three jackals will attack a nest at the same time, and fight vigorously over the contents of each egg as it is broken. The havoc then wrought may easily be imagined; it usually results in the abandonment of the nest.

Sometimes the white-necked raven (*Corvultur albicollis*) coöperates with the jackal. He will carry a small, heavy stone up into the air and drop it into the nest. Jackal and raven then share amicably the contents of the smashed egg. When only one, or perhaps two, eggs have been destroyed, the birds when they return may eat up the broken shells and go on sitting.

In the desert one could not avoid constantly associating the jackal with the ostrich. The central area of the Great Bushmanland waste is usually completely arid. It is absolutely level, except where the barren sand-dunes intrude over its northern margin. Of the larger fauna one finds in it only the oryx and the ostrich. But in the breeding-season of the latter, central Bushmanland literally abounded with jackals — especially in the vicinity of the ostrich nests. It was clear that the marauders were there for the purpose of preying on the eggs or the newly hatched chicks. So far as could be ascertained, there was literally nothing else for them to eat. The recognizable contents of the stomachs of jackals shot at this season were invariably the spoil of ostrich nests. It was quite exceptional to locate a nest without at

least one fresh jackal-burrow in its vicinity. More than once I have seen the cock in fierce pursuit of an interrupted marauder who, twisting and doubling, — yelping dolorously the while, — made frantic efforts to reach his burrow. The jackal usually escapes, but not invariably. In the vicinity of recently abandoned nests, one occasionally found evidence indicating that some skulking brute had met a violent and richly deserved end.

The association of the jackal and the ostrich appears in ancient myth and literature. Flinders Petrie relates that in prehistoric Egypt, when the king was slain, the door to the underworld was supposed to be opened by the jackal, and through it the soul was wafted on an ostrich feather. In Job, in Isaiah, in Micah, and in Lamentations, ostriches and jackals are mentioned in the same text.

The ostrich hates the jackal implacably, but does not fear him. As a matter of fact the only creature the domesticated ostrich dreads is the dog. So fearless is he that he will unhesitatingly attack anything else which he deems to be an enemy, no matter how formidable; and as enemies he is apt to class all intruders upon what he considers to be his domain. Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner mentions the case of an ostrich charging a moving locomotive. Several instances have occurred of men having been kicked out of the saddle. But let a dog of any description appear, and the fiercest bird will almost invariably flee with every indication of terror. This is probably due to race-memory. The wild dog (*Lycaon pictus*) was formerly common all over South Africa; it frequented both forest and desert, ranging freely and hunting in packs which occasionally numbered over fifty individuals. The wild dog is now rarely met with except in a few of the densely bushed areas. But even

yet their melodious hunting-cry, — 'Ho-ho-ho-ho,' — or their short, sharp bark, may be heard at night echoing through the scrub-filled gorges of the Great Fish River valley, in the Cape Province. It may easily be imagined what an ever-present terror the ostrich was subjected to when packs of these creatures, insatiably ravenous, roamed over the country, as they undoubtedly did less than a century ago.

The making of the nest by the breeding cock and his mate is a simple and rudimentary process. From the nature of the case, the observation of wild ostriches in the act of nidification is a practical impossibility. But one has ample opportunity of observing the nest-building of domesticated birds. A cock and a hen select some sandy spot, usually slightly higher than the surrounding ground, and as a rule in the vicinity of some low bush. The cock, lying on his breast, kicks the sand out backwards and sideways. A slight depression is thus formed, surrounded by a low, irregular ridge. In the formation of the latter the hen assists in a futile way; she walks round, picking up spoonfuls of sand in her beak and dropping them on the ridge. During this operation she droops and flutters her wings, making a clicking noise with their joints. She soon afterwards begins laying, depositing an egg which weighs about three pounds every second day. Some hens will sit almost from the beginning of the laying period; others will wait until almost the full number of eggs has been laid. This number apparently varies among wild birds, from ten to twenty. The eggs are ivory-white in color and are minutely pitted all over. One wonders why the coloration is not protective, as in the case of nearly all birds that nest in open spaces. Possibly the heat of the sun may account for this.

The low ridge surrounding the nest

tends to become obliterated, owing to the manner in which the bird lets itself down upon the eggs. It treads carefully among them, arranges its feet at the proper distance apart, then sinks back until its tarsi lie horizontally on the ground. This brings the bulk of the body outside a section of the ridge, and in working itself in so as to cover the clutch of eggs, the bird drags the sand, of which the ridge is formed, in with it. However, the ridge is rebuilt in a curious manner. The sitting bird, if excited in any way, — more especially if alarmed, — pecks at the sand outside the nest and, lifting it in beakfuls, deposits it on the raised margin.

Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner, probably the best authority regarding ostriches in a state of domestication, considers that monogamy is normal among these birds, and that such is the only condition quite favorable in the matter of the hatching out of the young. The subject is an interesting one, the evidence in favor of both monogamy and polygamy being very strong. My own experiences among wild birds led me to conclude that the usual breeding family consisted of a cock and two hens. Mr. Schreiner's main points are, (1) that a pair make the nest, and (2) that the best results ensue when there is only one hen. The circumstance of the pair making the nest is not, it is submitted, of any particular significance. The South African Bantu are a polygamous people, but no Bantu will marry more than one wife on one occasion. That the best results in the matter of incubation are found in monogamy is undoubted.

It may be that the ostrich is polygamous against his will, but in his natural condition his polygamy — or at least bigamy — is hardly to be doubted. The original numerical proportion of the sexes is about equal, but

the males fight and kill one another after the manner of men; consequently there is a certain number of redundant females. When several of these attach themselves to an already married male, the consequences are apt to be disastrous.

When a nest contains too many eggs, the latter cannot all be covered by the sitting bird. About twenty is the number giving the best results. Instances have been recorded of as many as a hundred and fifty eggs lying in and around a single nest. In such a case, not a single chick would be hatched out. However, the question as to whether the ostrich has been born polygamous, has achieved polygamy, or has had polygamy thrust upon him, must for the present remain unsettled.

The cock sits on the eggs from about four o'clock in the afternoon until about eight next morning. Although he sits for approximately sixteen hours to the hen's eight, the actual trouble incidental to hatching is more or less evenly apportioned between the two. About eight hours of the cock's sojourn are spent in sleep. He has an unbroken eight-hour period wherein to feed. The hen, on the other hand, has two four-hour periods. In feeding the birds stroll leisurely along, cropping suitable herbage on their course. In leaving the nest or returning thereto, the wild bird never takes a straight course. The motive underlying this is obvious.

III

At the end of about six weeks the chicks will have hatched out. At first they are weak, utterly helpless creatures, with strange swellings on head, neck, and foot. However, within a few days they become active and, on the approach of danger, will scatter and take cover quite skillfully. They are a dull yellowish brown in color, with

irregular longitudinal stripes of darker brown on the neck. The body covering is of down, interspersed with thick, short feathers with pointed tips. These suggest minute porcupine quills. Before eating food the chicks pick up small stones wherewith to furnish their gizzards. During the later stages of incubation — probably owing to want of exercise — the parent birds become constipated; their excrement is emitted in small, hard lumps. This forms the first food of the chicks. The latter do not all emerge from the shells on the same day; it usually takes about four days for the whole brood to appear.

After the first chicks have advanced from their stage of helpless bewilderment and are able to move about, the cock-bird leads them for short excursions in the vicinity of the nest, where they begin to peck feebly at whatever herbage exists. It is not unusual to see the cock leading five or six chicks afield, while another five or six lie or crouch stupidly on the raised margin of the nest, and yet another five or six are cheeping within the yet unbroken prison of the shell. There is considerable difference of opinion on the point as to whether one of the parent birds breaks the shells to free chicks whose emergence is unduly delayed. My own strong opinion is to the effect that the wild hen does so, by carefully pressing the eggs with the sternum plate. During the final period of hatching, both male and female — especially the latter — betray great excitement, and will fiercely attack any animal which happens to come near. The cry of the chick is pitched in a high key. When the chick is very young the note is tremulous; it is always liquid and plaintive.

The observation of wild birds engaged in the process of hatching is one of the most difficult operations a naturalist can undertake. It is possible to

observe successfully only by locating the nest by day, and afterwards approaching it before dawn. Even this course is only occasionally successful. The level desert rarely contains any landmarks recognizable in the dark, so — unless one be accompanied by a Bushman guide, and Bushmen nowadays are scarce — there is considerable danger of missing the located spot. Moreover, there is always the chance of disturbing one or other of the hens resting in the darkness, and her flight may cause the cock to rise from the nest and decamp. However, let us assume success, and that, after a tramp of several hours across the darkened waste, we have reached the place appointed for observation. The pulsing stars are above and around — almost incredibly lustrous. In our journey we have disturbed many a wild creature in those mysterious avocations which are hardly even suspected by day. The long-drawn, nasal '*Yonk, yonk, yow-e-e-aow*' of many a questing jackal has sounded across the waste, awakening answers from kindred spirits far and near.

At length we have reached the objective — a patch of low, loose bush some ten feet in diameter. About two hundred yards away is the nest; it will be in full view after day has come, for we are on an almost imperceptible rise. Pallid grows the east. For a while flaming Phosphor outshines the dawn, but soon merges into the general effulgence. Then the black, mound-like body of the sitting cock becomes visible. He lies as still as a rock, with his long, snake-like neck stretched straight before him on the sand, his wings and tail spread tent-wise over the raised margin of the nest. The white plumes are almost completely hidden under the drooping fringe of black feathers. Herein is an undoubted instance of protective coloration. The cock, being

jet-black, cannot be seen at night; the hen, which sits throughout the greater part of the day, is more or less the color of the desert sand. She thus attains a maximum of invisibility while on the nest.

At the appointed time the hens may be seen approaching — usually from different directions, but never in a straight line. They have, if the herbage be more than ordinarily scanty, perhaps slept miles away. At dawn they rose and started on their respective devious courses, cropping constantly at the herbage. When one of the hens has reached the vicinity of the nest, the cock will rise, carefully extracting his tarsi from among the eggs. As a rule the hen takes his place at once, but occasionally the eggs seem to be deliberately left to cool, as in the case of the domestic fowl. On one occasion I saw a cock come in swiftly from his feeding, sweep round the nest, and force the hen, which had left it, back to her incubation duties. He butted her with his breast-bone and showed every sign of indignation, flicking his wings and snapping his beak. It was evident that he considered that she had left the eggs for too long a period. The second hen usually sits on the edge of the nest, or, if eggs are lying outside the rim, she often sits on them. It was not possible to ascertain whether or not the same hen invariably took the most important position on the nest.

When the chicks have all become stronger on their legs, the parents lead them away to pastures they have already located, where suitable food is to be found. Should danger occur, the old birds utter a single note of alarm; then the cock hurries the brood away. Hissing violently, crouching forward and with her wings forming a fluttering shield before her body, the hen faces the enemy. This, it may be

noted, is the practice of all desert antelopes, whereas, in the flight of antelopes of the forest, it is the male which covers the retreat. To these rules there are, I think, no exceptions. But if, in the case of the ostrich brood, the danger be formidable and close at hand, the chicks will immediately scatter and squat, skillfully making use of any available inequality in the ground. Then the parents will endeavor to attract attention to themselves by falling to the ground and pretending to be injured. As the enemy approaches, the bird will spring up, run a short distance, and fall again. In this procedure the ostrich imitates the sand-piper with extraordinary exactness. The danger over, the chicks run about uttering their distinctive call. The parent birds do not reply; they move slowly about within the area containing the chicks, and their commanding height enables the latter to see and rally round them. The ostrich knows its own chicks, and will kill any others seeking its protection.

One of the most remarkable habits of the ostrich is that of waltzing, or gyrating. So far as I have been able to ascertain, this habit is confined to domesticated birds. None of the old observers mention it. I have spoken to many Bushmen and others familiar with the ostrich in its wild state; not one of them had ever seen or heard of wild birds gyrating. I have personally had wild ostriches under observation from a place of concealment at every season and at each hour of the day, but never have I seen them gyrating. Yet among domesticated birds the practice is universal.

It is usually indulged in when they are released from an enclosure in the early morning. Then the birds will run swiftly for a short distance, stop suddenly, lift their wings, and spin rapidly round and round, using a perfect

waltz-step. They turn indifferently from left to right or otherwise. Before the gyration begins, they will often rush about on a zig-zag course; when it comes to an end, they will sometimes run for a considerable distance at top speed. Sometimes during gyration they become quite dizzy and fall to the ground; if they meet an obstacle and trip, a broken tarsus is apt to result.

Gyration is practiced by birds of all ages from about three months onward, but among adults it is not nearly so common as among non-nubile birds; therefore it can have no sexual significance.

Taking into consideration the constant menace under which these birds exist in their natural environment, the general practice of gyration or of any exercise calculated to attract the attention of enemies, is unthinkable. The young wild ostrich survives only with difficulty, and largely owing to its inconspicuousness; probably not more than twenty per cent of those hatched out reach maturity. So far as one can judge, the gyration is a pure and simple expression of the joy of life — as natural a manifestation of healthy and exuberant vitality as is the dancing of children of all ages and climes. It is conventional, for all birds gyrate in exactly the same manner. It is to be accounted for only on the hypothesis of race-memory. Probably the ostrich did not always dwell in an environment of danger; countless ages ago the species may have had its origin in some vast Australian tract wherein carnivora were scarce. And now, when the age-long menace has been lifted from the domesticated birds, a hint — a whisper down the interminable, echoing corridors of the germ-plasm — may have awakened in them the long-dormant spirit of joy.

Another remarkable habit of the

ostrich is that known as rolling. It is almost exclusively confined to the male bird. Under sexual excitement or anger a bird will sink down on his ankle-joints with his tarsi horizontal, the tibia remaining erect. He will then open his wings forward and swish them alternately over his back. The head and neck, depressed backward, swing with the motion of the wings, the head striking the ribs on each side. The tail becomes widely distended. While thus engaged, the bird appears to be lost in an ecstasy of excitement; he becomes quite oblivious to his surroundings.

It is somewhat remarkable that erotic excitement and anger should be expressed in exactly the same manner. There is a kind of analogy to be found in certain behavior of the desert gazelle (*Antidorcas euchore*, miscalled the springbuck). This animal in its morning play expands and erects its dorsal mane of long snow-white hair, bends its back and sinks its head almost to the level of its hoofs. Then it bounds into the air, swaying from side to side. But if suddenly alarmed by an enemy, the gazelle acts in a precisely similar manner.

The ostrich emits several sounds, the best-known of which is the muffled roar known as the 'boom' or the 'brom,' which is uttered by the male bird — either as a challenge to a rival or as a love-note to the hen. The sound is divided into three utterances, the first two being short and the third long, with an interval of about a second between. It is generated in a curious manner. The bird shuts its beak so tightly that no air can escape; then it empties the lungs into the œsophagus through the larynx, inflating the neck for its greater extent. The air thus flows backward over the vocal chords.

This sound has been compared to 'mourning' by the Prophet Micah; and at a certain distance, when some of the

elements have been subdued, it does convey a mournful suggestion. When heard close by, it suggests the utterance of an ox in pain, but at over a thousand yards it startlingly resembles the voice of the lion. The boom of the ostrich is but rarely heard by day, and the bird can utter it only when standing still. The other sounds are, respectively, a loud hiss of anger, a gurgle expressive of alarm, and the sharp note uttered to warn the chicks of danger.

The ostrich is usually a vegetarian, but his gizzard is a mill to which most objects capable of being swallowed are acceptable grist. It contains a number of large, rounded stones; almost invariably some of these are brightly colored. He will feed greedily upon locusts in the wingless stage, and apparently considers a young tortoise to be a tit-bit. Domesticated ostriches swallow the most extraordinary things; if one wears jewelry it is not safe to approach the fence of an enclosure in which friendly birds are kept. More than one lady has discovered this to her cost. With a lightning-like sweep of its beak over or through a fence, a bird will annex a brooch, a locket, or any other glittering object. Tennis-balls, kittens, the heels of glass bottles, cartridges, and small lengths of heavy wire, are among the articles which ostriches have been observed to swallow.

The plume of the ostrich is like nothing else in Nature. The nearest resemblance is to be found in an ephemeral thing—the foam of a breaking wave. It must be unthinkable ages since the wings of this bird subserved any use but that of beauty; their function in the matter of covering the eggs during incubation is quite secondary and could easily be dispensed with. The perfectly even barbs are soft as gossamer and, contrary to

the rule among birds that fly, quite disconnected and independent one of the other. The quills, from their point of emergence from the socket, become increasingly flexible and lithe. The plumes convey suggestions of luxuriant ductility, of effortless grace, of sumptuousness, and, above all, of purity. From very ancient days they have been used by man as a decoration, but not until quite recently by woman.

The beauty of the plumes of the ostrich and the mystery surrounding its habits, have ever attracted the interest of mankind. In ancient Egypt the plume, on account of the mathematical equality of the opposing barbs in point of length,—a peculiarity not present in the primary feathers of any other bird with which the Egyptians were acquainted—was regarded as the sacred symbol of Justice. Osiris was represented with two ostrich plumes in his crown. The hieroglyph for the plume was ‘shoo.’ This was probably onomatopoeitic, and originated in the soft sound made by the plumes, when used as a fan.

The plume of the ostrich is in several respects the fairest thing which earth has produced. The creature which it glorifies is a member of an archaic class. Many of its congeners have disappeared; perhaps eliminated by the mammal carnivora; perhaps owing to their ‘expensiveness,’ as Lafcadio Hearn suggests in connection with the elimination of the dragons of the prime. One may see in certain museums the unbroken shell of the egg—fourteen inches in length—of the *Æpiornis*, unearthed in Madagascar. The height of this bird—possibly the roc of Eastern legend—may have been anything up to twenty feet. The *Diornis* of New Zealand—another gigantic relative—was probably in existence in the seventeenth century. Fossil bones of struthious birds have been found in

Samos, in Russia and in Northern India.

The vast African deserts have probably afforded the only conditions which rendered it possible for the ostrich to survive. Its hardihood, its speed, its wonderful power of vision, and, above all, its fecundity, have enabled it to triumph over extraordinary difficulties. Probably a toll of four fifths of the young is paid to the skulk-

ing, loathsome jackals which dog their footsteps, in the breeding season, to the most remote and barren wastes.

The caprice of man has given the southern variety of the ostrich a fresh lease of being. And the foam-like plumes, the very incarnation of purity and loveliness, are as though blown like derelict blossoms hither and thither upon the unlovely, brown, rigorous face of the unregarding wilderness.

THE BRIDE

BY RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

*Farewell to himself
That I left in his sleep,
And God save him kindly
And let him sleep deep.*

*And more shame to me,
Creeping out like a mouse —
A seven weeks' bride —
From my husband's house.*

But I was born of the eastern world
And I'll never be knit to the western places,
And the hunger's on me, fierce and keen,
For the morning look of the eastern faces;
And oh, my grief, but himself is queer,
With his cold, soft words and his cold, hard caring!
(It must have been I was daft myself
With the thought of the silks I would be wearing.)

Well, there'll be staring to see me home,
And there'll be clack and a nine days' talking;
But for all the binding book and bell,
This is the road that I must be walking.

*And when they will ask him, —
'But where is your bride?'
Then he will be weeping
The slow tears of pride.*

*And when they are prying, —
'But where was the blame?'
It's he will be blushing
The thin blush of shame.*

But I'm destroyed with a homesick heart,
And the likes of me would best bide single!
I'll step it brisk till the evening damp,
And I'll sleep snug in a deep, soft dingle.
And I'll win back to the eastern world
By a way himself could never follow;
And I'll be lepping the streams for joy
And lifting a tune by hedge and hollow.
And if they'll look on the morning's morn,
Rising up in the sweet young weather,
Then they'll see me and the darling day
Footing it over the Hill together!

UNCLE SAM

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

THEY who grow sad over our lack of imaginative insight into the finer meanings of existence, and our consequent barrenness in imaginative creation, may find themselves rebuked, and delightfully rebuked, in looking at our cartoons in magazine and in newspaper. Can one be wrong in thinking that here, in these will-o'-the-wisp flashes of light and of humor on life, one finds a keenness of penetration, insight, and command of means of expression perhaps not found elsewhere in American life?

Best of all the cartoons which both reveal and point the way in our national existence, and certainly the best among the symbols which represent great nations, stands Uncle Sam. Delightful and inexhaustible is the play of imaginative conception in him and about him; in no other representative character is personality so clearly defined; in no other is the range of expression and of action so great. In his steady wear of stars and stripes, with his face constantly changing yet true to type, one finds in him much of the shrewd, old-fashioned Yankee, yet more of Don Quixote. How many are the pictures wherein these two chief strains in him struggle with each other, that keen, bargaining expression blending in puzzling fashion with the wistful look of errantry, of one who stakes all in a perhaps mistaken endeavor to help! Is it through a process of national growth in Uncle Sam, or a deepening penetration on the part of those who irreverently and affectionately in-

terpret him, that, as the years go on, the latter expression of chivalric quest seems to deepen and to gain upon the other?

Inexhaustible are his activities, and of endless variety the moments of thought and of action in which the soul of the nation has been thus caught and fixed. Uncle Sam, farmer, householder, and landed proprietor, has domestic responsibilities upon a scale never known before. One sees him, too complacently, — in a rich-Jonathan moment, — riding the reapers and gathering in inexhaustible harvests; one sees him waking sleepily from a Rip-van-Winkle drowsiness, to guard his forests and waterfalls from despoiling hands; or, with a face less firm than it should have been, settling a dispute among the children, perhaps in a threatened nation-wide strike.

There is often a fatherly or grandfatherly touch about him; guardian of western lands and seas, he has not only his own but his step-children to look after. Here he goes in the guise of a rich old gentleman, fantastic, almost foolishly good-natured, holding by the hand a small colored boy whom he has adopted, — the Danish West Indies, — promising him a gold watch and chain; there he sits, impatient, baffled, with fingers in ears, mouth grim, and hair in flying disorder, listening perforce to the children's row of Mexico, Cuba, and Santo Domingo dancing before him in the guise of sprawling infants, with toot, toot, toot of cymbal, drum and horn — Europe on the long-

distance telephone and Uncle Sam unable to hear.

One cannot touch the many aspects of his whimsical, doubting, determined, sensitive face. Nearly the whole range of human feeling, of human expression is there. Fear he knows, and deep sympathy; his hand is ever swift to his pocket upon tidings of distress anywhere upon the green earth. Perplexity and he are oldest friends; to wavering he is no stranger, and he is blind at times, yet not incurably blind. Honestly he tries to secure a right balancing of the scales of justice for his multifarious offspring, yet often finds this delicate adjustment puzzling beyond his power to endure. Swift are the changes whereby his Hamlet moments of indecision slip into his Napoleonic moments of great deeds. Something of woman's intuition is in him, and sometimes, too, woman's over-ready action in the line of eager and sudden conviction; yet again, sinewy, virile, he shows the muscles stiffening along his arm, and he is become the very incarnation of lean and powerful masculinity, moving determinedly to a goal seen steadily from the beginning.

He is usually and rightly pictured all slimness and agility; they err greatly, and fail to see, who make him corpulent. Grossness is not in him, despite the swollen fortunes of the many under his protection; and they are dull of mind and vision who find it there. He is all will, dynamic force, giving an impression of endless power and resourcefulness, working out in many ways, asking for new worlds to conquer, beseeching difficulties, his energy sometimes applied to airy nothingnesses, for there is even in him a tendency to tilt at windmills when nothing else is doing; he is sometimes erratic, and sometimes hits the nail on the head as it has never been hit before.

Always a man of deeds, never of

words save phrase or brief sentence, there is no need of sound issuing from those thin, flexible lips to make his meaning known. His constant changes of expression suggest his great vitality, his sensitiveness to ideas—for he is quick and flexible, and capable of unimagined growth. There is nothing about him irrevocably fixed and determined; his task is yet to do. Let the greatest come to him; he will achieve it! The oddest mixture of worldliness and unworldliness that earth has ever seen, he is in this long struggle for the game, for the stakes, for the fun to be got in the playing, for the wrongs to be righted, as, chivalry in shirt-sleeves, he unsheathes his scythe-like sword.

If one finds a great range of expression and of determination in the Uncle Sam of days of peace, following the ways of duty or of pleasure, there is a still greater range, and a profounder revelation, in the Uncle Sam of war-time. A Dutch cartoon gives us a brawny, square-shouldered Uncle Sam, with a grim, heroic, determined face, wearing not a shade of thought, and grasping a strong sword with a heavy arm; yet to us who know him he is hardly this untroubled man of wrath. Rather, in this great crisis, we feel him catching his breath, with something in his look of a Thoreau, suddenly confronted with a grisly practical problem, and as unprepared as he if surprised by the beat of drums and the tramp of armed men when cooking his lone supper of Indian meal, busy with dreams of peace. There is something of consternation in his face, as of one who can recall no weapon save jack-knife or pitch-fork, and who cannot think where either may be at this moment. The long knight-errantry among homely things has hardly prepared him for this plunge into fighting ranks among the armies of the world. He is a bit awkward in putting on his armor; in

this great land of peace only straw helmets are needed; the look of iron comes slowly to his face as he recognizes the need of forging helmets of iron. Here is a bewildered Uncle Sam up a tree, a German wolf symbolizing the submarine campaign, at the foot, while a satchel labeled 'merchandise' is at hand, and the cartoon bears the legend, 'Gentleman now holding responsible position wants chance to travel.'

There is a touch of vulgarity — is it in subject or in artist? — in a London Uncle Sam (*Land and Water*), as, hands in pockets, cigar in mouth, swallow-tails impertinently flying, he steps up to a burly German with a mixture of bravery and bravado, saying, 'Well!' Yet we who read his mind from within know that he has not for a moment held this attitude of swagger.

Well we recognize the truth of the puzzled Uncle Sam in a sketch by one of our own cartoonists, as, with revolver in hand, arms uplifted, he is held by a peace-at-any-price personage in a Quaker hat, while a grim hand holds a U-boat at the water's edge, and a bandit-like personage cries, 'Hands up!' And we know, and share, his sadness of heart, as in another he crowds Old-Lady Pacifist over the precipice into war.

Springing to his ship-building, toiling at the forge, policing the seas, sadly calling out his boys, he has known no moment's rest since his decision was made. Finer than in many of the humorous cartoons he is in James Montgomery Flagg's war poster, crying out to youth to enlist in the navy. The direct, commanding finger, the steady mouth, the piercing, determined eyes, hint something of his best, as firm as he would like forever to be while Brother Jonathan's practical genius carries out something of Don Quixote's inspiration, True to the very

soul of him is another sketch, where, beating plough-shares into swords, he is saying, 'I hate this barbarous stuff, but if I must, I must!' So he toils, his sleeves rolled up, the wind of destiny blowing his beard, his face all resolution above his starry vest, his arm all inspired muscle.

Again we see him, weary and forspent, the hair on his brow wet with perspiration, wading intrepidly through the sea, with a large bag of food on his shoulder, a bag of dollars under his arm, the coast-line of America in the distance, pity and resolve in his tired face, as, 'submarines or no submarines,' he carries aid to stricken Europe. Here, as in another, depicting Uncle Sam climbing out of the slough, and just beginning to get his feet on firm ground, with his eyes on the hills ahead, he takes on the aspect of the immortal Pilgrim, progressing slowly, and in burdened fashion, toward that heaven of being of service which is the only Heavenly City that modern eyes discern — and heaven enough it is for the present, if we but reach it.

In all this our own artists can best depict him: oddly true in externals as are many of the caricatures coming from foreign lands, sympathetic as are many of the cartoons done nowadays in England and in France, all are drawn more or less from the outside. Only his own sons can truly interpret Uncle Sam and the grand national adventure of democracy; Uncle Sam and the epic, sometimes the comic epic, of republicanism; Uncle Sam, inheritor and protector of the Rights of Man, of all the revolutionary ferment of the eighteenth century, of all the struggle of the nineteenth toward justice and equality and opportunity. Who else would be wise enough to see him as Laocoön, his spent sons, the Senate and the House, beside him, all writhing in the coils of the giant serpent,

Politics? Our own cartoonists, working within the heart of the struggle that knits Uncle Sam's brows, share his perplexity, know his vast problem, the vastest that ever confronted nation or human ruler, and fashion him subtly, his chin upon his hand in puzzled thought, his to make good the aspiration of humanity in the matter of wise freedom. By far the most intellectual of the personages representing the nations, a thinker trained, not in the schools, but in life, he knows himself the leader of the fairer hope of mankind, and gives evidence of profoundest meditation, facing the mystery and the uncertainty of the future.

We hardly realize, perhaps, how great is our debt to these gentlemen of the brush and pen; these ephemeral sketches constantly reveal the potential greatness of our country, and as constantly suggest a definite ideal, a standard of achievement of which we must not fall short, helping to work out, in more ways than we know, a vast destiny.

One wonders, not only at the imaginative insight, but also at the greatness of the conception which has come into existence, partly by the help of these interpreters. A touch here, a stroke there, and it grows wisely and nobly, Uncle Sam in his quick remorse and quicker resolves, done to the very life. Deftly they give gentle prick or stimulus toward the right path, if he has wandered from it; with conscience as sensitive as his own they often point

the way. They reveal the fact that his greatest sons have lent him something of their outer features, as well as of their souls; one sees him now with the eyes of an Emerson, alert for the ideal issue, now with something of the sorrowing face of Lincoln, looking out upon the world-war.

So has a national symbol, at first but a derisive attempt to rouse laughter over the rough ways of rustic folk, taken on great aspects; and the Uncle Sam who was originally but a purveyor of provisions at Troy, New York, has already become purveyor of spiritual things. There is about him a certain central simplicity of high intent, as befits the leader of the world's democracy, a singleness of mind. In all the bewildering variety of his experiences, his unnumbered dilemmas, his endless cogitations, there is a singular intentness in his gaze, a steady and guiding aspiration that none of his unexampled material temptations can destroy. He has deep faith, and stern conscience, less changed from Pilgrim Father days than we are prone to think. In these puzzling moments when, not only must the world be set right, but the cruelly difficult decision must be made as to what is right, one sees growing within him a stern strength of resolution to do his duty at all costs. He is an incorrigible idealist, for all his preoccupation with practical matters, and we hardly need the star upon his hat-band to remind us how irrevocably he has hitched his wagon to a star.

THE IRISH OF IT

BY CORNELIA THROOP GEER

He was a curly-haired boy of about twenty-five, with a square Irish smile and an expression of sweet stupidity. He wore a blue shirt, and a red tie set off with a mother-of-pearl brooch in the shape of a Celtic harp; his baggy trousers flared and drooped about his ankles. He rushed to and fro like an eager, nosing dog among that throng of excited immigrants, who were festooned with children and bundles and shawl-straps and suit-cases, and had paper blanks in their hands which they read as they walked, submitting with a docile other-worldliness to the pushing and scolding of the Ellis Island officials.

He was a man with a mission, a creature of one idea instead of the fragments of two or three which he usually carried about with him. In this capacity he sidled shyly up to every unattached girl he saw, and asked with an ingratiating gesture of his left hand if she were Katherine O'Sullivan. As disappointment after disappointment confronted him, the beads of perspiration on his forehead merged together and rolled down his temples in two or three big drops; he wiped them off with a handkerchief of neutral tint and stood up on his rough-shod toes, peering down the oncoming line. The frown of anxiety between his eyebrows deepened.

Suddenly he smiled, a smile of wide-mouthed relief and delight, and laughed aloud, his worry set at rest.

'This is Katherine O'Sullivan.'

'It is,' replied the girl.

She was a brisk, self-sufficient young one of eighteen. She had been watching him intently for some little time.

'Well, Kate,' said Dennis, ready with a cordial kiss, 'I'm glad to see you.'

Kate avoided him deftly, set down her suit-case, and slapped him sharply across the face.

'It's glad I'll be when I see the last of you.'

'Why did you that, Kate?' blurted Dennis, puzzled and angry, and rubbing his cheek.

'Move away, whoever ye are, or I'll speak to an officer.'

'Me!' exclaimed the boy, still rubbing his smarting face. 'It's your cousin I am, Dennis Carney. I thought you'd surely know me.'

'That's easy said,' Kate answered with irony. 'And I'll tell ye something for yer soul's good, Dennis Carney. I've been living out in Dublin for three years past, and it was there I learned there's a deal of talk going around it's no need to believe. I'm not a green-horn at all.'

Bewilderment shot into the blue eyes of Dennis.

'Come you with me, Katherine,' he said genially, stooping for her suit-case. 'Is this yours?'

'It is. Take yer hands off it.'

Dennis set it down, straightened up, and looked at her, hurt to the quick.

'What is it, Katherine? Don't you know me?'

'I know yer kind, and that's enough.'

'What do ye mean, child?'

Kate's eyes were narrow with doubt born of sophistication.

'Have n't I been watching you with my two eyes going about speaking to this girl and that girl? Sure, there's no good in that kind of a man, and it's myself that knows it. Warned I've been against them, thanks be to the Almighty God!'

'And how would I know it was you then, but to ask?' exploded Dennis, putting his hands on his hips in exasperation, 'and I not having seen you since you were a child of six years?'

'And how came you to know me at the latter end, so,' parried Kate in triumph, 'not having seen me since I was a child of six years?'

Dennis took out his handkerchief, and wiped his face and neck.

'Why would n't I know you when I saw you? Many's the time it's been given in to me that the two of us looks as much alike as if we were two peas. Why would n't I know my own features and my own appearance when I see them before me?'

This was true, but like many truths it should not have been uttered.

Katherine reddened angrily.

'I to look like you, is it!' She laughed. 'Ye should have spared yer-self yer carfare, Dennis Carney, and bought a mirror instead. Ye could have made a better use of it.'

'It was n't me said it, Kate,' muttered Dennis sheepishly. 'It's been given in to me so.'

'And did you think them other girls had yer own features and yer own appearance too? It seems yer own face is walking about on every pretty girl ye see.'

She tossed her head, and set her arms akimbo.

'I did n't rightly know it was you, Kate,' explained Dennis slowly, feeling his way; 'and I did n't surely think them other girls was you. But when I

was n't certain, it seemed well to me to ask any girl who was standing waiting with no one by her —'

'I'm sure of it!'

'— the way I would n't make any mistake and you pass out unremarked.'

'What would I be passing out for, and I waiting here for my brother, Patrick O'Sullivan?'

'Pat had his foot hurt the way he could n't come, and he sent me here to meet you and to take his place.'

'That's easy said,' was the indifferent comment.

'But how would I know your name, Kate, if Patrick had n't sent me?'

Kate gave some thought to this.

'That I don't know,' she said at last, slowly, 'if ye did n't read it in some list or in some sort of an article in one of the morning papers.'

'But where would I get a list or an article, Kate, that I'd read the name of Katherine O'Sullivan in?' pleaded Dennis in desperation.

She turned this over in her mind before she answered.

'Or you might be some sort of a false friend to Patrick. It might be it was you hurt his foot on him the way he could n't come down.'

This was too much for Dennis.

'What would I want hurting my cousin's foot?' he burst out indignantly.

'Or it might be you to have done away with him altogether, and to take a paper from his body with my name in it and a word saying I was coming in on the boat the day.'

'In heaven's name, Kate,' exclaimed the boy in horror, 'are you crazy? What would I want with killing Pat, that used to run through the paddocks with me when we were boys together in the Old Country!'

'What paddocks?' asked Kate, speaking now with real interest.

'Why the paddocks and fields in Donegal. What paddocks would it be?'

'What would they be like, Dennis?'

'What were they like! You ought to know, just having left them. Why, they were like any other paddocks' — he paused, and ran his hand across his forehead, — 'with green grass, and broken fences, and an old well standing, and the dogs running about after hares and it might be after a fox.'

Katherine rubbed her sleeve across her eyes.

'That's them,' she said, with a tremble in her throat.

Dennis picked up her bag again.

'Come now, Kate,' he coaxed indulgently, 'this is some sickness is on you, brought on by the heaving of the sea. We'll soon be home now.'

She took a moment to settle her hat, then turned to go. Suddenly she halted.

'Stop, Dennis. Put down the bag. It might be you got it from a picture Pat would have in his pocket. It's not a great while since I sent him a card with a picture on it of the paddocks and the fields that do be in Donegal.'

'Got what?' asked Dennis wearily.

Kate went over to him and put both hands on his shoulders, looking earnestly up into his bewildered face.

'Are ye really Dennis Carney?'

'What ails you, Kate?' he asked with the first sign of keen annoyance. 'Surely you know that you won't be let to leave this place till you see an officer on the other side of that stile the way he'll know it's the right one is taking you away.' As he spoke, he gestured toward the door through which the serpentine column was winding, urged and pushed along by glum, blue-coated guards. 'It was only an accident that I got into this room at all, and by being quick. I slipped under the feller's arm, and he yelling out to tell a big Scotchie to come back. Them other people that's passing through won't now be met by them that's belonging to them till their names is called by an officer.

They're kept in cages in another place.'

'But are ye Dennis Carney?' she insisted.

'I am.'

'Tell me, then, what does my mother look like that's home in Donegal?'

'Surely, Kate, you've not forgotten in so short a time!' he exclaimed in a shocked voice.

'Tell me.'

'Well, then,' he began, with his hand on his crisp, black curls, 'as near as I can remember after twelve years, she is a thin woman with gray hair —'

'It's white now,' amended Kate, wiping her eyes.

'Tall —'

'She's bent on a stick now.'

'Her eyes are blue.'

'Aye.'

'She used to call you Cathy.'

Kate burst into tears. 'It's her,' she sobbed, with her face in the crook of her arm.

Dennis stooped for the bag again, his expression becoming more and more alarmed.

'Come now, Kate,' he said gently. 'It'll not be long till we're home now. Patrick will be wondering what's keeping you.'

'Dennis, dearie, I'll kiss you now,' offered Kate, smiling through her tears.

But Dennis rubbed his cheek remissently. 'There's no time,' he said.

Just then an official came up. 'Move on here,' he commanded. 'This ain't a summer resort.'

Kate made a facetious dab at him as he passed. She turned to Dennis, catching his arm, and laughed up at him.

'What, Dennis!' she exclaimed. 'Surely you won't refuse to kiss yer own features and yer own appearance when ye see them before you.'

He bent and kissed her trusting, jovial face, absurdly like his own. Then, blushing, he led the way to the United States and Patrick.

EDUCATION: THE MASTERY OF THE ARTS OF LIFE

BY ARTHUR E. MORGAN

I

THROUGHOUT the long ages during which education has been of the very essence of life, by endless selection and by the relentless test of time a natural educational method has emerged which has a wonderful record of successful application under widely varying conditions. We are not sailing on an uncharted sea, for although innovators have come and gone, their practices warping or thwarting the lives which have come under their influence, always the sound historic method has survived, being wrought ever more firmly into our lives.

The other day I visited a school where this method is being used with success. It consists in the practice of the arts of life, sometimes with the assistance of the teacher, sometimes by the pupils working out points of technic with each other, when the teacher is not present. Occasionally the teacher will reprove or punish, most often because pupils have become too interested and boisterous for her comfort. Once I saw her bring a new problem to the class, and direct attention to its solution; but in the main the day's work is initiated and sustained by the interest of the pupils. We have here two of the fundamentals of sound education: that its method shall include and mainly consist of the practice of the arts of life, under the direction and inspiration of competent teachers; and that effort shall be initiated and maintained, not primarily by

VOL. 121 - NO. 3

outward discipline, but by the guided interest and aspiration of the pupil. The curriculum of this school is very old, the best data indicating that it has been in continuous use, almost without change, for one or two million years.

I had been watching a mother cat and her kittens. A cat must be able to catch food, to fight, and to distinguish between fighting and playing; and these necessities indicate what to it are some of the principal arts of life to be mastered. As I observed the group, the kittens in play would repeatedly attack the mother, she would retaliate, and then would come a tussle, in which the kittens would use all the ability they possessed in efforts to parry and strike, to bite and claw, continually imitating the mother. Sometimes the mother would begin the play, but usually the kittens, not only would begin, but would continue with such interest and vigor that, when the mother, tired out, wanted to stop the game, she would have to punish the kittens severely before they would admit that the lesson period was over. Once, a mouse she had caught became the subject of a lesson, the kittens trying to capture it while it attempted to escape.

As I watched this family at its lessons, I thought of changes in its curriculum which would be made by those innovators who in the past few generations have been teaching human children in accordance with weird theories of education. We might reasonably expect their first dictum to be that we must not trust to the interests of the

337

kitten; that what it needs is to be compelled to do hard, disagreeable tasks; that it must, under duress, take great pains in developing uninteresting, useless technic, for the sake of mental discipline. Perhaps it would be desirable to compel the kitten to stand on its head! This would be sufficiently unpleasant and useless, and the discipline so acquired might be 'carried over' into other fields, so that later, when the grown cat should see a mouse, it might be possessed of a firm, continuing resolve to catch it. The fact that it would not have learned how to catch mice would be a minor disadvantage which could be overlooked.

This analogy of the kittens is not trivial. The instincts of the child, although more complicated, represent the resultant of selective tendencies acting through the ages. Education is not an institution devised and adopted by men, and kept alive by ceaseless vigil. It is an innate process of human life, as inherent as is physical development from infancy to maturity. Educational stimuli do not need to be produced and transmitted to the child by external application. They unfailingly originate within him, just as surely as do hunger and thirst. They may be awakened, guided, controlled, trained; inhibitions may be removed; but in the main they work according to their own laws. To have faith in creation as it expresses itself in the instinctive demand of youth for education; to sit at the feet of childhood and to learn its ways; to use to the utmost, and to direct wisely, its resources of interest and desire — this is educational wisdom. To ignore these great resources, to assume that we must work with childhood as with clay, expecting no innate determining activity on its part, but merely moulding it to fit a preconceived conventional type — this is educational tragedy.

The theories which educational innovators of recent centuries have forced upon us are to no small extent a direct by-product of the doctrine of total depravity. Though the doctrine itself has been abandoned by men of modern outlook, yet its implications continue to control our conventional educational system. To orthodox American educators, a child's tendencies are essentially unreliable and are largely bad. These men require that the child be drilled in useless subject-matter, that his life be fitted to an intellectual strait-jacket, and that he smother his deep-rooted love for adventure and inquiry, accepting their statements as final authority; and when the spirit of youth rebels, and its life, thwarted in normal growth, expresses itself in unlovely ways, their remedy is to turn the screws still tighter.

In a recent number of the *Atlantic* this point of view is admirably expressed: —

From beginning to end, discipline permeated the curriculum of the school of yesterday. The interests of the individual pupil were rarely, if ever, consulted. The work assigned was to be done. The question of its appeal, of its difficulty, of its practical value to the particular pupil, was not even open for discussion. And what splendid men and women this old-fashioned, not always agreeable, disciplinary education developed!

A great number of men who have another outlook believe that the present-day dissipation of youthful energy is due to the fact that the subject-matter of the conventional school has very little relation to actual life. They credit boys and girls with at least a small amount of that same common sense which inclines mature people to refuse to be interested in that which they believe in no way concerns them. They believe also that, as the faculties

of men grow gradually through use, so the ability to exercise discernment, initiative, and self-restraint, are more likely to be well developed if the youth gradually assumes the direction of his own interests, than if he remains under complete intellectual subordination during his school-life and then suddenly is given full responsibility for himself. But in the view of the conventional school man our present trouble with dissipated energies does not result from too much ignoring of interests. In the article quoted above we find this confession: 'Many of us are forced to believe, and with all our hearts, that at the root of this deplorable situation lies a widespread acceptance of this modern doctrine of yielding to the interests of youth.'

Unfortunately, a reaction from this doctrine of making a tragedy of youth by almost totally ignoring its interests, has carried some men and women to an acceptance of educational anarchy. One educator of prominence recently expressed this attitude in substantially the following terms:—

When God creates a child, He endows him with tendencies and instincts which, if allowed free play, will lead to his perfect development. Every child is a new creation, differing from every other. Except as he may have become abnormal through unfortunate environment, he has a sacred right of freedom, of developing just what is in him. The teacher in his finiteness cannot foresee the child's possibilities, and has no right to direct how his life should grow. His sole duty is to furnish a full, free environment, where the child can become just what it is in him to become, without let or hindrance. He should have little discipline except as he craves it, few obligations that he does not desire and prefer to assume. It is the teacher's duty to set before the child truth, wisdom, the good and the beautiful, leaving him free to choose, trusting to his instincts for the selection of what is best for him. In this way only can the untold possi-

bilities of life be fulfilled. Society owes it to the child to give him this environment, and not to demand any services in return until the child's maturity.

It would seem that nothing but sheer lack of sympathy and imagination would lead one whole-heartedly to accept the former philosophy, and that nothing but the dreamer's utter disregard for hard facts would make possible the complete acceptance of the latter. Infancy, childhood, and youth represent a transition from nearly complete incompetence to maturity. It is not by holding dogmatically to an attitude, but by a continual exercise of imagination, sympathy, and common sense, that this ever-varying condition can be met. At no time can the instincts and the spontaneous interests of the child be ignored without most serious consequences; and at no time should these interests, frequently casual or trivial, and supported by a frail immature will, without some degree of reinforcement, direction, and control, be allowed to determine his activities. Certain basic human qualities, such as integrity, courage, and patience, have been proved so universally to be desirable; and others, such as dishonesty, cruelty, obscenity, are so unfailingly destructive of personal and social welfare; that within certain indefinite limits, which liberal common sense must endeavor to ascertain, we are bound to use our best efforts to direct the course of youthful development. An acknowledgment of this duty should in no wise weaken a profound reverence for the hidden possibilities of youth, or the resolution to allow these possibilities to develop according to their own laws, and without our inhibitive interference.

II

The innovators who would almost totally ignore the interests of child-

hood have had for a few generations almost entire control of the educational machinery of America; but although they could for a time control the machinery, the instinct for education in youth was too strong to be killed. While they thought that they were the educators of the country, they were, in fact, but filling in a few of the gaps in the educational system.

For instance, the ordinary life of early New England furnished occasion for the development of many qualities which go to make good men. Home industry supplied most material necessities. To become able to produce them required extensive technical training. It was getting this training in the home, with the discipline it implied, which constituted the major part of the young New Englander's education; and the problem of the school was so to supplement this home-environment, that the home and the school taken together would furnish the conditions necessary to produce the completely developed man. We miss the point when we single out from the whole circle that small arc which consisted of formal schooling, and style it New England education. The dean of the college of education in one of our largest universities recently remarked that during his boyhood on the farm he had but three months in the year of schooling, which left nine months for him to get an education.

As education through home arts has declined, people have begun to realize that the school-house has received too much credit, and the barn not enough. So we are beginning to reproduce the latter in our educational system, as witness our farm-schools, trade-schools, mechanics' institutes, and the modern trend toward 'practical' education. Just now we have a feud between the barn and the school-house. Some of the men who have rediscovered the

barn, and are building these 'practical' schools, and even some of our advanced technical schools, despise any training which cannot be measured in terms of the pocketbook. As for our classical men, they usually have denied even the existence of the barn as an educational institution. In the few cases in which they have seen the need of training in the arts of life, they have looked upon it as more or less menial, suited only to those who are to become hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Recently I observed a most pathetic instance of this traditional attitude. In a large eastern city is a group of men and women who consider themselves, and are accepted as, the acme of American culture. Their own boys are educated in classical secondary schools, known throughout the country for their fine traditions. In these schools, aside from athletics and a small amount of manual training, there is little training in the coördination of muscle, nerve, and brain, or in initiative and self-reliance. The education is largely that of a priest, a lawyer, or a gentleman of one or two hundred years ago. But these same men, realizing that some children should have a different kind of training, many years ago created a trade-school to which they send 'deserving boys of limited means.' Here I found sound, normal boys in a 'practical' atmosphere, getting a 'practical' education. They had conventional school-work of the grammar grades, and in addition learned to be printers, machinists, carpenters, and farmers.

The great city is only three miles away, with its museums, music, operas, libraries, and all that a centre of American culture can give; yet each boy leaves the school grounds only two to four times a year. If a boy, after months of this complete isolation, goes to the city without permission, he is subject to dismissal. It would be im-

possible to design furniture more cheaply, dreadfully ugly than that in the dining-room. The chairs, which cost sixty-five cents each, are like those which can be bought in any cheap furniture store. The dormitory is a huge barn-like room with long rows of little white cots, absolutely the only other individual furniture in the room being a harness-hook on the wall for each boy, where he may hang his clothes.

This is a literally truthful account of a 'practical' school, sending out American boys into life in American cities. The master is a man of substantial native ability, who would react quickly to any opportunity for better things; but he has little voice in determining policies. The school is financed and controlled by men who represent the cream of American culture, graduates of a great and grand old University, where their classical training was dominated by the 'humanities.'

As I left the institution I thought of Lanier's plaint: —

Alas, for the poor to have some part
In yon sweet living lands of art,
Makes problem not for head, but heart.
Vainly might Plato's brain revolve it:
Plainly the heart of a child could solve it.

The East is not alone at fault. In a large western city an endowment of five million dollars recently has been provided to found a trade-school. The head of this institution has complete freedom of action. He requires every working boy who enters the institution to be actively engaged in the particular trade in which he studies, and his school-work is confined to adding to his expertness in that trade. When I asked whether this system did not narrow the pupil and prevent the development of larger appreciation of life, I received the reply that it might be unfortunate for these boys to have appreciations developed which would make them discontented with their lot. The

head of this institution accepts enthusiastically the spirit of the German educational system.

In this same city I found a typical stereotyped classical secondary school, where the chief object would seem to be to eliminate contact with life. To do this more effectively, the school is placed so far out of the city that two hours' time each day is necessary for going and coming. No use is made of the country space except to provide an athletic field, and the curriculum has made practically no concessions to knowledge that men have gained during the last century. Wherever possible this institution has adopted the forms and terminology of the great English public schools. Wealthy business men send their boys there to prepare them for college.

The two phases of education ought never to have been separated, and it is because we habitually adopt current ideas rather than create our own that we have continued to think of them as distinct, and as requiring separate institutions. In planning the education of a child it is our duty deliberately to determine as fully as possible what experiences and environments are necessary in order that he may come to his fullest development. Some of these we may reasonably expect him to have in his everyday life. Others he will not have unless we intentionally provide for them. The whole duty of the educator is this — to supplement the ordinary contacts of life with others, so that the entire environment will develop to the fullest the possibilities of the child. It follows that the content of formal education cannot be fixed, but must change continually, so as always to supplement and complete the continually varying environment and experiences of everyday life. With the unprecedented rapidity of changes in the modern world, only by

intentional, keen analysis of the situation, by maintaining a perpetual inventory, can we hope to make the necessary adjustments. Only live fish can swim upstream in the present-day educational current; and educational duty cannot be fulfilled by industrious labor in the ways of yesterday.

For education, as it has come down through the ages, consists always of learning how to live to-day through mastery of the arts of life of to-day; and in the arts of life I would include every normal ability or competence of body and of mind. That educational system is incomplete which does not keep open the vistas of life in every direction. Nothing which is essential to a fully developed life and which is not being acquired elsewhere, can safely be omitted. We cannot ignore material interests. Whether we consider artist, professional man, or laborer, the embarrassments and inefficiency of everyday life are decreased and its freedom enlarged by the possession of a working knowledge of commercial usages, of the art of being solvent, of appraising accurately one's possessions, of correctly measuring and judging material values. Every man should be master of the elementary principles and technic of ordinary business affairs.

When the home does not teach good manners the school should do so. In so far as the home opens up the possibilities of literature, or of any other field, the school need not. The religious life cannot be ignored. Aspiration, high ideals of conduct, wonder, humility, and reverence before life and the source of life, consecration to convictions, unselfishness, love of our fellow men, the relation of moral standards to industry — all these can be considered or encouraged without offense in almost any school. A realization of the need of intellectual integrity and inde-

pendence cannot always be imparted without offense, but the need is vital to any sound system of education. Given this range of interests, training in religious doctrines may be left safely to other agencies.

We should try to inspire the habit of searching out what is the burden of the world's wisdom and judgment in reference to the main issues of life. This demands a live knowledge of history, literature, and biography. We should develop the habit of questioning and examining accepted beliefs, whether of common knowledge, or in science, business, morals, or other fields. Youth should be encouraged to work out for itself tentative standards of economic, moral, and spiritual values; to pay heed to its use of time and resources; to define its attitude toward industry and social life, toward the live issues of the day, and toward life itself. No educational system is complete if its aim is so to engross the attention of men and women, either in industrial, professional, or social life, or in the pursuit and enjoyment of culture, that they will not have time to ask themselves the question, 'What is it all about?' To have asked this question, and to have reached a satisfactory attitude, which is not out of harmony with modern knowledge, is necessary to a teacher who is wisely to direct the aspirations of youth.

Any educational system is seriously at fault which does not develop a habit of laying claim to life's fine resources. The environment of the child should result in opening eyes and mind to natural phenomena, to life-processes and habits of plants and animals, to the data of geology, of physics, and of astronomy; and to the appeal of good literature, poetry, history, and of the various forms of art. We should include in our programme the development of social relationships, interests,

and responsibilities. Habits should be acquired of effective expression of considerateness and goodwill, and of the elimination of social friction through the medium of courtesy, good manners, and good form, this 'good form' to consist of consummate skill in living the Golden Rule, not of proficiency in the mannerisms of an exclusive social class.

Independence, originality, and initiative are mighty factors in human progress, but they find little opportunity for development in obedient, poring over the prescribed daily lesson in the classroom. In many individual cases these high qualities actually survive eight or twelve years of routine plodding in our conventional schools — eloquent testimony as to how nearly ineradicable they are. The spirit of adventure, so nearly universal in youth, commonly is thwarted at every turn. Yet this is one of its finest gifts; when it has gone, life's greatest promise is past. An educational system should nurture and direct this spirit, bringing it to expression in a daring to aim at high standards, in adventures into new fields of action, thought, and knowledge; in a desire for the hard, strenuous things which temper and stabilize character. The sporting instinct of youth demands these difficult tasks, and life is stale when they cannot be found.

While youth has these fine qualities so strongly rooted, it frequently lacks the wisdom or outlook to define the objects of its enthusiasms, and commonly adopts those of surrounding groups or individuals. To the father or teacher these qualities are treasures handed over to his keeping, for him to direct toward whatever ends he will. If he fails to direct them at all, or endeavors to suppress them because they do not fit a routine programme, they find objects for themselves, often on

those low planes which commonplace life everywhere suggests.

III

In the end it is the mastery of all these arts of life, and not Greek and Latin, algebra and geometry, that is education. As we bear this fact clearly in mind, the relative importance of subjects begins to change, to become greater or less, as they contribute to the final result. To-day American education is breaking free from its impediments, and is groping its way back to the ages-old method of learning by practicing the arts of life.

The following description is of incidents that have come within my experience, all during the last few months, though not all in the same school. They do not portray a system, but only casual intimations of a new day.

In a certain primary school I found many of the little children keeping chickens and selling eggs. With eggs selling for fifty cents a dozen, even the younger children had learned all the common divisions of fifty. As they had not yet mastered the intricacies of pounds and bushels, the youngest bought feed in small quantities, a few cents' worth at a time. The older children, who were able to calculate the cost, took the part of dealers. A boy of high-school age was wholesaler, buying feed by the ton for all chickens and cattle, and selling it in lots of twenty pounds or less. They built playhouses, made and decorated holiday dresses, and made crude pottery. Definite comparison of these children with children in conventional schools indicated, not only superior development of hand and eye and better developed initiative, but also that they were further advanced in the subject-matter of the conventional school. At a bank administered by pupils in the school

building, checks were cashed in payment for purchases and for labor or other services. Every pupil had money on deposit. Standard accounting methods were used, and a daily balance was kept of each pupil's account.

During the past winter the main school building, formerly used as a hotel, had burned down. In erecting the new building the boys of high school age had done about sixty per cent of the work outside of school hours, this labor having a value of about fifteen thousand dollars. In printing, in editing the school newspaper, and in gardening, the same enterprise was apparent.

Some of the day pupils, who are children of foreign laborers and soon will drop out of school, receive credit for progress in the manner of making beds, caring for baby, and sweeping the house. Under the teaching of a competent doctor and a nurse, the girls take care of babies in various families in the town, this work being designated as mother-craft. Arrangements are made for the boys and girls to be guests of educated people of moderate means, getting glimpses of refined living conditions. These people have not forgotten that to the immigrant child the interior of a well-to-do American home is as unfamiliar as a Chinese temple.

The headmaster and his wife live on the campus in a carefully furnished house. Pupils who are to meet the master find him there in the living-room before a fireplace, and for the time being are his guests. A class in domestic science was combined with one in commercial arithmetic. In groups of two the young people of high-school age chose building lots in various parts of the city, made deals for purchasing the lots, worked out problems of taxes and special assessments as applied to them, determining the

apportioning of taxes among such interests as education, police protection, and sanitation, and then planned houses to be built on them. The domestic science teacher helped in planning the arrangement and in furnishing the rooms.

On looking into the classwork I found a great variety of progress. In grammar-school subjects, such as arithmetic, spelling, and grammar, each pupil progressed as his own abilities determined. Pupils who had done good work were 'on self-reliance.' Stopping one boy at his work, I asked him what that meant, and he replied, 'You see, when you are on self-reliance you can do as you please. I had graduated from the seventh grade in history and geography, but I was only in the sixth grade in arithmetic. Now that I am on self-reliance, I can spend all the time I want to on arithmetic, and can catch up.'

In a class which seemed proof against any interest in literature two boys who were caring for the cows asked if they might, as their work in English, read government bulletins on Holstein cattle. Starting with this, their attention was attracted to parts which might have been written better. Comparison was made with the style of classic authors, stories of keen interest to boys being taken as examples, and before the season was half over they found themselves reading good literature with the beginnings of appreciation. I found much reading of good books, and much effort at original composition.

All this and much more I have seen during recent months. In many schools over the United States one meets flashes of sanity as expressed in devices for modernizing school methods and aims, and these are now leading to an orderly presentation of fundamental principles. Life's activities, whether

social, industrial, creative, or cultural, are made up of a few great fundamental arts or occupations. Whether or not life as a whole is a success depends on whether or not these activities are pursued successfully. The aim of education is to prepare for and bring about their successful following. Certain acquirements, such as skill in reading, writing, and numbers, and the possession of the fundamental facts in any field of knowledge, constitute the tools of life without which men cannot function effectively. Every well-considered action and every sound deduction of reason must be dependent upon the possession of skill and knowledge, or, to use a more formal expression, upon the possession of the necessary technic and of the pertinent data. This underlying preparation *must* be secured, if not by interesting adventures, then by patient drill and drudgery. Yet we should value such accomplishment somewhat as we do money, considering it not as valuable in itself, but as an almost indispensable medium of accomplishment.

Just as money when possessed for its own sake is a burden, so any knowledge is a useless impediment, which cannot, when occasion offers, function in some normal activity or appreciation, or in some sound deduction. The educational process should consist, not primarily in gaining this information, but in the practice of the arts or occupations of life. Obviously, then, the school must enable the arts of life to be practiced. It should furnish the inspiration and the occasion for each child to undertake adventures in which he is or can be interested, and by means of which he will acquire some of the necessary habits, skill, knowledge, and initiative which will fit him to live. It should be the business of the teacher so to inspire the choice of projects or adventures and so to direct the work

that in the doing of it these qualities will be developed. A child might take for a project making a garden, building a boat, or preparing for college. Several pupils may work upon a group-project; or they may have more than one at a time. Through the pupil's interest in such projects, related subject-matter will be introduced. The choice of an adventure is of prime importance only as it furnishes for a longer or shorter time the best instrumentality for the child's development.

Drill and routine cannot be eliminated and leave training normal or complete. But generally they can be given value in the pupil's estimation. Pupils learn most effectively and with the minimum loss of time if taught through, rather than in opposition to, their interests. Boys and girls do not always rebel against drudgery, — indeed, what could exceed in routine and drudgery pulling a sled up hill, over and over again, for half a day? — but they do object when it has no obvious connection with that which they value. If we find a final residuum of drill which cannot be made incidental to a project, such as drill in the rudiments of arithmetic or in spelling, we still can take away the deadliness of the drudgery if we will use the resources of human nature.

Recently the colored man who mows my lawn changed his basis from time-work to piece-work. When I came to pay him at his old rate for work done in a surprisingly short time, he protested, 'Boss, I thought I was working by the job, and you know nobody works by the hour like he does by the job.' Few of us can work with keen zest at a task of endless repetition, where the degree of excellence of the work done has no bearing on the compensation. Only a fool would enjoy spending his life in sweeping back the tide. Sane men — and sane boys —

demand results commensurate with the investment. We give a boy his spelling lesson, an hour a day, month after month and year after year. He knows that no excellence of service will relieve that drudgery, and he has not the experience or capacity necessary for a vital appreciation of final profit in the far-off years. Suppose, that, in case we *must* teach spelling by the book, we give him a list of a hundred or two hundred words which he must master during the month, and tell him that, when they are learned, his spelling period during the remainder of the month will be free for his own pleasures, or for work he likes? So can even the residuum of drudgery be made lighter, and the keenness of life maintained.

In the school of the future the mastery of the arts or occupations of life will be the end and aim of education. The method of education will be the

practice of those arts. Subject-matter and technic will furnish the tools needed in acquiring and exercising this mastery. Projects will furnish the occasion to awaken and maintain the interest and the incentive for effort in acquiring subject-matter and technic, and in practicing the occupations of life. By recognizing the inherent spontaneity of the interests and aspirations of childhood, the greatest of educational assets will be commanded. The school of the future will be protean. It will overflow into all parts of the community, utilizing farm, home, factory, store, and office. There will be time for team-work, for group-play, for class-work, but much of the time will be spent singly or in groups, with the teachers' guidance, in working out the project, with its ramifications into literature, mathematics, science, history, physical labor, and business dealings.

ONE OF THEM. III

BY ELIZABETH HASANOVITZ

I

Now, as I had to look for another job, I made up my mind to get a place in a union shop only. Since the year 1900, the Union, consisting of a few members, had tried very earnestly to organize the workers and uplift the trade. The strikes that had been called had never been very successful because only a minority of the workers had responded. The heroic struggle of the few resulted in long weeks of starvation among the strikers, broken heads,

arrests of pickets by brutal policemen, and workhouse sentences given by judges to young girls who tried to better their condition to save themselves from turning to the 'White Way' for their bread and butter.

For years, these few heroic, intelligent workers had fearlessly carried on the agitation for conditions that would make possible a more human life among their ranks. Until at last, in 1912, the great big mass of down-trodden workers raised their heads and responded to the bell-ringing that had been calling

them for years, and began preparations for a big demonstration during the coming year.

The Manufacturers' Association in the dress- and waist-industry was the controlling element in that trade. For two months previous to the strike, the association, realizing the widespread agitation and foreseeing a strike as the result of the growing strength of the Union, feared to repeat the experience of past strikes. The protocol agreement adopted by the cloak industry in 1910, made the members desirous of having a similar agreement. As early as November, 1912, the Manufacturers' Association began to confer with the Waist- and Dress-Makers' Union concerning an agreement that would prevent strikes in future. On January 18, 1913, a protocol agreement was consummated between the Manufacturers' Association and the Union. It aimed to enlist both parties in an effort to raise the conditions and to obtain the equalization of standards throughout the industry by peaceful and honorable means. They agreed to create a joint board of sanitary control, to ensure sanitary conditions in the factory, sufficient light and ventilation, safety from fire and overcrowding members; a board of grievances—five members representing the Union and five the manufacturers—to adjust disputes and determine controversies; and a board of arbitration to settle all disputes that the board of grievances were unable to settle. They agreed that no strike or lockout should take place until these two boards had had an opportunity to try to adjust matters between the disputants.

A wage-scale board was provided, on which both the manufacturers and the Union were represented, to standardize the prices to be paid for piece- and week-work. The board was to preserve data and statistics, with the hope

of establishing a scientific basis for the fixing of prices of week- and piece-work throughout the industry, which would ensure a minimum wage and at the same time permit reward for increased efficiency. That board was empowered to make an immediate and thorough investigation into the existing rates paid for labor, the earnings of the operators, and the classification of garments in the industry.

Subcontracting was to be abolished. The term subcontracting is used when one skilled worker in a shop has under his control from one to ten unskilled workers. He is responsible for the work and is paid for all of it, paying to his helpers what he deems necessary. Subcontracting was very ruinous to the industry as far as the workers are concerned; as the subcontractor's earnings depend on the output of his assistants, he tries to make as much as he can. The labor of a garment was extensively subdivided; each worker in the set was given only one part of the garment to make, so that she quickly specialized in that part and increased her speed. But the subdivision of the work gave no chance to the worker to learn the whole trade sufficiently to change her place for a better one; thus they were always dependent on the man for whom they worked, receiving from him from three to six dollars a week. The speed with which he drove them injured their health. They were also the cause of lowering the prices for the individual skilled workers.

A minimum wage for week-workers was fixed.

Operators were to be paid by the piece; they were given an increase, so that no average operator would earn less than thirty cents an hour on piece-work. The standard price per hour was to be finally fixed after investigations by the wage-scale board in the following six months.

I was very much inspired when I had finished reading over the 'Protocol of Peace.' It seemed to me as if everything was accomplished. The workers had at last compelled the manufacturers to recognize their rights. Each paragraph began, —

'Both parties agree,' or 'Both parties are desirous.'

I thought the workers in the union shops must be happy, for they have everything to protect them. But my later experiences convinced me that it was not so, that the Protocol of Peace was stronger on paper than it was in reality.

Besides the Manufacturers' Association there were a number of manufacturers who did not belong to it, and they signed separate agreements with the Union. They were called the Independent Union Shops. I thought that in the union shops the bosses just carry out every clause agreed to in the protocol; but I soon found out that the workers had to fight for every bit that was coming to them according to the agreement.

I struck a job as an operator on West 25th Street, a union shop. The line of work was a medium one; piece-work prevailed in that shop. I did more observing than sewing the first day, for I never before worked in a union shop and I was anxious to find out how the people feel in one. And this was the result of my first day's experience. The difference between a union shop and a non-union shop is that in a non-union shop the boss himself makes a price, the people in the shop having nothing to say; the boss can discharge a worker at any time he pleases and feels like it; he can change the system in the place as often as he finds it beneficial for himself, without considering that he might injure the workers. In a union shop the people have a price committee to make prices with the boss; they

have a chairman or chairlady to represent them in the shop; no system can be changed before the Union is notified.

All seemed to be well, but it was not. It is true that the worker has a right to complain against the wrong actions of the boss; but as not all the workers as yet have courage enough to complain against their employer, as most of them just stay behind a few brave people, and let them speak in the name of all, the consequence is not at all favorable. The boss would think that the workers as a whole don't care, that they are contented; but the few more or less brave workers — kickers, or trouble-makers, as the boss calls them — those raise a discontentment of the people, those are the ones who make the fights, and naturally, if the boss finds it impossible to discharge them, he makes their life so miserable that they are bound to leave themselves. I did not see much in that new place, but I learned enough in the many shops I worked for in the next year and a half. In that shop I did not stay long.

II

In the meantime, I began to attend the regular member meetings of the Waist- and Dress-Maker's Union. I was very interested in following the news of the different shops, but not much could be learned at the member meetings. Instead of discussing the order of the day, or giving shop reports, time was taken by a few men who always tried to disturb the meetings. They were very ignorant. If it happened that a complaint of a worker was lost by the Union, they explained that the union leader sold the case to the manufacturer. They would always accuse, without any facts at all, accuse the union leaders of dishonesty; but they would never give any remedy as to how to get rid of those leaders who in-

jure the organization. I cannot even now explain the true motive of those few boys, for poisoning the minds of the members with such false statements. They either envied the position of the union leaders or were influenced by their bosses through the sort of lectures I often heard. There were many members who strongly protested against those people for killing their time, but it was impossible to get rid of them. It was awfully disgusting. I knew none of the leaders at that time, but I understood that they could be blamed with lack of ambition, they could possibly be blamed for not understanding the people thoroughly, but by no means for dishonesty.

The next job I got on Spring Street. It was a very small place. I had to make samples and do the draping. The boss liked the work very much. In two days later he came over to me, and told me that he needed somebody to watch over the few girls, but as his place was very small, he could not afford to keep a forelady, so he wanted me to take charge over the operators. The finishers, he said, he'll look after them himself.

I immediately refused. How could I, having just passed through so many different shops and seen the rude treatment by the foreman or forelady of the employees, become a forelady myself? That would mean to carry out all the instructions of the boss, for I could be no forelady if I would not obey his orders. I would have to hurry the girls with their work, I would have to bargain with them in prices and give them less than I should. I would have to order them to work overtime when the boss wants to.

'Oh, no, not me, I could not do it,' said I to my employer.

'Then I'll have to look for somebody else, who will do it,' he said.

I got another job that very same

day. It was on Madison Avenue. I remember the place was so light and clean. The foreman, a tall, middle-aged man with a kind gentle face, treated the people fairly. For the few days I stayed there, I never heard him holler at a girl. He would speak to everybody in just the same manner as he addressed the boss. He would come over every minute to me, encourage me in the work, show me how to do it, for it was a very good line of dresses and I felt a little nervous as everybody does the first days. He gave me thirteen dollars to start with. On Saturday after work, I came over to the foreman, asking him if I could possibly get my pay now, for I was in an awful need and could not wait till Tuesday, the regular pay-day. The foreman told me it was against the rule of the house to pay before Tuesday, but he would make an exception with me. In a few minutes he took me in the office telling me to wait till my pay was made out.

As I waited, the boss came in, a handsome young man with very dark bushy hair and big round blue eyes. 'What is it you are waiting for, young lady?' asked he.

I excused myself for asking my pay on Saturday, and explained to him why I needed the money.

When the bookkeeper had my pay made out, she left. I still waited; I did not know why I did n't get my money! The boss sat by his desk writing. I had no courage to disturb him and ask for my pay, so I sat and waited. At last he stood up, straightened himself and sent a smile to me. He took my pay, looked at it, asking me, 'Is that all you get?'

'No,' I said; 'I get thirteen, but this is only for two days and a half.'

'But, my dear girl, that would not be enough for you! Don't you need more than that?'

A thrill ran through my body when

I noticed how he was measuring me with his eyes while he spoke. I felt what the glance in his eyes meant. It was quiet in the shop, everybody left, even the foreman. There in the office I sat on a chair; the boss stood near me with my pay in his hand, speaking to me in a velvet soft voice.

'Goodness, nobody round!' thought I, trembling with all my body. Instinctively I stood up out of my chair and stretched my hand out for my pay.

'Wait a moment, I'll give you some more'; and as he said that he grasped me in his arms.

I screamed, and with superhuman strength I threw him from me, running into the hall. Luckily, the elevator boy opened the door in the same moment as I rushed out of the office; I ran into it. When I was downstairs I was in a mad state. I ran down the streets, not seeing its directions. It seemed to me as if someone would run after me trying to catch me. When I reached home, I was so pale that the people in the house became anxious about me.

In my room I closed up the door, hid my face in the cushion, and cried all afternoon. How I hated the men, all of them without exception! I stood before the mirror and studied my face, trying to find if there is anything in it that awakes a man's impudent feelings towards me. I hated my youth, for it caused me so many painful humiliations for the last few weeks. Never till then did I realize what it meant to be a woman. When I walked out of my room, I thought that all the men who were in the house looked at me with the same rude looks as that boss, and I suffered terribly. I tried to sit down in a corner, unnoticed of the people. My money I left with the boss; I had not time to think of it, as I rushed to the elevator to escape in time.

How happy would I be, if I could take revenge of that mean man! If I

could only discredit him so that he should never again be able to insult a working-girl. But how was I to do it? I had no witnesses to testify to the truth. I myself with my broken English could hardly explain what happened. Besides, I thought, if I work in a place and was called to court, my firm would suspect me in something bad, and send me away. So I left him alone, and never went there to collect my money, though I was in frightful need.

In the evening before I went to bed, I cried again.

'What's the matter now?' asked my friend Fannie.

She knew nothing; I was ashamed to tell her the truth.

'I lost my pay on my way home,' said I.

'Oh, you careless girl, could not you be more careful with your money?'

'Yes, I was careful, very careful; that's why I lost it,' said I.

'Why don't you get married, Leeza?' she asked me. 'If I had as many admirers as you, if I had as many chances as you, I would do it long ago. You are young, full of life, so pretty you would make an ideal darling wife!'

I smiled. 'Is marriage the remedy for a shop-girl? Oh, no, Fannie, you are too bright to think so yourself,' said I. 'Then the kind of man I'm to marry is likely to be a poor wage-earner; he is also exploited, and our life would be miserable under the present state of conditions. You are right if you say that I can marry a wealthy man. I know I have all the chances to it; but Fannie, this is not the outcome, and where is love then? You know that love does not choose the wealthy any more than the poor! And if you know me, you also know what I think of marriage without love. Besides all, I believe in the economical independence of the woman. Conditions must

be created so that the girl should not be driven from a shop by its horrible conditions. The long hours in the shop, the unsanitary conditions, the small wages, the so-often-repeated slow season, drive the self-supported, unprotected girl sometimes to life of shame, sometimes to suicide, and more often to marry anybody who happens to propose to her.'

All the next day I felt awfully broken-hearted. I could not get over it. I was very nervous and suffered with headache. After dinner, a young fellow, a good acquaintance of mine, came to visit me. He invited me out to Bath Beach, assuring me that the seashore will take all the aches away. I went with him. He was such a nice fellow, he always treated me with the highest respect; but being that I was so embittered against men, I even took him as one of those who sees only 'woman' in me. I treated him terribly that Sunday. Poor boy, he could not understand my capriciousness. There in Bath Beach, I was introduced to an aunt of his; when she learned that I was looking for work, she gave me a card to her brother who was a jobber on waists and whose aunt kept a small waist-shop in the same place. She assured me that I'd positively get a job when she sent me.

III

As I dreaded to go into a shop through the paper, I went with the card that the woman in Bath Beach gave me to her brother, and got the job.

The first few days I was so absorbed in my work that I did not even notice the people I worked with. I was taken in by the foreman, who was the cutter and everything else. I spoke to nobody except to the girl who sat next to me, when I had to ask anything of the work.

Being absorbed in the work, I nevertheless raised my head from time to time to observe the surroundings. The place was on the first floor. It extended from Seventeenth to Eighteenth Street. In the front on Seventeenth Street was the shipping department where the ready-made merchandise was sent in from the contractors and shipped from there to the customers. The front on Eighteenth Street was taken by the office and show-room. The very dark middle space that was left gave shelter to the small factory, consisting of one cutting-table, one machine-table, a small finishing-table and a pressing-board. The windows in the middle walls on both sides faced narrow courtyards. The sunshine could never strike through, the buildings being so high and close to each other. We had to work by gaslights from morning till evening. The windows and the sink were covered with dirt an inch thick; they were never cleaned. The table with the machines stood close to the wall, and we had plenty of dust to inhale from the windows and the yard, also the smell of the rotten sausages of the Busy Bee restaurant, which was in the next basement.

There were sixteen machines; eleven of them were occupied and the rest waiting. Altogether we were fourteen girls working — three finishers, who did also the cleaning, examining, and ironing.

The main boss of that waist-house, being the jobber, was out the most of the time. His son, a young man of twenty, was supposed to be the boss of our small plant, but as he seemed to know very little about waists, the Mr. Foreman bossed us himself in a way of an experienced sweat-shop manager.

In the middle of the week two girls left. They were the best operators. Sadie, the girl next to me, told me that they only stayed up there for the

dull season. Now, when it got busy, they went back to their old places. 'For, you see, in a union shop they make more money in busy season,' said she.

So it was no union shop there — my chances!

My mind was full of thoughts. I forgot in myself. Also I forgot that I made up my mind to think of the work only — that nothing else should bother me. I could not keep the promise to my own self. I saw the few girls around the table, and I thought of them! They were all so young, not more than from seventeen to twenty years of age. And what did they get? Three, four, or five dollars a week; perhaps some of them got a little more than that. And how they were rushed, and scolded by the foreman, who some time would use such a language that a Russian Cossack would blush! And how did they live?

When the week was over, I asked the foreman for a price. He nearly fainted when I told him I wanted fourteen dollars a week; a girl should not want so much! It was fortunate enough for me that the two girls left in the middle of the week; the foreman, being very busy and having few skilled workers, was afraid to lose me too. So, after two hours' bargaining, I remained there for thirteen dollars a week, but was strongly forbidden to tell anybody in the shop of the 'absurd' amount I was getting. I was the highest-paid worker in that little shop. So, after many weeks of my Don-Quixote-like adventures, I at last settled down in that small, dark, dirty place at 41 West 17th Street!

A great deal of my thoughts was now occupied with my shop. The five weeks I stayed there were enough for me to get acquainted with everything. It was a model of a sweat-shop in the full sense of the word.

We worked in sets. Each skilled

operator had two or three learners to work with. The learners would work, each one on a certain part of the garment, and the skilled operator would complete the waist.

Those poor girls were purposely never given a chance to be shown how to make up a complete garment, for two reasons. When a girl worked continuously on one part of the garment, the work went quicker. A girl not being experienced in the trade would meet with great hardship in finding another job, so that the girl who worked in a set is always dependent on the boss she worked for, and has to be very careful how she talks up to the foreman, for fear to lose their 'brilliant' job.

To me the foreman spoke in an unusually polished language for him. It was because I was the highest-paid worker in the shop. But the greatest respect he began to pay me when he once learned through the papers that I was to play on the stage. Our dramatic club had given performances every once in a while. 'So, so, you are to be an actress — it's fine, very fine,' would he say proudly.

He would often tell the girls that I was an actress. The girls also would respect me a great deal. That helped me in gaining their confidence. I often tried to convince them how much better it would be for them if they would all get together and join the Union. They would gladly do it, were they not afraid of the boss.

There was another girl in our shop, a very experienced worker, who just came for the sake of her sister. Her sister had just come from Russia, and though she was a dressmaker from home, she did not know how to work at first, for the system in the shops is so much different from the system in the Russian private dressmaking places. That girl, Mollie, got twelve dollars a

week, and her green sister, five. After two weeks Mollie's sister began to give out as much work as Mollie herself, but she still got the same pay, for she was called a learner, and a learner was only raised every season. I called Mollie's attention to it. She spoke to the foreman about her sister getting a raise, but she was only laughed at. Both of us decided to report to the union office and ask their help. We were now six girls who were ready to join the Union, and we thought we'd get the rest later on.

On a Friday evening, it was just a week before Labor Day, we went down to the union office. There by the complaint window of the independent department, I gave full information about our shop and asked, if possible, to have a committee sent to take us down on strike, so that we would get the people to join the Union and then put our demands before the boss. The man by the window promised to attend to it.

Every day of the next week I waited for a committee, but such did not come. On Wednesday evening I went to the Union again. The man by the window told me they were too busy, that we have to be patient enough and wait.

On the next morning, when I sat by my machine, two strange men, together with the old boss, entered the shop. They looked all around, tried the lights, made some remarks about the windows and the sink. The girls all wondered what it could be. I surely thought they were people from the Union, and told the girls so; but they were not, for in a few minutes we were told to stand up and march out when a whistle will blow. Later I learned that they were sent from the Board of Sanitary Control to make fire-drills with us.

I was puzzled. How does the Board of Sanitary Control come to send her
VOL. 121 - NO. 3

people to a non-union shop? I knew that the board was created by the Union and the Manufacturers' Association, and had nothing to do with the non-union shops.

Sunday morning when we came to work (we did not work Saturdays), the foreman had some news for us. He informed us that the boss was going to change the week-work system for piece-work right after Labor Day. All the girls, with the exception of a few, were shocked with the news. As the foreman would always tell them that they did not deserve the money they were getting, they feared that on piece-work they would make still less.

At one o'clock, when we went down, I tried to comfort the girls. I told them that now was the fittest time to make a union shop; that we would get a price committee to settle prices; and I assured them that they would make twice as much as they made till now.

On my way home, I thought of the change the boss was going to make. I also reminded myself that I read in the Saturday's paper that the Manufacturers' Association sent out letters to all its members who practiced the week-work system and informed them that by the request of the Union, they have to change their system to piece-work.

'My boss must belong to the bosses' association, then,' said I to myself, for he would not have had his system changed so suddenly. And how could he have those men from the Board of Sanitary Control, if he was not a member of the association? The more I thought of it, the more I concluded that it must be so.

On Tuesday morning when we came in to work (Monday we were off), the foreman made the preparations for the change. As we sat waiting for work, I converted Mollie to my thought. She shared my opinion, and we made up

our minds to go right after work to the Union and find out.

In the evening we went over to the Union. By the complaint window of the association department, I found that my boss really was a member of the association. Now when I made sure that he was, I feared no more to be fired. I was a member of the Union and they could not discharge me for union activity.

So when I came in the next morning to work, I walked over to the foreman and told him all I knew about the boss, the change of system, and the shop, and that now if he wants us to work piece-work, he must send for a man from the Union to settle prices for us; otherwise we would not work.

The foreman stood looking at me in embarrassment. To him everything came unexpectedly. He knew nothing of our preparations, and my explanation took him unawares.

'Who told you to go to the Union, you foolish kid? The boss has nothing to do with the Union — with all those fakers! It is true that the boss belongs to the association, but what do you need the Union for? The poor girls don't have enough to eat; how could they afford to pay dues and fill the union leaders' pockets?'

I was tired of that song already, I heard it so many times from different bosses and foremen; so I stopped him in the middle of his inspiration.

'Please,' said I, 'don't mix the leaders in. I never saw them and they have nothing to do with our present demands! We ourselves want to have a union shop. Your boss cares to belong to a bosses' association, we care to belong to a workers' organization! Besides, if you are so kind and sorry for the girls, why don't you pay them for their worth? You always hurry them, rush them. You drive them like slaves, and what are you giving them in return?

Three dollars a week in addition to scoldings! You make them believe that they are not worth even that much.'

I was enraged, and gave freedom to all my feelings, which were heaped up for the six weeks I worked in there. If the foreman had not interrupted me, God knows how much longer I would have spoken; but he stopped me.

'Look here,' he said, 'I thought you were a nice, respectable girl. I did not think you could be so fresh. We don't want you to make trouble in this shop. If you don't like it, you can go. You are only a new hand in here. Those girls are working in here more than a year, some more than two years, and they never spoke to me like that. I was to them like a father — and they'll admit it, too. I did not think you'll have the nerve to agitate the people against me and the boss!'

All the girls were sitting by their machines shivering like leaves. They were afraid the boss would fire them wholesale. For the first time in my life I saw such cowards as they were. When the foreman turned to them, asking if they have anything to say, they all bowed their heads, no.

'See,' he said to me, 'nobody cares for a union but you. Take my advice and go to the machine and mind your own business! We'll fix up the price without a man from the Union.'

All that time the boss stood at the door of his office and listened to everything. It seemed that he made up his mind to leave all to the foreman, for he said not a word. In half an hour later he came out, and passing through the tables, addressed the foreman.

'What was the noise you made this morning? You know that I don't like trouble in my shop. If there is any girl in here who is displeased, let her go. Nobody keeps her in here. I want no market in here.'

He spoke in a way as if he knew not

who that girl was, though he saw me speaking to the foreman.

The foreman pointed to me.

'There she is! She wants to call the people on strike. She is the one who keeps them back from work.'

Now I stood up.

'I don't keep them back from work!' cried I, 'but we have a right to know what we are working for. When we were week-workers, we knew how much we were getting; now we are piece-workers, and we also want to know how much we can earn. It is not more than right we should know.' Then I added, 'Don't you know that in each protocol shop there should be a chairman and price committee from the workers to settle prices with the boss?'

He grew mad.

'Who are you to make rules in here, you little kid? You are only a child, What do you know about rules? Do you think you are dealing here with Russian Cossacks? Go to Russia and fight with the Cossacks! I would not allow you to make me revolutions in the shop and spoil the people!'

In that choking atmosphere, working by gaslight, which inflamed the eyes so badly (almost all the girls had inflamed eyes from the gaslight), with not a single ray of sunshine all day, there we sat and worked for others. I often, sitting in the shop and working by the gaslight, forgot that there is a sun, which gives warmth to the world, which gladdens so many lives with its light, which brings light and happiness wherever a ray is sent out to.

(To be concluded)

ACCORDING TO CODE

BY KATHERINE MAYO

FIRST SERGEANT STOUT of A Troop becomes his name like any hero of English ballad. First Sergeant Stout is towering tall, and broad and sinewy in proportion. There is not a meagre thing about him, from his heart and his smile to the grip of his hand, whether in strangle-hold or in greeting. Just as he stands, he might have roamed the woods with Robin Hood, or fought on the field of Crecy in the morning of the world.

But First Sergeant Stout has one peculiarity which in the morning of the world could never have marked

him. Sometimes, when he turns his head to right or to left, his head sticks fast that way until he takes it between his two hands and lifts it back again; and the reason is that he carries a bullet close to his spinal cord, lodged between the first and second vertebræ.

Once on a time, Sergeant Stout had charge of a sub-station in the town of Unionville, County Fayette. And among those days came a night when, at exactly a quarter past ten o'clock, the sub-station telephone rang determinedly.

There was nothing novel in this,

since the sub-station telephone was always determinedly ringing, day and night, to the tune of somebody's troubles. But this time the thing was vicariously expressed; or, you might call it, feebly conglomerate.

The constable of the village of Republic held the wire. He complained that one Charles Erhart, drunken and violent, had beaten his wife, had driven her and their children out of doors, and was now entrenched in the house with the black flag flying.

'She's given me a warrant to arrest the man, but *I* can't do it,' said the constable. 'He'll shoot me if I try. So I thought some of you fellers might like to come over and tackle him.'

The sergeant looked at his watch. 'The trolley leaves in fifteen minutes,' said he. 'I'll be up on that.'

The trolley left Unionville at half after ten, reaching Republic, the end of the line, just one hour later.

'Last run for the night,' the motorman remarked as they sighted the terminus.

'I know. And I've only about half an hour's business to do here. Then I'd like to get back. Do you think you could wait?'

'Sure,' said motorman and conductor together. 'Glad to do it for you, sergeant.'

Hovering in the middle of the road, at the 's-far-s-we-go' point, hung the constable — a little man, nervous and deprecatory. Religious pedagogy would have been more in his line than the enforcement of law. Now he was depressed by a threatened lumbago, and by the abnormal hours that his duty was laying upon him. Also he was worried by the present disturbance in his bailiwick, and therefore sincerely relieved to see an officer of the State Police.

'He's a bad one, that Charlie Erhart, at the best of times. And when

he's drunk he's awful. I could n't pretend to handle him — it would n't be safe. Like's not he'd hurt me. But you' — As if struck by a new thought, the constable suddenly stopped in his tracks to turn and stare at the sergeant. 'Why, *you* — why, I thought you'd bring a squad!'

'To arrest one man?' the sergeant inquired gravely. 'Well, you see we're rather busy just now, so we have to spread ourselves out.'

They were walking rapidly through the midnight streets, turning corners, here and again, into darker and narrower quarters. The ring of their steps stood out upon the silence with a lone and chiseled clarity, as though all the rest of the world had fled to the moon. Yet, to the constable's twittering mind that very silence teemed with a horrible imminence. The blackness in each succeeding alley seemed coiled to leap at him. He dared neither to face it nor to leave it at his back.

His gait began to slacken, to falter. At last he stopped. 'I guess I'll leave you here.' — He flung out the words in a heap, as if to smother his scruples. — 'You just go on down the street, then take the second turn to the left, and the house is on the far side — third from the corner. You can't miss it. And my lumbago's coming on so fast I guess I'll have to get home to bed. Glad you came, anyway. Good-night to you.'

'Wait a moment,' said the sergeant. 'If you are not coming along, I want to see the woman before I go farther.'

The constable indicated the tenement house in which the fugitive family had taken refuge. Then he whisked around, like a rabbit afraid of being caught by its long ears, and vanished into the dark.

Mrs. Erhart, nursing a swollen eye and a cut cheek, clutching a moaning baby in her arms and with a cluster of

half-clad, half-starved, wholly frightened and miserable children shivering around her, narrated her tale without reserve. The single little lamp in the room, by its wretched light, showed her battered face in tragic planes. Her voice was hoarse, hard, monotonous. She had no more hope — no more illusion — no more shame.

‘He has tried to kill us all, me and the children — often. He does n’t get helpless drunk. He gets mad drunk. Some day he *will* kill us, I guess. There’s naught to prevent him. Do I want him arrested? Yes, *sir*, I do that! He’s tried to take our lives this very night. And he’s keeping us out of all the home we’ve got — all the home we’ve got. But’ — and she looked up with a sudden strange flicker of feeling akin to pride — ‘I reckon he’ll kill *you* if you try to touch him, big as you are. He sure will! Erhart’s a terror, he is! And to-day he’s cut loose for a fact.’

Armed now with an indisputable justification for entering the house, Sergeant Stout went ahead with his errand. The place, when he found it, proved to have a narrow passageway running from the street to its back door.

Sergeant Stout, taking the passageway, walked quietly round to the back door and knocked.

‘Who’s there?’

‘State Police.’

‘You don’t get in!’

The voice was loose, flat, blaring — a foolish, violent voice.

The sergeant set his shoulder against the door. It groaned, creaked, splintered, gave way, opening directly into the kitchen. Confusion filled the place. Broken furniture, smashed dishes, messes of scattered food, made in the smudgy lamp’s dim light a scene to be grasped at a glance. But there was no time to look about. Directly at hand, half-crouching, lurching sidewise for the spring of attack, lowered a big,

evil-visaged hulk of a man. His eyes were red, inflamed with rage and drink; his breath came in gusts, like the breath of an angry bull.

‘You would, would you! You — bloody — *Cossack!* I’ll learn you to interfere with the rights of an honest laboring man in his home!’

He held his right hand behind him as he spoke. Now he jerked it forward, with its gun.

With a jump the sergeant grabbed him, wrenched the revolver out of his grip, and, though the other struggled with all his brute strength, forced him steadily down to the floor. Then, with practiced touch, he made search for further weapons, and was already locking the handcuffs on the wrists of the prostrate prisoner when a voice from beyond made him raise his head.

Opposite the back entrance, on the other side of the kitchen, an open doorway framed the blackness of the front room. That doorway had been empty. But now, around its casement, and to the left as the sergeant faced it, projected a long, dully gleaming bar, — the barrel of a rifle, — while behind, faint against the night within, showed the left hand and the left eye of the gunman.

‘You!’ he had called, having already brought his rifle to bear. And the sergeant, stooping above his fallen assailant, had looked up in quick attention. The gunman had wanted a better mark — a full front face to fire at. He had it now — so he blazed away. The bullet struck fair between the trooper’s eyes, tearing through to the spine.

But because he had chanced to receive it in that very position, stooping and looking up with his head half-raised, the charge had spared the chamber of the brain, passing along its lower wall. The shock, nevertheless, was terrific.

Sergeant Stout, rightly named, never

wavered. Instantaneously, in his first perception of the threat beyond, he had drawn his service Colt. And even as the other's bullet burst through his head, he had sprung erect and fired at the gleam of that one visible eye beyond the door. Now, sliding over to the wall on the right, and so gaining a further view into the room, he covered his adversary with his revolver.

The gunman was in the very motion of firing again, — and the Trooper's Colt would have anticipated the shot, — when suddenly the rifle-barrel wavered and dropped as its holder sank forward across the threshold.

Still covering him, the sergeant walked over and looked at the man. He had fainted — or was feigning it. The sergeant, kneeling beside him, saw that he was bleeding from the head. That snap revolver shot had gone true, striking just above the eye and glancing around to the back of the skull. But the soldier's trained touch told him that the wound was slight. Even on the instant the fallen man opened his eyes — began to stir. In another minute he would be all alive again.

The sergeant stood up. In the cool, impersonal way made second nature by the training of the force, he rapidly weighed the situation. Here was he, Sergeant Stout of the Pennsylvania State Police, at midnight, alone, in the back room of an obscure dwelling in a mean place. He had in his possession two prisoners — one handcuffed and cowed, the other for the moment safe by reason of a rapidly passing daze.

If this were all, the situation would be of an extreme simplicity. His second prisoner revived, he would march them both to the waiting trolley and take them back to Unionville jail. But this was not quite all. He, Sergeant Stout, had been shot through the head. His head seemed to be growing bigger,

bigger. Blood was pouring down his throat in a steady stream. It would make him sick if he stopped to think of it; and his head was growing bigger — curiously bigger. Presumably, like other persons shot through the head, he would presently die. If he died before he handed these men over into safe keeping, that would be a pity, because they would get away. Further, if he could not maintain sufficient grip on himself to handle prisoner number two, prisoner number two, beyond any doubt, would shortly shoot again. As long, however, as he did keep that grip on himself, just so long prisoner number two was a 'prisoner under control.' And prisoners under control, by the code of the force, must be protected by their captors. Obviously then, there was just one course for Sergeant Stout to pursue: since he must, beyond question, complete these arrests, and since he must not permit his second captive to make the move that would justify disabling him, he must hang on to his own life and wavering senses long enough to march the two men to that trolley car. It had to be done, though his head was growing bigger — bigger (surely it must be spreading the skull apart!) — and the thick, choking blood was pouring down his throat.

He kicked the rifle away from the threshold, out of the left-handed gunman's reach. The gunman was moving now — consciousness fully returned. The sergeant, motioning with the point of his Colt, brought him up standing. Then, with another gesture of his revolver too simple to be misunderstood, he indicated to the two the door to the street.

It must have seemed to them like taking orders from a spectre — from one of those awful beings through whose charmed substance bullets pass without effect. They looked at him askant, fearfully. This Presence had

been shot through its brain, — there was the mark, — yet it gave no sign of human vulnerability. It was not good — not natural! For the last hour they had been amusing themselves, this well-met pair, in firing at a mark on the kitchen wall. Their bullets had been striking through, into the house next door, arousing a spicy echo of women's screams. With relish they had awaited some attempt at restraint. But they had not expected just this! Scarcely daring to meet each other's eyes, they filed out of the door, into the yard, into the street. Little they guessed how the trooper's head was sailing.

'I've got to make it!' said the sergeant to himself, clenching his teeth. And he would not think how many blocks it was to 's far's we go.'

'One block at a time'll do it,' he told himself. One block at a time, he was steering them rapidly along, when upon his unsteady hearing broke the sound of footsteps, approaching on the run.

'Another thug to their rescue, maybe!' thought the sergeant — and the idea pulled him together with a jerk.

As the footsteps rang close, he held himself braced for an onset. They neared the corner ahead, — his Colt waited ready, — but the flying figure, rounding under the street lamp, showed, heaven be praised! the uniform of the Pennsylvania State Police.

Trooper Lithgow, returning to the sub-station from detached duty, and passing through the town of Republic, had learned from the waiting trolley men of his sergeant's presence, with some hint of the errand which had brought him there. Thinking that help might not be amiss, he had started out to join his officer, and was hastening

along the way, when the sound of the two shots, distinct on the midnight silence, had turned his stride to a run.

Together they walked to the trolley, herding the prisoners before them. Together they rode to Unionville, with the prisoners between them. From time to time the two trolley men looked at Sergeant Stout, with the bleeding hole between his eyes, then looked at each other, and said nothing. Very rarely, Trooper Lithgow looked at Sergeant Stout, then at the trolley men, but said nothing. A proud man he was that night. But he did not want those trolley men to know it. He wanted them to see and to understand for all time that this thing was a matter of course — that you *could n't* down an officer of the Pennsylvania State Police on duty.

They got their two prisoners jailed. Then they walked over to the hospital (the last lift of the way up the hospital hill, Lithgow lent a steadying arm) and there, in the doctor's presence, Sergeant Stout gently collapsed.

'I'm glad you came, Lithgow. But you see — I *could* have fetched it!' he said, with the makings of a grin, just before he went over.

There were four days when he might have died. Then his own nature laid hold on him and lifted him back again into the world of sunshine. 'It's one of those super-cures effected by pure optimism. The man expected to get well,' the surgeon said.

But they dared not cut for the bullet: it lay too close to the spinal cord. And so First Sergeant Stout, when his head gets stuck fast, has yet to take it in his two hands and shift it free again. Still, with a head as steady as that, what does it matter?

THE SPIRIT OF '17

BY MARY HERRICK SMITH

EN ROUTE from Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont, to Detroit, whither my husband was ordered to join his base hospital, we were delayed in Ithaca, New York. While waiting in the hotel lounge, I chanced to overhear an interesting conversation.

I had noticed a fine-looking man near me, reading the morning paper: he was distinctly the very prosperous city business man, his well-kempt appearance bespoke culture, money, and intelligence. While I was occupied with my speculations about him, a young man, just a boy, in fact, came in. He was a well-set-up chap, with the fresh healthy skin and clear-eyed eagerness of a country lad. He had never been far from the up-country farm where they raised the best breeds of livestock. He could n't have given a college yell to save his life, and he was innocent of fraternity decorations and secrets. Just the kind of boy I would like to have call me 'mother.' His clothes were good, but evidently from the general store of the small town. He carried a good-sized box, which he put across his knees as he seated himself. I knew that it was his luncheon which mother had packed, and that it included fried chicken and cold home-made sausage, cakes, sandwiches, fried cakes, crullers, mince pie and cheese, apples and winter pears; and a few relishes besides. Why, I could smell the luncheon that my mother had put up for my brother forty years ago.

The Boy gazed all around, took in

each detail of the room and its furnishings, with all the quiet dignity and interest of a well-born American country youth. You know a real Yankee country boy is n't like any other; there is a balance, an understanding, that is natural. It is inborn to be at home in any surrounding, however new and strange, so long as it is real.

After the Boy had surveyed the room, he looked over at the man reading. He sat perfectly still a few minutes, then 'Oh, hummed,' and waited again, and fidgeted a bit; but nobody spoke. I could see that he was fairly bursting with news of something. Finally, to the man, 'Can you tell me how far it is to Syracuse, sir?'

'Well,' — lowering his paper, — 'not exactly, but three or four hours, I'd say. Going to Syracuse?'

'Yes, I've enlisted. I passed one examination, but I'm going to Syracuse for another and then I'm going to Spartansburg. Senator Wadsworth says, and it looks that way to me, that it is just as much our fight as theirs, and we ought to have been in it three years ago; they are getting tired over there. I'd hate to be drafted. I'd feel mean to think I had to be dragged in; besides I want to do my part. Every fellow ought to get into it.'

'What part of the service did you elect?'

'The infantry, sir. I'm going to Spartansburg to the training-camp.' Silence for some moments; then, showing that his bridges were burned, 'I've sold my clothes; sold 'em for four dol-

lars and I'm to send 'em right back soon's I get my uniform. I hope I don't have to wait for the soldier clothes. I think I got a good bargain and so did the fellow I sold 'em to. I thought I would n't need 'em while I was in the army, and when I got back they'd be all out of style; and then — I may never come back.' A ripple of seriousness passed over his boyish face. 'But it was a good chance and I took it. Have you a son, sir?'

'Yes, I have a son just eighteen, at Cornell. He expects to go next year if they need him in the aviation.'

'I'm just nineteen. I thought I'd better enlist. It's just possible they might draft 'em later, and I just could n't stand it to be drafted. Do you think I'll be able to go home for Thanksgiving?' he asked eagerly.

'I would n't think quite so soon. You'll hardly get there by that time.'

'Well, I think I can go home for Christmas, don't you?' And a shade of anxiety crept into his tone. 'I live up the road here a way, — Wellsville, you know, — about forty miles. Don't you think I'll get to Syracuse to-night if I go right on? I'd like to get through so I could be ready for work to-morrow morning. I don't want to waste any time now that I'm all ready.'

The Boy settled back with a look of forced patience, and the man held up his paper again; but I could see that he was not reading, and there was a look of suffused sadness in his face.

The Boy had taken from his pocket a pair of big, dark-blue, home-knitted mittens; on the palms was sewn red woolen to reinforce them. He carefully drew them on, folded his hands, thumbs up, on his luncheon-box, edged to the front of his chair, and sat thinking with eyes fixed on the far-away places of his dream. He was going over it all again; there was no haste, no excitement, no foolish sentiment, but sure determination and the courage of youth suddenly turned to manhood. With a little start he came back to the present, and, rising, said, 'I guess I'd better be going. You said I could get a train in about half an hour?'

'Before you go, will you tell me, my boy, why you chose the infantry?'

'Well, when you read of anything real hard that has to be done you will notice that it is always the infantry that does it. They have to be strong, young fellows they can depend on for the real hard things. So I chose the infantry, sir.'

There was a silence, which he broke with the quiet words, 'I think I'll be going. Good-bye, sir.'

Springing from his chair, the man grasped the boy's hand. 'God bless you, son, and good luck!'

With misty vision we both stood and watched him out of sight; then, with all previous convention of acquaintance forgotten as we looked into each other's eyes, the man said, 'It is the spirit of '17 gone to the colors.'

REFITTING DISABLED SOLDIERS

BY L. V. SHAIRP

I

THERE are some tasks which appeal so directly and with such force to sentiment, that they stand in considerable danger of being ill performed for lack of prudent sense. There are few sights more pathetic than that of strong men who have lost their strength, and who stand helplessly before us, lacking sight or lacking limbs, or, perhaps worse than all, lacking 'nerve,' with all mind and will-power in abeyance, dependent upon others for every want in life. We are filled with feelings of pity, admiration, and gratitude which almost preclude the exercise of judgment. And yet there is nothing more certain than that, if the best is to be done for disabled soldiers the task of 'refitting' and otherwise helping them to reënter civil life as useful citizens must be undertaken with the utmost care, caution, and forethought.

The experience of previous wars helps us very little; not only because there has never been a war upon so great a scale, but because for the first time the whole resources of modern science have been ruthlessly employed in the destruction of life, — resulting in a variety of casualties which has never before been known, — and because the ranks of our great armies have been filled by men of every degree of education and every variety of occupation, the great majority of them unseasoned and unfamiliar with the sights and sounds of war. At the same time economic conditions have been so

strangely disturbed that, instead of a partly disabled man finding it *necessary* to take every opportunity of increasing his earning capacity, he finds a temporarily depleted labor market and the lure of high wages for very little skill. He does not realize that this condition will pass, and he is naturally enough inclined to take the short view, to neglect opportunities of training, and to take employment which will very likely cease and leave him stranded, at a time when the country has begun to believe the debt to its soldiers liquidated, and to be unwilling to repeat the efforts that it now so willingly makes for their satisfactory resettlement in civil life.

Considering that Great Britain was wholly unprepared for a great war on land, it follows that there was no organization for dealing with any large numbers of disabled men. Very prompt measures were, however, taken to provide for general distress occasioned by the war.¹ But there was a strong feeling against any suggestion of 'charity' — understood in its least noble sense — in the relief of men who had fought for the country, and in some quarters there was an almost fierce objection to voluntary bodies, such as the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society, having anything to do with the administration of public money or even of the National Relief Fund. Illogical as this

¹ A brief sketch of the successive steps in organization, beginning with the opening of the National Relief Fund, will be found in the Contributors' Column.

objection was, it had to be considered, and it was the cause of some bitterness and friction. On the other hand, voluntary bodies, with their armies of skilled and mostly unpaid social workers, were ready when no one else was ready and possessed experience which no one else possessed. The attempt to steer between these cross-currents has on the whole been successful, and we have in the end a degree of coöperation between the official and voluntary elements which is creditable to them both. But confusion has not altogether been avoided, and there has been at least the appearance of vacillation and unnecessary delay in announcing exactly what provision would be made for the disabled. This has created a sense of insecurity and has complicated the whole problem.

For some time also there was considerable uncertainty with regard to pensions. The scale of pensions which existed prior to the present war was soon seen to be inadequate. It has been twice revised, and is now considerably more liberal than that obtaining in any other European country. For some time the principle on which pensions were granted was that of lessened earning capacity, and if earning capacity increased, the pension was liable to reduction. There is, of course, something to be said for this principle, but it had the not unnatural result of leading many men to refuse training; 'for,' they argued, 'why should we exchange part of a certain pension for earnings which must be uncertain?' This has now been altered, and pensions are granted in accordance with the nature of the disability and continue so long as the disability lasts, irrespective of the man's earnings. Thus the insecurity and uncertainty have now to a great extent been removed.¹ They are referred to here because it is in the

¹ See the Contributors' Column.

highest degree important that men should know what treatment they have to expect and should have as much inducement as possible to make the best of their disabilities and to reënter civil life with the determination that their future existence shall be as nearly normal as may be.

It is possible that we have not considered psychology as closely as we might have done. We have been moved by that overwhelming sentiment to which I have referred above. Our legitimate admiration has led us to acclaim an army of heroes; but in sober sense no nation ever had an army of five million heroes. We have been so lavish with this great word that we have depreciated our literary currency, and we may even have led some to suspect that we meant to pay our debt with words. But the task of helping men to restart their lives — often with a serious handicap — is a hard and practical one, and its success depends both upon our own common sense and upon the character of the men we are trying to help. Without their own willing effort we can do very little. Unless we discipline our own emotion, we shall probably prove false friends and do a considerable amount of harm. We have to recognize that most of the men we deal with are average human beings, just as liable to get their heads turned as we ourselves, and with far better excuse. We are not fair to them if we fail to consider this.

The experience of the past three years indicates the principles upon which we should go to work. In the first place, the duty of caring for the disabled should be undertaken by a special department of the state, which should take into its service such voluntary bodies as are able and willing to act with it; this duty should include, —

(a) The provision of medical and surgical treatment and appliances.

- (b) The assessment of pensions.
- (c) The provision of industrial and professional training.
- (d) The finding of suitable employment.

The second principle is that of continuity of treatment and control. There should be no break, for instance, between the military hospital where a man's leg is amputated and the convalescent home, and again between the convalescent home and the hospital at which he is to be fitted with the new limb and trained in its use; and industrial training, or some form of preparation for it, should begin in the military hospital and proceed side by side with the medical treatment. Periods of waiting during which a man returns to his own home are unsettling and have a bad effect, besides prolonging the treatment. Long periods in hospital and home, with nothing useful to do, have also a demoralizing effect, and a patient's recovery is likely to be more rapid if his mind is healthily occupied and he can be made interested in some light manual task.

The question of control is more difficult. In some cases, probably in the majority, it is clearly desirable that a man should not receive his discharge from the service until his treatment, including industrial training, is completed. In the Belgian army this is the case, but there the conditions are different inasmuch as the Belgian soldier has unhappily no home to go to. There industrial training is compulsory; it is also much easier, because a higher proportion of the men are skilled tradesmen. In France 'reëducation' is continued under military discipline, with a view to the soldier's retention in the army as an effective military unit; but industrial training is voluntary, and a large proportion of the men refuse it. In the British army men receive their discharge, in general, much too soon,

and too great liberty is left them to break off their treatment when it bores them.

The third principle is that of recognition of individuality. There should be a careful consideration of a man's past industrial history, his aptitudes, and his ambitions. The selection of the trade that he is to be taught should depend upon a consideration of his own chances of success in it. It is useless, for instance, to set a man up as a bootmaker on his own account unless he possesses stability of character and some business aptitude, as well as the skill to make boots. Again, a man may have been a jobbing gardener in a town and express a wish to go on the land. But if either he or his wife has been bred in a city, they must be exceptional people to succeed on the land. Most city-bred folk are unhappy out of a crowd. They love the life of the streets — they cannot stand monotony, or silence, or space, or the dark. On the other hand, it should be recognized that the incidents of war and a bad wound have perhaps given us the opportunity of helping a man to realize some long-cherished plan or ambition. His confidence should be invited and every effort should be made to meet his special desires and requirements.

These principles can be carried out effectively only where there is close coöperation between the doctor and the industrial expert or technical instructor at an early stage in the man's treatment, and where there is intelligent coöperation between official bodies and voluntary organizations, so that the utmost use may be made of the services of unofficial visitors who can take a more personal interest in a man's future career than is possible to a hard-driven official working in an official atmosphere. The French method of 'reëducation' is based on this early

adaptation of medical treatment to industrial needs, and the results are said to be remarkably good.

In England we have been somewhat slow in attempting to link up treatment and training. A good deal however has been done in the past year, and a vigorous propaganda has been carried on, with a view to the installation of special apparatus for mechanotherapy and the establishment of training centres in connection with the larger military hospitals.

II

Meanwhile, certain institutions have been doing special work which calls for description in detail. The first of these are Queen Mary's Convalescent Auxiliary Hospitals at Brighton and Roehampton. Here is centralized (for England) the provision of all artificial limbs for men who have suffered amputation. After leaving the hospital where the amputation has been performed, the men are sent to Brighton for a period of convalescence. And here is offered the first opportunity of industrial training. The Brighton workshops were the gift of Queen Mary and are under the direction of Major Robert Mitchell, an expert in technical education.

Every man on his arrival at the Convalescent Hospital is given a leaflet describing the courses of instruction offered and urging him to take advantage of them. The subjects taught are, motor mechanics, with instruction which should qualify the man to take a post as chauffeur; carpentry, with training in all forms of woodwork; electric fitting — lights, telephones, bells, and so forth; bookkeeping, shorthand, and typewriting. The workshops are thoroughly well equipped, and everything is done to make the most of the short time the

men remain at Brighton. As serious training, it can be no more than a beginning; but probably its greatest value lies in the fact that the men's thoughts are taken off their injuries and a new atmosphere is created in which the predominant idea is that of usefulness. Attendance at the classes is entirely voluntary and many men do not avail themselves of the opportunity offered.

Brighton is a preparation for Roehampton. As soon as a man is ready for refitting with an artificial limb, he is transferred to Roehampton House.

It may perhaps be explained here that the Roehampton Auxiliary Hospital was started by private effort, in order that limbless men should not be discharged to their own homes too soon after amputation. The workshops and the whole scheme of training were added later, and the Brighton branch with its preparatory workshops still later.

The whole forms what may justly be regarded as a model scheme for the refitting, reëducation, and return to civil occupation of men who have lost limbs in the war.

On arrival from Brighton each man is given a leaflet, calling his attention to the facilities offered for acquiring instruction in electric lighting and motors, telephones and electric bells, motor-car mechanism and driving, engineering, woodworking and turning in workshops provided with qualified instructors; in fancy-leather work and light basket-making; in bookkeeping, typewriting, and shorthand, and other useful commercial subjects. The men are urged to make full use of these opportunities and to consult with the superintendent. Certificates are awarded to regular attendants at the workshops, and arrangements are made for discharged men to continue their training if they wish. In addition lectures in poultry culture are given, and a poultry farm has been established.

An employment bureau at the hospital helps the men to embark on their future careers, and deals with all pension and pay difficulties and other personal matters in regard to which they may need help or advice.

In addition to the teaching actually provided at Roehampton, arrangements are made with other recognized institutions for instruction in architecture, art and design, baking, brush-making, bootmaking, chemistry, confectionery, draughtsmanship, cinema work, hairdressing, photography, silver and metal mounting, tailoring, telegraphy, and toy-making. Beyond this, many employers are willing to take men and pay them a wage while they are learning to do a particular job.

Men who have lost one arm have been placed in the following types of employment: clerk, commissionaire, gateman, gymnastic instructor, labor-master in workhouse, liftman, lodge-keeper, schoolmaster, porter, railway worker, messenger, telephone attendant, timekeeper, traveler, ward-master, watchman, weighman. Men who have lost a leg in the following: bootmaker, caretaker, chauffeur, domestic servant, electrical worker, gateman, groom, hall porter, liftman, lodge-keeper, milker, munition-maker, packer, painter, postal employee, printer, roadmaker, tailor, telegraphist, timekeeper, telephone attendant, vanman, and watchman. At the present time metal turning and fitting is the most popular form of training, and that which leads to the highest remuneration. This is due to the demands for labor from the munition factories, and is a temporary condition only.

It has been calculated that 40 per cent of the men return to their former employers and that 35 per cent will consider only employment near their homes. The bulk of these, therefore, do not avail themselves of the training

at Roehampton. Of the remaining 25 per cent — most of whom are ready to accept work anywhere — 81 per cent take some form of training.

It is permissible to expect that the proportion of men willing to be trained will increase as the facilities for training are extended and become better known, and as other uncertainties are removed. For instance, a good deal of anxiety has been felt by the men and by prospective employers on the question of the insurance of partly disabled men against 'compensation' risks. The insurance companies have now, however, intimated that they will insure wounded service men reëntering civil employment, at ordinary rates.

Roehampton is the pioneer refitting dépôt for limbless men, and its work has been in a high degree successful. But, owing to inevitably limited accommodation, there is a considerable wait before men can be admitted, and once admitted, the period of training is too short to be complete. Institutions on similar lines are therefore being planned in many centres in England.

III

Arrangements for the care of blinded soldiers and sailors are very complete and are mainly the outcome of the devotion and enthusiasm of Sir Arthur Pearson, who, himself blind, has found a way of rendering service to his country which is as effective as it is unique.

St. Dunstan's is a private mansion in Regent's Park, London, which, with its extensive grounds, has been generously given up by Mr. Otto Kahn of New York. To this have since been added several annexes in London, in Brighton, and in Torquay. There is an affiliated hostel in Edinburgh. By arrangement with the military hospitals, all blinded service men are sent, on arrival in England, to a general mili-

tary hospital in London. Here they are at once visited by a representative from St. Dunstan's, who with sympathy and sense begins to show them the paths and tracks in the dark world which they have entered. These visits are continued daily, and easy manual tasks, such as net-bag making, are at once begun, as well as preliminary teaching in Braille. As soon as the man is fit, he is admitted to St. Dunstan's, and here his new life really begins. The house and grounds are fitted up with such ingenuity and care that the sightless men can soon move about freely and without danger. The days are fully occupied with varied recreation and equally varied work. Practically all men learn the Braille system of reading and the typewriter; the latter not as an industrial occupation but as a means of correspondence with friends. The typewriter becomes his own property which he takes away with him when he leaves, together with a stock of Braille literature.

The working day consists of four and a half hours — two and a half in the morning and two in the afternoon. It is found unwise to expect mental concentration for longer than this. Also, the day is divided between mental work in the classrooms and manual work in the shops. Netting is taught to most men mainly as a pleasant occupation. Those who care to do so can easily earn a few shillings a week by it in their spare time. The serious industrial occupations taught are cobbling, basket-making, joinery, and poultry-farming. Men who learn boot-repairing are also taught mat-making as a second string. At both occupations good earnings are possible. The apprentice at basket-making learns to make several kinds of baskets, with special reference to the demand there may be in the locality in which he is going to live. The blind man who chooses to be

a joiner can be taught to make such salable articles as picture-frames, tea-trays, corner-cupboards, and small tables, as well and as quickly as the man with sight.

Poultry-farming is a new industry for the blind. Men learn to distinguish birds of different breeds by touch, to manage incubators, to prepare and truss birds for table, and the like. The department is directed by poultry experts, and the men are graded in classes according to proficiency. The teaching is begun at St. Dunstan's and continued at a poultry farm in the country. An important point in this connection is that six weeks' training on a poultry farm is also offered free to the wives or other relatives of men intending to set up as poultry-farmers.

An occupation which is specially suitable for such blinded men as have had sufficient education is that of masseur. Massage training is begun at St. Dunstan's, where the men acquire a knowledge of anatomy, physiology, and pathology. They then pass on to the massage school of the National Institute for the Blind, and finally sit for the examinations of the Incorporated Society of Trained Masseurs. After passing these examinations, and so far no St. Dunstan's man has failed, they are employed at military hospitals and command dépôts.

Men who occupied secretarial positions before joining the army are taught Braille shorthand with typewriting, and a special typewriter has been built which can be operated by men who not only are blind, but have lost one hand.

Telephone operating is also successfully taught, and men can be employed in exchanges where the drop-shutter system is installed. It is said that in a few weeks a blind operator can tell by sound which of the shutters has fallen, and proves himself just as competent as a sighted employee.

Apart from professional and industrial training, men gradually learn to take part in various forms of recreation which might be supposed impossible to the sightless. There are rowing, swimming, walking, and running races, physical drill, and push-ball. Every week there are dances to which women may be invited. Dominoes, draughts, chess, and cards are played in the evenings. There is a popular debating society, and most of the men play some sort of musical instrument.

Under certain circumstances, patients' relatives are brought from all parts of the country free of cost, and are accommodated while in London at special homes arranged for their reception.

An exceedingly important part of the work is a system of after care of the men when they have left St. Dunstan's. The aim is to see every man comfortably resettled in civil life and to make sure that he does not deteriorate in capacity or otherwise. Arrangements are made, therefore, for keeping in touch by personal visitation with each man in his own home, supervising his work, encouraging his efforts, maintaining the comradeship begun at St. Dunstan's, and giving practical assistance when necessary by the supply of raw material, by arranging for the marketing of goods, and in various other ways.

IV

An attempt to provide training and employment for partly disabled men after their discharge from the army or navy is being made on a somewhat extensive scale by the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops. The first workshop of the kind was opened by the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society in London during the South African War. After the death of Earl Roberts the society inaugurated a memorial fund,

to be devoted to the extension of this workshop and the establishment of others in the large towns in the United Kingdom. There are now six or seven, and others are in contemplation. The shops are really industrial ventures with philanthropic backing. The principal manufactures are wooden toys and dolls, furniture, basket-work, and household articles. These are sold at market prices to the wholesale trade. On entering the workshop each man at once receives a wage of twenty shillings a week as a learner. The wages increase as he becomes more proficient. Women and girls are also employed — so far as possible, relatives of the soldiers. The idea here is, not to train men for the open labor market, but to give them permanent employment under conditions which could be modified to suit each man's physical capacity more readily than could well be the case in any undertaking subject to ordinary commercial competition. It is probable, therefore, that, as time goes on, the men least able to stand the strain of regular work will gravitate to the workshops.

The possibility of assisting ex-service men to settle on the land has been very carefully considered by the government. The course of the war has demonstrated sufficiently plainly that it is to the interest of the nation to increase the supply of home-grown food by bringing more land under cultivation. A double end would thus be served if assistance to ex-service men took the form of turning them into food-producers. A departmental committee was appointed to consider and report upon the subject, and has advocated the state purchase of land for the establishment of state colonies of settlers, and the provision of small holdings by county councils for ex-service men who do not care to go to the state colonies. With regard to the partly

disabled, the committee thought that many forms of agricultural work would be within their powers, and they advocated their settlement or employment along with the able-bodied. They were not in favor of what they termed 'colonies of cripples.'

Action on the lines of these recommendations has already been taken. By act of Parliament the Board of Agriculture was empowered to acquire eight thousand acres, and most of this has been secured. Houses have been erected, and some men have been selected for settlement and are in training. Over a year ago some fifty men were sent to two agricultural colleges for courses of six months' training or longer, with satisfactory results.

The question of land settlement in the United Kingdom on any extensive scale presents peculiar difficulties. Further legislation, giving powers of compulsory purchase of land, will probably be sought. But even if small holdings can be made available for every suitable man who is prepared to live on the land, it requires much faith to believe that anything considerable can be done to create an agricultural population out of our demobilized armies.

I have endeavored in a brief space to show what is being done in certain main directions for the 'refitting' of our maimed soldiers. But this is not, of course, the whole story. There are innumerable smaller efforts by private people, by philanthropic committees, and by municipalities and educational bodies. In connection with most, if not all, of the larger military hospitals there is an organization of voluntary workers, who undertake to teach various light handicrafts to men whose stay is prolonged. Many employers offer to train limited numbers of discharged men in various special industries. When the present writer was

VOL. 121 - NO. 3

acting as honorary secretary to a branch of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society such offers considerably exceeded the supply of men. It was not found possible, for instance, to find enough men to satisfy one firm which offered training and an immediate wage of thirty shillings a week for football sewing. Technical institutes all over the country are throwing open their classes to ex-soldiers, and the universities are also offering special facilities. It is, indeed, urged that, in view of the varied standards of education of the men of the new armies, the entire educational resources of the country should be made freely available to them. Commercial men, for instance, who have hitherto been content with one language, might now be persuaded to learn French or Russian or Italian. There must, however, be some element of persuasion in the matter. We are a conservative people, slow to change our habits, not greatly in love with learning. Some profess to think that this war, with all its sorrow and horror and loss, with all its glory and sacrifice and enthusiasm, with all the will to set right a great wrong which has been aroused, will change the thoughts and habits of our men and make us all a new people. But it will not. Many things in our world, we hope, will be a little better than they were before — some bad things perhaps will disappear altogether and some new things be born. But we shall be essentially the same. And we shall still need to be persuaded a little for our own good.

I have said nothing about the saddest task that is laid upon us — the provision for those men who have given more than life — whose injuries to nerve-centres have rendered them physically or mentally helpless. Special institutions are being provided for their permanent care; they are beyond

'refitting,' and science and humanity can only see to it that they have every comfort and attention that ingenuity and love can provide.

In May, 1917, an inter-allied conference on the subject of the treatment of the disabled men was held in Paris. Representatives were present from France, Belgium, Russia, Portugal, Italy, Serbia, Great Britain, and Canada. A large number of resolutions was passed, and stress was laid on the necessity of propaganda in order to make

known to the disabled themselves the advantages accruing from the opportunities of reëducation which are offered, and to arouse in the public a just sense of the great social problem which is involved. It was recommended that a periodical review for the Allies should be published, dealing with prothesis, orthopœdics, and all subjects relating to functional and technical reëducation. The conference was organized by a Franco-Belgian committee and will probably be called together again.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY AND THE BALKANS

BY NOEL BUXTON

[Unfortunately, through miscarriage in the mails, this paper is some six weeks overdue; but the Editors thought that Mr. Buxton's great knowledge of the Near-Eastern question would still be useful to those Americans who are interested in forming sound opinions on the phase of that question which is here treated.]

SOUTHEASTERN EUROPE presents a baffling mixture of races intermingled in inextricable confusion. The two main ingredients are German and Slav, but there are also Hungarians; Roumanians, partly Latin in language and descent, and inclined to patronize the other Balkan States on that account; Greeks, proud of what they believe to be their ancestors; Bulgars, Slav in language, Turanian in blood; Albanians, a race apart, with a peculiar language; and in the environs of Constantinople, a few Turks. To add to the confusion caused by the diversity of races and tongues there is, further, a medley of creeds — Greek Uniate, Greek Orthodox, Bulgarian Exarchist, Roman Catholic, Moham-
medan; there are differences of alpha-

bet and calendar even where the language is the same; and the particularism for which the Slav is famous.

This Babel of races was early laid hold of in the north by the House of Hapsburg, which incorporated it in a bureaucratic empire, and in the south by the Turk, who ground his subjects into the dust or massacred them in fits of ferocity, according to his wont.

In the nineteenth century two factors in this situation reached an acute stage of development, namely, the growth of nationalism and the disintegration of the Turkish Empire. The result was that the Balkan nations began to shake themselves loose from Turkey, and the many races of Austria-Hungary began to grow restive under their bureaucratic tutelage. This

movement reached a new stage after the war of 1866, when the monarchy was thrown back on the Balkans and forced to adopt the dual system — giving Germans and Magyars a free hand in their home affairs, on the tacit understanding that they should combine to keep down the Slav majority.

With the subsequent German-Austrian alliance (1879), the policy of the *Drang nach Osten* reached its full stature, and the breach with Russia steadily widened. Germany, working through Austria-Hungary, wished to drive a corridor through the Balkans, hold Constantinople, and control Turkey. Russia, in the name of Pan Slavism, and moved by mystic and idealistic as well as by strategic reasons, wished to control the Balkans, possess Constantinople and the Straits, and turn the Black Sea into a Russian lake. France and England appeared on the scene, first as the enemies of Russia and the upholders of Turkey in the name of the balance of power, and then, by the same token, as the friends of Russia and the opponents of Germany.

The net result of the play of intrigue and counter-intrigue was that the Balkan States were set by the ears, national hatreds inflamed, domestic reforms checked all over Europe, and the Turk allowed to harry his subjects at his own sweet will. In 1907 it looked as if Austria-Hungary would make a bold and wise reform, raising herself from a dualistic to a triform state by giving the Slavs self-government. Instead, came Count Aehrenthal's annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, throwing Serbia into the arms of Russia.

In 1912, under Russian auspices and through the statesmanship of M. Venizelos, came the Balkan League and the war against Turkey. But by checking Serbia's access to the Adriatic and setting up an independent Albania, Austria succeeded in causing strife

among the Balkan Allies, and the League broke up in the Second Balkan War. A weakened and exasperated Serbia was at once an easy victim and a dangerous neighbor to the Dual Monarchy, and so arose the machinations of the nationalist societies, the murder at Serajevo, and the great European war. Austria threatened Serbia, Russia backed her up; Germany supported Austria, France supported Russia, England supported France; Austria attacked Serbia, and Europe entered upon the fiercest and most barbarous war that the world has ever seen.

In discussing Austria-Hungary we should not forget that this country is in some ways a model of what the Balkans should be. Here a medley of quarrelsome and jealous races enjoy order, coöperation, a fair degree of prosperity and education, and proud and ancient traditions, the vitality of which has been shown in the war. The predictions of Austria's collapse have been falsified, and the death of the Emperor Francis Joseph, so far from being the signal for a general dissolution, has put on the throne a keen and energetic young ruler who is disposed toward reform.

In regard to the treatment of her subject nationalities, Hungary's record is bad; but even Hungary now possesses a cabinet pledged to universal suffrage. Austria passed her universal suffrage measure in 1907. Since then there has been a Slav majority in the Reichsrat, and the factor keeping the nationalities in subjection has been not so much pressure from above as racial antagonisms within. *Divide et impera*, in a country in which there is universal suffrage, is a form of chicanery which can succeed only in the absence of solidarity, energy, and political wisdom among those whom it is proposed to divide.

On the other hand, the small Balkan states, although their sturdy democracy and rapid progress after emer-

gence from Turkish rule are in some ways a pleasing contrast with the somewhat effete bureaucracy of Austria-Hungary, still bear both spiritual and material marks of their past misfortunes. To put it bluntly, most of the Balkan nations have yet to learn the most elementary lessons in racial tolerance. Bulgaria has shown an admirable spirit of forbearance toward the half million or so of Mohammedans and other Dissenters who dwell within her gates; but the other states still cling to the crudest policy of 'nationalization' by language penalties, suppression of churches and newspapers, and control of schools.

The truth of the matter is that Austria-Hungary is an empire and the Balkans are independent nations, whereas the ideal is a federative commonwealth. But which of the two is nearer the ideal, is not an easy matter to decide. However, it is safe to say that most advocates of the partition of Austria-Hungary and the formation of several independent states are not moved by pure solicitude for the Slavs, but largely by fear of a Prussian Central Europe.

This fear of a Central Europe under German hegemony — a vast compact of nations drilled and trained from Berlin and stretching from Hamburg to the Persian Gulf — is a very real problem, and its solution is the Allies' main object. As some one has wittily said, 'Whatever else Germany may lose, she has at least conquered her allies.'

So far the Allies' counter-project has been to break up Austria-Hungary by force of arms, and then to establish the resultant group of small nations on the basis of Russian protection. At its best this policy seemed to ignore the possibility of Tsarist Russia becoming the enemy to be feared. And in this connection it is relevant to note that the most eloquent advocate of the Central Europe scheme, Dr.

Friedrich Naumann, bases his appeal throughout on *fear* — fear of France's desire for revenge, of England's commercial jealousy, but, above all, fear of Russian imperialism. To him and to the people whom he is addressing Central Europe is not the securing of dominance, but a measure of defense — a measure as grim as it is fatal. These considerations aside, the whole policy depended on a Russia willing, in the first place, to break up Austria-Hungary, and in the second place, always in future to go to war on behalf of some small state which might get embroiled with Germany or with a neighbor under German influence.

Since this policy was conceived, the Russian Revolution has taken place. Russia is now militarily incapable of encompassing the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary, as well as definitely opposed to this policy. Before surveying the new situation thus created, we should contemplate the following facts: —

I

The Eastern question is merely a peculiar and aggravated form of the European question — the tradition whereby nations regulated their affairs by dominance within and competition without. This was especially apparent in Central and Eastern Europe, where the three empires — Russia, Germany, and Austria-Hungary — formed, as it were, a triangle of reaction. With the fall of tsardom one side of this triangle is knocked out, and the system cannot survive. Indeed, the system was so hard pressed before the war that the Junker party in Germany is said to have advocated 'ein frischer, fröhlicher Krieg' as a desperate attempt to uphold the old order. Instead, after three terrible years of war, ruin stares Germany in the face, and — tsardom falls; the blackest hearth of reaction in

Europe becomes the centre of democracy and coöperation. The effect in Germany is already becoming apparent.

II

To the peoples of Austria-Hungary, this war has seemed throughout a war of defense against Russian imperialism. They embarked light-heartedly enough on the adventure of 'punishing' Serbia, but the intervention of Russia put a very sombre complexion on affairs. The government was not long in sharing the discovery that Austria-Hungary had nothing to gain and everything to lose by a general European war; and since then they have continued to fight simply in order to avoid destruction. Consequently the Russian Revolution has removed the whole *raison d'être* of the war for the Dual Monarchy. This has been made abundantly evident by the energetic activities of the new Emperor and his ministers toward internal reform, and the explicit repudiation of annexations and indemnities. The lack of a federal constitution and the unwillingness to cede the Trentino to Italy seem to be the two obstacles between Austria-Hungary and peace, and it is possible that they might be surmounted if the issue were put squarely.

III

Bulgaria entered the camp of the Central Powers reluctantly, deliberately accepting the bird in the hand after patient and vain waiting for the two in the bush. Her aims were perfectly definite. She wished to unite under her flag the territories inhabited by her nationals and allotted to her in February, 1912, by the treaty with Serbia, namely, the so-called uncontested zone in Northeast Macedonia, which was taken by Serbia in the Second Balkan War; the great trade-route

down the Struma Valley debouching at Kavala, taken by the Greeks, and the Southern Dobrudja, taken by the Roumanians, in the same war. In addition, the *imponderabilia* weighing for her decision were her dislike of Russian imperialism and her dread of Russia at Constantinople. Germany could offer her additional territory, but at the price of the eternal enmity of her neighbors and practical loss of independence. The Allies could offer her freedom and coöperation, but could not satisfy Bulgaria's national aspirations, owing to the reluctance of Serbia, Roumania, and Greece to yield the necessary territory, in spite of the compensations offered elsewhere. The Revolution has removed the fear of Russian imperialism, and has set up a military situation which makes it extremely difficult to deprive Bulgaria of territory to which she clings, or to realize the wider aspirations of the Serbs and Roumanians. Lastly, the mere course of the war, with all that it entails, has brought all the Balkan nations to a more conciliatory frame of mind.

It is, then, evident that the Russian Revolution almost closes the door on the physical solution of the problem of Central Europe, but only to open an intrinsically more attractive diplomatic vista. Central Europe can hardly be broken up, but it may be dissolved. Hitherto Austria-Hungary has cleaved to Germany because she preferred the Kaiser's categorical imperative to vivisection by the Tsar. Now she is faced on one side by a league of democratic nations which between them control the economic and political future of the world, and on the other by the prospect of being a minor partner in an impoverished and highly unpopular Central Europe, an institution with a shadowy present and a very problematical future. In these circumstances it is not unlikely that the Allies might tempt her

by the offer of peace, coöperation, and freedom of commerce, in exchange for the cession of the Trentino to Italy and equity to the nationalities.

Bulgaria also seems to feel that she has no future in the war, or with the Central Powers, and nothing to fear from Russia. As a matter of fact, she came to this decision as far back as August, 1916, but her advances were then rejected. Subsequent events have strengthened her motive¹ and inclined the Allies to listen to her.

The advantages of meeting the Austrian and Bulgarian desire for peace are obvious. Pressure would be brought to bear on German opinion in the direction of moderation; Germany's route to the East would be broken; Turkey would be isolated, and the military situation at Saloniki would be eased.

The difficulties are equally obvious, and perhaps the chief is that of fair treatment of our Balkan Allies. But it seems probable that the disasters and calamities to which they have been subjected will have led Serbia, Roumania, and Greece to take a more accommodating view of the situation, and to realize, in the light of the Russian Revolution, how immensely difficult it would be to achieve the plenitude of their desires. Consequently some such arrangement as the following might satisfy all parties:—

(a) The Austro-Hungarian frontiers to be recognized, the claims of the nationalities in the Empire being met by internal reforms.

(b) Bulgaria's former frontiers to be restored, and in addition her claims recognized to the so-called uncontested zone, to the Bulgarian portion of

the recent Greek acquisitions in Macedonia, and to the part of the Dobrudja taken from her in 1913 by Roumania.

(c) Serbia to be compensated by fusion with Montenegro, thus gaining an outlet to the sea at Antivari. This outlet could be made satisfactory by the purchase of Spizza from Austria.

(d) Saloniki to be internationalized.

(e) Roumania to be restored and her countrymen in Transylvania to be granted autonomy.

In this discussion America has purposely been left to the last, as, in the execution of any such policy as this with Austria and Bulgaria, the United States would play the chief part. It must not be forgotten that comparatively good feeling still exists between Austrian diplomacy and that of America; and with regard to Bulgaria, the following important factors must be borne in mind. First, Bulgarians look upon America as their educational creator, and the entry of America into the war on the side of the Entente has been one of the most powerful new influences at work in Bulgaria. Second, practical expression has been given to this feeling by Bulgaria's refusal to break off diplomatic relations with the United States.

There is the further consideration that the American people can approach this matter disinterestedly and with open minds, not clogged by past traditions or hampered by old associations. It is far easier to formulate a policy where none existed before, than it is to change drastically a policy already formulated and pursued for some time.

The American people enjoy in this matter a position of advantage, they have at hand the necessary diplomatic machinery, and they can grapple with this problem with unfettered energy and unclouded brains. May they succeed where others have failed!

¹ For example, as a symptom of Bulgarian feeling, *vide* the anti-German riots at Sofia last April, and the Serbian Press Bureau's report that the Bulgarian Premier, M. Radoslavoff, is 'creeping round' toward friendly talk with Russia.—THE AUTHOR.

HERBERT HOOVER, AS INDIVIDUAL AND TYPE

BY VERNON KELLOGG

I

STUDENTS of prehistoric man, limited in their material for study by the difficulties of persistence through a few hundred thousand years of the bodies, or parts of bodies, of our Glacial Era forbears, are compelled to give large consideration to the make-up of the lower jaw of these early men, because jaws seem to persist where arms and legs and ribs do not. The testimony of the lower jaw, coupled with that of the brain-case, — for the top of the head is also fortunately resistant to the ravages of time, — is the basis of many of our conjectures as to the physical nature of our prehistoric ancestors and their probable mentality, disposition, and family life.

We take these jaw-based conjectures seriously, even calling them scientific knowledge, because we have built up a fairly reliable science of anthropologic correlations on a basis of the comparative study of the various physical parts, mental endowments, and temperamental peculiarities of many different kinds of men — and anthropoids, or near-men — of the present time. A skull, or a jaw, or even only a tooth or two, seem to be all that the anthropologist requires for a very interesting disquisition on the physical, mental, and moral make-up of an otherwise entirely absent and long passed dinosaur, cave-bear, or extra-early gentleman of France. The anthropologist has learned to be confident that, with such a given type of skull, or shape of

jaw, or form of tooth, a great many other things inevitably go.

That correlations among other parts of organisms are real, there is no question. I once followed Luther Burbank about — both of us on hands and knees — in a small bed of hybrid plum seedlings, while he indicated what particular seedlings were almost certainly going to produce especially worthwhile new kinds of plums, just because they already showed certain particular varying kinds of stems and leaves, although these plant babies had not as yet, to my eyes, even begun to dream of producing plums at all. But Mr. Burbank knows plant-correlations, and makes winning bets on them.

So, when one sees a photographic reproduction of Herbert Hoover's face and head, and notes the marked type of brain-case and lower jaw presented by it, one can confidently make a beginning in understanding this newly arisen American personality, who tells us so insistently what and what not to eat, and so incisively why and why not.

But, unfortunately, most of us, not being trained students of anthropologic correlations, have got to stop and be content with this beginning. We may add to it some understanding by cogitating things that we have heard about him, press anecdotes of doubtful authenticity that we have read, and descriptions of him that we have heard from the few who have seen him. But to most of us he is, and will long remain, as a personality, just a myth, or at most a man whose likeness reveals

an encouraging brain-case and jaw. And this despite a real desire to know more. For to how many people in Belgium, England, and America has something starting from this man come as a reality, a reality of help, a reality of authority, but come only from a hidden centre, as a searching radius stretched out to them and touching their most intimate affairs and feelings! Few persons know Mr. Hoover by sight or hearing, fewer still by hand-clasp, or eye to eye. To all but these few he is almost mythical as a human being, however real he may be as an official name and quoted oracle.

The few who do know him personally, as human being, man of marked traits, unpretentious but most impressive manner, and curiously potent appeal and attractiveness, — curiously, because not produced in any usual and familiar way, least of all in any intended way, — the few who have this personal knowledge of him enjoy a most interesting and suggestive experience. He becomes a friend and an object of study at the same moment; he discovers himself to be at once a thoroughly individualized man and yet a most revealing type of a class. His most personal and special characteristics do not prevent him from being a generalized and most representative and illuminating example of a certain kind of man, increasing in numbers and importance in every civilized land, but appearing especially rapidly and well-developed in America.

That Hoover has lived a third of his life in London makes neither him nor the essential features of that life anything but simon-pure American; his home, his office, his family, and himself, were as vividly American throughout those days in London City and the West End as they are to-day in Washington. So he represents his type as an American example of it, with all the

national characteristics obvious, but never so exaggerated as to obscure the more fundamental type characters.

A study of Hoover's personality, then, not only has the recommendation of satisfying natural curiosity concerning a swiftly risen world-figure, but it should also reveal to us something of the character of our political and social evolution; for any knowledge of the characteristics of the class to which we are turning more and more for our national leaders, will enable us to obtain some indication and understanding as to whither and how we are moving along the path of changing social organization.

II

The biographical details of Herbert Hoover's earlier years will not go far in explaining to us his present personality. Born in 1874 on an Iowa farm, of Quaker father and mother, he received through them that native endowment of potentialities which come, variously, to each of us by the processes of heredity; processes still mysterious despite all the wealth of detail of mechanism and method which modern, post-Mendelian study of heredity has revealed. We do know something of why a man's eyes are blue, if they are blue instead of brown, as another man's eyes are; and something of why he is mentally defective from birth, if he is, while another is so mentally sound.

But despite the cheerful confidence of those too optimistic specialists who say that the secret of inheritance is now known, and that, being given a full knowledge of one's ancestors and collaterals to the number of several dozen, they will prophesy the physical and mental make-up of one's next child, the fact is that they cannot. They cannot, if for no other reason than that human births are too few per family to give them the advantage of the work-

ing of the Mendelian mathematical formulæ on which their prophesying is based. Besides, they can rarely have that full knowledge of ancestry which they need. Mr. Hoover does not know, nor do I, the full history of his ancestors and collaterals, and the mere knowledge of the make-up of one's parents and of a few grand- and great-grand-parents, is never sufficient to explain why any one's inherited characteristics are just what they are.

The influence of one's environment is sometimes more nearly determinable. But there is one great difficulty about that, too, and that is, that to understand fully the effect of environmental influence requires a pretty good understanding of the native qualities of the material upon which the environment acts. The reaction of differently formed human beings is never exactly the same even when the environmental action on them is nearly identical. 'You can't,' as David Starr Jordan is wont to say, to explain some failures of college endeavor, 'put a thousand-dollar education into a fifty-dollar boy.'

Herbert Hoover's early environment was affected by the death of both parents while he was a child and his being handed over to the sympathetic care of various aunts and uncles, all of the Quaker faith and training. This condition must have placed in his own hands earlier than is usual with most of us, a certain personal share in the determination of his own environment. For example, when the time for his preparation for college came, he found himself on the Pacific coast under the care of a Quaker uncle, who had naturally planned that this preparation should lead him into a Quaker college. But already the youth had decided that his higher education should be obtained in a modern scientific university. This was a decision determined partly by the lack of control of the environment

itself, but more probably by the assertion of an inherited quality which made strongly for self-determination of behavior. He went, therefore, to Portland, and, supporting himself by his own exertions, was able in a couple of years to fit himself for his 'modern scientific university.' He entered Stanford University with the first opening of its doors in the fall of 1891, and thus entered on a characteristically pioneering career with Stanford's pioneer class of 1895. During his four years at the university he again supported himself by his own exertions.

Now, without doubt, these six years of earning his own way as a youth of fifteen to twenty-one years were an environmental influence which had its real effect, and one probably recognizable and of much importance to-day in its results. He learned early something enduring about values in human life; about things that count and things that are superficial. And he learned something of his own capacities, and to have confidence in them. One of his present outstanding characteristics is confidence, although a confidence never weakened by conceit.

His major work in the university was in the department of geology and mining, under the supervision of a sturdy, direct, natural teacher and investigator, John Casper Branner, a scholar of practical mind, intent on truth and essentials. This association was good environment for the rapidly developing young man, already inclined by native instinct and boy's experience to be intent on the same things.

Dr. Branner's advice to the students graduating from his department—to be miners for a while before being 'mining engineers'—was followed quite literally by Hoover, who went into a Sierran mining-camp and was there miner and shift-boss, and perhaps other things, before he turned again to mining engi-

neering as helper in the office, in San Francisco, of Louis Janin, the best-known mining engineer in the West.

He was soon out of the office, however, and again in the mines of California, Oregon, Idaho, Wyoming, and Arizona, where he stayed until he received an offer from an engineering firm to go to West Australia. Here, in 1897, after only two years of mining engineering apprenticeship since graduation, he was an arrived and successful mining engineer in the position of manager of one of the most famous of Australian mines. There can be no doubt that native capacity was as largely responsible for this swift achievement as good training and other environment.

In another year (1898) he was manager of two other great Australian mines, and in one year more he was director of mines for the Chinese Empire. This gave him a chance to go through some highly spiced adventures in Tientsin during the Boxer Rebellion of 1900.

Crossing with him from Thamesmouth to Flushing in the summer of 1915, on one of the small Dutch boats which were allowed by Germans and Allies to maintain a precarious cross-Channel connection between the Continent and England, I heard from him as we walked the narrow decks, with a constant eye out for casual floating mines or careless submarines, many stories of his experiences in Australia and China. I do not remember many of the incidents, but I remember clearly the general impression made on me by all of them together. It was, that the chief actor in them was a man of level head, clear vision, entire fearlessness, and great resourcefulness and directness of action.

Since then I have had the opportunity, given by close association, to see him think and act under circumstances of continuous serious importance. I

would use the same words now to express my present actual knowledge of his qualities which I have just used to express my impression of them gained on the uneasy little Dutch boat.

After the Chinese experiences he became a junior partner in a London mining firm, at that time (1902) perhaps the greatest in the world. During this partnership, which lasted until 1908, Hoover had the experience of meeting the task, largely because of his own attitude in the matter and through his own exertions, of making good to the firm's clients the defalcation by the firm's financial member of about a million dollars. In 1908 he had restored the sum, sold his interest in the firm, and was a man free and wholly competent to go it alone successfully in the world's arena of mining business. And ever since then he has gone it alone, and successfully.

It is beyond the province of this sketch to recite any of the details of his impressively successful handling of large mining affairs in Russia, Burma, Central America, Mexico, and elsewhere. He has been successful in making money for his associates and for himself out of many undertakings; but, more importantly, he has been successful in making good mines out of what in other men's hands had been bad ones. That, indeed, has been his special work in mining: not promoting mines and selling mining shares to an easy public, but making the earth yield its treasures even when it seemed most reluctant to release them. He has made his money in mining out of the ground, not out of the pockets of investors.

III

And then in August, 1914, came the War, and came also Hoover's ready relinquishment of mining and money-making, and his undertaking to care

for the feeding of a nation suddenly deprived of the capacity of feeding itself.

This undertaking promised to make large demands on all the qualities we have attributed to the subject of our analysis. It also required another — or perhaps it is not so much another quality as it is one including most of the others, and something more and larger than any of them. I would call it the creative imagination. Ribot's famous essay of many years ago pointed out clearly how mistaken we are in the limitations with which we commonly use the term 'creative imagination.' By it we mean usually something peculiar to artists and poets, and hence foreign to men of business and politics and statecraft. If such men show originality of constructive thought and achievement we call it that, and not creative imagination. But when they conceive and do things originally and constructively, they are really revealing their possession of the same quality which poets and artists — real ones — possess. Only with them it is expressed differently. Herbert Hoover is a rather unpoetic-looking brother to the poets; he is an artist using colors not named in the solar spectrum; he is a man of creative imagination.

Also, it goes without saying that to drop money-making and mining, to begin money-losing and hard, wearing struggle in the tremendous task of Belgian relief, revealed, in the victim of our vivisection, qualities of heart and humanity which we have not before in this paper ascribed to him, although they have long been familiar to his friends.

The work of feeding the people of Belgium and occupied France has been much more difficult than is popularly imagined. And the greatest difficulties have not been those which might, at first glance, seem to be the probable

chief ones, namely, difficulties on the material side in obtaining the great sums of money necessary, and in purchasing and transporting and handling the enormous food-quantities involved. But they have been of a more intangible sort, difficulties connected with the belligerent governments, difficulties about the necessary agreements and guaranties indispensable to the inauguration and maintenance of the work. The material problems have been serious enough, in all conscience, but the immaterial ones have been more serious. There has been necessary all through the course of the undertaking much more than the 'engineering efficiency,' so widely noted and praised in connection with it; there has been continuously necessary a high degree of diplomatic achievement.

Diplomacy popularly connotes methods of indirection, elements of concealment, the strategy of twilight hours. But Herbert Hoover's diplomatic achievement in connection with Belgian relief has been by methods just the opposite of the ones noted. He has won by directness and playing with the cards face up on the table. He has been something more than honest in his methods: he has been obviously honest. His forthrightness of plan, proposal, and action has carried him to swift success, where other methods would have failed — and time was always of the essence in the relief work. He has come to diplomacy untrained as a diplomat; just trained and by nature made to be forcefully common-sensible, sure of his ground, and honestly and confidently direct in the presentation of his needs. So foreign offices and war departments and secret services and all the other groups of people involved, whether American, English, French, German, or Belgian, have been won to permit and aid him in his great undertaking.

The humanitarian character of the undertaking itself, and the readily demonstrated necessity of it, might seem to be sufficient to insure success in the diplomatic and inter-governmental engagements necessary for it. But that is far from being the case. There has been no relief, in the large and complete way of Belgian relief, in Poland or Serbia or Armenia, or wherever else it was equally needed. No, humanitarianism alone is not sufficient in times of war—at least, in this war, with such a completely militarized and de-humanized element in it as the German War Machine—to guarantee unaided the success of humane intentions and generous offers. It required keen understanding, highly intelligent planning, and forceful and persistent effort, to do good effectively in the Belgian centre of the terrible human struggle that is this War.

IV

From the feeding of Belgium to the administration of the food of America was, under the circumstances, the natural and inevitable step. It was the character of the war which made feeding Belgium necessary; it was its magnitude which made control of the food of the last great nation to enter it also necessary. And it was the success of the manager of the very large and very difficult Belgian undertaking which promised the ultimate success—if success were at all possible to anybody—of the manager of the larger and more difficult American undertaking.

Herbert Hoover entered on his new task in public service with no illusions as to its extraordinary difficulties. He said, grimly, immediately after promising President Wilson that he would undertake it, that he would probably get hung up on the first barbed-wire entanglements. He did not really mean

this, for he would not have undertaken it at all unless he had been confident that he would last longer than that. But he had seen one German food-dictator after another drop out, was seeing Lord Rhondda succeed Lord Devonport as food-controller in England, and was soon to see M. Violette make way for a new French minister of provisionment, and this one for still another; and his remark expressed concisely the fate that faced any too sanguine food-manager. Managing the army or navy or the shipyards gives you excellent chances for trouble with soldiers or sailors or labor unions, but managing food gives you the supreme opportunity for trouble with everybody.

Hoover knew this when he left London for Washington; and he knows it even better now that he has had a few months of food-administration. But he knows something else, too, which he also undoubtedly knew, or at least believed, when he began these months. And that is that the administering of the food of the American public in a great emergency by calling upon the loyal and patriotic coöperation of the food-producers and food-handlers and food-consumers of America, in a word, of the whole American people, is not all trouble—it is partly a high experience of the revelation of the thing which makes democracy possible and democratic government successful—the response of the great mass to the call for loyalty and sacrifice. And that response, no less than the response of trouble, has been a result of the undertaking of American food-control. It takes but a few to provide the response which means trouble; but it takes a great many to give the response which means even the beginnings of success in a great national endeavor. Yet those beginnings of success are already certainly apparent in the work of American food-administration.

This reliance upon the fundamental feeling, understanding, and loyalty of the mass of the people has been characteristic of Hoover in his work both in Belgian relief and American food-administration. He is a democrat by birth and training. He does not merely believe in democracy — he relies on democracy. And yet he indulges in no blind and debilitating sentiment about the equality of all men. He knows that men are far from equal in capacity and character; they are unequal from birth, from conception. Nor can any identity of training or opportunity make them equal. It can help them to approach common understanding and common preferences, and can help remove adventitious inequality. But fundamental inequality is a condition of human, aye, of all animal and plant-existence. No two individuals in all the world through all time are or have been exactly alike; nor will there ever be such two. Not even 'identical twins' are identical, though they arise from the accidentally separated halves of the same egg.

Herbert Hoover, therefore, knows that he is different from the men about him, and knows that these differences are of a kind that make him a leader, and hence a controller, of other men. And he accepts leadership because he honestly believes that success in organization and communal achievement demands the placing of authority in central hands. Centralization of authority and responsibility; decentralization of operations — this is the system on which Belgian relief was successfully administered, and on which American food-administration is being based.

But the necessity of leadership and authority in democracy carries with it the necessity of a selection of leaders on a basis of essentials alone. Capacity, conviction, courage, and devotion — these are the bases for selecting the

heads of enterprises and governments; not politics, favor, or opportunism. And the selection should be generally recognized as made fairly, and, in cases where outstanding and accepted figures make it possible, inevitably. It is not undemocratic to choose or accept leaders, and to delegate authority. It is, indeed, essentially democratic procedure, and absolutely necessary for the successful persistence of democratic organization. Hoover, as convinced believer in centralized authority and as actual personal exemplar of such authority, and Hoover as true democrat, are not two inconsistent figures. Neither is President Wilson, to take another near-by example of the same condition.

What may be called the more special traits of Herbert Hoover are in perfect line with the general ones so far outlined. One man is as good as another to him until he reveals himself less good. He saves time by cutting out frills, both business and social. He enjoys company, but wants it to mean something. He has little small talk, but plenty of significant talk. He prefers arranging matters by conference and agreement to using the big stick, but he does not hesitate to club when necessary. His directness of mental approach to any subject is expressed in his whole manner: his immediate attack in conversation on the essence of the matter, his few words, his quick decisions. He makes these decisions easily because he has a clear general policy to guide him.

I recall being asked by him to come to breakfast one morning at Stanford University, to talk over the matter of the faculty salary-standards. Mr. Hoover is now a trustee of the university that graduated him. His first question to the several of us who were there was: What is the figure below which a professor of a given grade (assistant

professor, associate, or full professor) cannot maintain himself here on a basis which will not lower his efficiency in his work or his dignity in the community? We finally agreed on a figure. 'Well,' said Hoover, 'that must be the minimum salary of the grade.'

He saves time. He reads surprisingly much for a man so continually heavily laden with affairs, and so given to days and nights of concentration on their problems. But he does his reading in bed. Even in those many difficult and always uncertain trips across the North Sea, from England to Holland, on his enforced movements between London and Brussels, he always had his little electric torch, or even stub of a candle, to fasten to his bunk for a little reading before going to sleep. He saves trouble, as well as time, by wearing in all seasons, and for years, one after another, business suits of the same model and cloth, which he simply orders when needed, two or three at a time, as one would order another half-dozen of collars of one's favorite style and regular size.

He knows what he wants to do, and goes straight forward toward doing it; but if difficulty too great intervenes, he withdraws for a fresh start and tries another path. I always think of him as outside of a circle in the centre of which is his goal. He strikes the circle at one spot; if he can get through, well and good. If not, he draws away, moves a little around the circumference, and strikes again. This resourcefulness and fertility of method are conspicuous and invaluable characteristics. If there is only one way, he fights to the extreme along that way. But almost always he sees that there are other ways, and he readily tries one after another of them.

In all the Belgian relief diplomacy he recognized discreetly the official position of military officers, ministers, ambassadors, cabinet secretaries, prem-

iers. He was patient of form where form was obligatory. But in realities he dealt with each as man to man. He presumes reasonableness in his antagonist and depends on reason and understanding for his strength in discussion. He does not understand personal attack and vindictiveness. He has suffered unduly by lack of comprehension of the manner and methods of various attacks which have been made on him and his work.

He has an amazing capacity for lucid exposition. His successful argument with Lloyd George, who began a conference on the relief-work strongly opposed to it on grounds of its alleged military disadvantage to the Allies, and closed it by a complete acceptance of the principle, leaving to his cabinet secretaries and Mr. Hoover to arrange details, is a conspicuous example of his way of getting what he wants, on a basis of good grounds, confidence in his position, and effective setting out of his arguments. It is also a good example of the way he likes to 'do business.' The higher the authority and more able the man who has to be convinced, the more confident is Hoover of the outcome of the meeting.

He also has an emotional side. It is a side less apparent, though not less strong, than the purely reasoning one, or the one of forcefulness and authority. I shall not embarrass him by telling stories known only to a few intimates. But one incident may be described. In Belgium he avoided the soup-lines and the children's canteens as much as possible; he kept himself to the Brussels office, and had his meetings with the heads of the great national and provincial committees. But one day my wife persuaded him to take an hour from the central office to visit a canteen for sub-normal children.

'He stood silently,' she writes, 'as the sixteen hundred and sixty-two little

boys and girls came crowding in, slipping into their places at the long narrow tables that cut across the great dining-rooms; and, when I looked at him, his eyes had filled with tears. He watched Madame and her husband, a physician, going from one child to another, examining their throats, or their eyes, taking them out to the little clinic for weighing, carrying the youngest in their arms, comforting a sorrowing mother whose little Marie had just died—while all the time the dozen white-uniformed young women hurried up and down the long rows, ladling the potato-stew and the rice dessert.

‘I turned toward Mr. Hoover, and he spoke these true words: “The Women of Belgium have become the Mother of Belgium. In this room is the Relief of Belgium.”’

v

It has been for long our custom to commit the affairs of government to the hands of men whom we call statesmen or politicians. Sometimes the men of this class are indicated as belonging to it by a certain training, but too often only by a certain inclination. This inclination does not always coincide with special competence; in fact, it has so often been associated with incompetence that the name politician, even that of statesman, usually leaves a bad taste in the mouth.

It is unnecessary to try to point out in detail how this condition has come to exist. If we look to Great Britain we may find some explanation. There, government has been, even more than with us, a function of a class. But it has been a class possessing more elements of presumable special fitness and training than with us. Government service in Great Britain has been associated with birth, with inherited means, with a ‘gentleman’s education’ at Oxford or Cambridge, and with

a certain civil-service apprenticeship which at least gave a degree of acquaintanceship with the general form of government organization and with traditionally approved method.

We of America, daughter of England, have undoubtedly taken over from the mother country the idea of government service committed to a special class; but we have not taken with it the idea of birth, means, or special education, either in university or civil service, as necessary prerequisites for admission to this class. And we have probably not suffered very much by not doing so, for Great Britain, in her present great emergency, in this modern trial by fire of her governmental form of organization and method, is rapidly casting her traditions aside—just as we are. A new element of society has been called for, and has conspicuously entered both British and American governments. It is being more quickly and largely used in Washington than in London, because tradition’s hold on us is weaker and more easily broken. But we have no more conspicuous illustrations of this element in our government service than England’s Geddes and Rhondda.

This new element, introduced to assist and strengthen and speed up government, is that of the business man, or, to be exact, of a certain type of business man. It is to the men and methods of business, successful business, that the world has turned in its stress and great need. Washington to-day is a strange sight. Where, of old, Senators of the Prince Albert coat, the large soft hat, and the heavy gold chain, and Congressmen of a basic bucolicness with a translucent veneer of the approved ‘Meet Mr. Smith’ type of geniality and cosmopolitanism, were the characteristic landfalls in any ‘seeing Washington’ experience, now the megaphone is kept busy asking you to note

the passing, with vigorous step or in swift motor, of numerous less picturesque-looking men in sack suits, who are Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown and Mr. Robinson and Mr. Black, the heads of the National Red Cross, and War Industries Board, and Shipping Board, and Food Administration; and, at the same time, partner of J. P. Morgan, and president of this or that great railway system, and great merchant, and great inventor and manufacturer, and great mining engineer. And so on, with successive representatives of the successful business man introduced to your astonished ears and eyes here in Washington — not New York!

There are also, in less number, to be sure, than the partners of Mr. Morgan, but still numerous enough to be noticeable, certain men of yet another class who have been brought abundantly to Washington. You will meet them often in the offices of the business men — more often, perhaps, than you will meet senators and congressmen and other traditional Washingtonians in these plain offices, more abundantly furnished with telephones and stenographers and straight-backed chairs than with rugs, deep leather rockers and other temptations to reminiscential social converse. These other men are named to you as Professor X and Doctor Z. They are men of long study of this or that specialized branch of natural or political science. The governing business men associate these experts, on leave from their universities, with them as advisers and helpers. They do not ask them for aid in organization or administration, but they ask them for special information, and to study this or that special problem on the basis of the fundamental scientific facts and methods with which they are already soundly familiar.

There is much importance for the present, and significance for the future,

in this calling on the proved business men and experts of the country to share in the administrative responsibility in this time of the nation's stress. It is a new phase of our cult of efficiency. And it is a splendid new illustration of the resources of democratic government. The response of the business men, that is, of the right type of business men, has been immediate and whole-hearted. They have dropped private affairs and money-making at the very moment when their undivided personal attention to these matters may mean more in the way of gain, or of minimizing loss, than ever before in their lives, perhaps. They come as volunteers, regardless of titles, of position, or popular recognition, to do their part in public service, to help make our government more effective in time of great emergency, to help save it in a crisis. And when the crisis is past, they will be willing, and will prefer, to go back to their private affairs.

But they will not all be allowed to do this, and others, later, will be called for. Because Washington and the country are learning something. We are taking a new step in the organization of our national administration. By a small angle, but definitely, we are changing the direction of our national evolution. It is going to be possible for our government to have always at its disposal, hereafter, the aid of men of a type new, with some notable exceptions, in public service, although as old in human society as human society itself. For the country is finding a new use for this type, and the type is finding in public service a new opportunity and aim and satisfaction.

On the other hand, as a consequence of the new experience, we are going, without any reciting of 'whereases' and 'resolveds,' or any formulation of rules or regulations, to release ourselves to some extent from government by talk-

ers, wire-pullers, and favorites sons. The test in business organization is capacity, and so it is in government. And our government is now put, for the first time in a long period, rigidly to the test. Managing our government for the rest of our generation — we can see so far, at least, plainly — is going to be a stressful undertaking of big business, expert administration, and willing and self-sacrificing national loyalty. Strong policies more than politics, active doing more than spellbinding, and resourcefulness more than tradition, are going to be characteristic of it. Hence we shall need the Hoovers and Hurleys, the Davisons and Baruchs, the Willards and Rosenwalds, and others like them, in governmental and national affairs for a long time to come.

And I much doubt, indeed, whether we shall ever again try to get on without them.

This is what I mean when I speak of Herbert Hoover as 'type.' He represents typically a class we are discovering in a new light; men of affairs willing to be men of public service, not for salary or glory or named position, but for the satisfaction of doing something for country and humanity. It seems hard to reconcile our carefully cultivated ideas of 'big business' with our ideas of public service. But we have before our eyes the material evidence that some big-business men can be willing and generous and honest public servants. Washington these days is not only a strange sight — it is an inspiring sight.

NOTTE VENEZIANE

SOGNO VENEZIANO

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

I SLEPT in Venice. The bright windy day
Merged into night, along the Zattere,
Over the long Giudecca luminous.
The night was bright and windy; and 't was thus
I fell asleep and let the moonlight fall
Across my face, and scatter on the wall;
And thus I came into the moonlight spell.
I dreamed; and in my dream a darkness fell
Upon the land and water, and the night
Poured like a flood across the infinite.

Then, as I dreamed, the billowy darkness broke
At some soft, slow, insinuating stroke,
And lo! a little core of light began
To waken softly, and its rays outran,
And, by insensible degrees, increased
Into the semblance of a phantom East;
And the whole night gathered and overflowed,
Flood upon flood, until a shining road
Of level water lay out endlessly
Into the outer reaches of the sea.
I floated forth lightly upon it, and
Suddenly, round me, there was no more land,
But rioting from the depths of the sea's caves,
The shining floor broke into hollow waves,
And rocked the house about me, and drove me on
Into the night of waters. Land was gone,
The whole live Earth shrank like a startled snail
Into the shell of heaped-up waters, pale
As moonlight in the moonlight, and now curled
Under and over and round about the world.
And the waves drew me, and the treacherous night
Into the circle of its infinite
Would fain have sucked me, and I saw the moon
Laughing an evil laugh, and the stars swoon
Into an ecstasy of merriment.
Then, knowing I was wholly lost, I sent
A great cry shouting up into the sky,
And leapt upright, and with an echoing cry
Over my head I heard the waters hiss;
And I fell slowly down the sheer abyss,
Age after endless age of such intense
And unimaginably sharp suspense,
That soul and body parted at the stroke;
And with the utter anguish I awoke,
And saw the night grow softly into day
Outside my windows on the Zattere.

POLITICAL STRATEGY

BY ANDRÉ CHÉRADAME

GERMANY is, to all intent, mistress of Central Europe and the Balkans, of Turkey, and of Russia. As I write these lines (in December, 1917), the last part of the German scheme which I set forth in the June *Atlantic* is in preparation. All the disposable forces of Pan-Germany are concentrating on the Western front. If such a state of affairs is possible when the Entente has an abundance of admirable troops and boundless resources, it is because, as Mr. Lloyd George declared in his speech of November 12, with his wonted and most salutary frankness, after more than three years of war the Entente has no strategic plan. What is the cause of this unfortunate condition? That is what it is most important to ascertain first of all, for the Allies cannot think seriously of winning a decisive victory unless the problem of the strategy which is an indispensable necessity of their position is stated in such terms that it can readily be solved. But it has not yet been so stated. To be sure, Mr. Lloyd George dwelt upon the extreme gravity of the situation but, despite the fact that he is certainly the most keen-sighted of the leaders of the Entente in Europe, he did not point out definitely the positive remedies capable of putting an end to a state of affairs which is intolerable because it is infinitely dangerous.

The reason for this absence of concrete suggestions on Mr. Lloyd George's part is that, notwithstanding his great natural intelligence, he too is subject

to that profound failure of insight in respect to the conduct of the war which has befallen all the leading men of the Entente without exception. This failure, which is wholly independent of their will, is due mainly to the fact that the present leaders of the Entente, having one and all been firmly convinced that the war would never take place, had not trained themselves intellectually to carry it on when it should break out.

Moreover, for we must set things down as they are, the majority of these leaders of the Entente knew the political geography of Europe only in the most superficial way. As for the ethnographic detail which plays in this war a fundamental part that is still far from being understood, they know absolutely nothing about it. It is the same with the practical political economy of Central Europe, of the Balkans, and of Turkey, and with their national psychology. Now, these sciences — geography, ethnography, political economy, and national psychology — are absolutely indispensable to the wise conduct of the war; and they do not teach themselves. It is altogether impossible to become familiar with them without hard work, long continued. That is why, even assuming that all the guiding spirits of the Entente are endowed with innate genius, it is absolutely impossible for them, held fast as they are at every moment by the daily, always urgent, demands of a war which took them entirely by surprise and in which they had to improvise everything, to acquire during the con-

flict that intellectual preparation without which the war cannot be effectively carried on.

Strictly speaking, it is possible, by spending enough money, to extemporize in two or three years a supply of war material, and armies in the shape of soldiers and regiments, whereas these same operations would require half a score of years in time of peace; but all the gold on earth is powerless to implant swiftly in any man's brain, however well endowed he may be, the enormous mass of positive knowledge which alone will enable him to evolve the guiding ideas which are indispensable for the conduct of a war so complex as this. Such knowledge and such ideas cannot spring to life spontaneously in a human brain; they cannot make their way into it, and arrange themselves there in the logical order of their relative importance except as the result of a mental training which demands, not only a native intelligence, but an enormous amount of time.

To acquire these essentials William II and his collaborators, despite the vast resources at their disposal, had to work a full quarter of a century. Now, not one of the leaders of the Entente had received, even in the most rudimentary form, down to twenty-five *days* before the war, the special kind of intellectual training without which it is impossible to direct effectively the conduct of this war, which resembles no other war in history because of the vast scope which the Germans have given to it and the endlessly varied methods which they are employing in carrying it on.

These reasons, then, furnish a simple explanation of the fact that, although all the leaders of the Entente have at last agreed to form an Allied Staff, in order to unify the conduct of the war, no one of them is able to say how this staff should be constituted to meet

the special necessities of the conflict. Doubtless they understand perfectly — as indeed the great mass of the public understands — that this is not simply a military war, but a political one as well. But this idea of the connection between the war and politics is still extremely vague and confused. Consequently, then, it is essential, first of all, to give it a definite form.

I. THE REAL CHARACTER OF THE WAR

The first cause of the errors of the Allies in their conduct of the war is their failure thus far to understand clearly its predominant characteristic. Some say, 'This is a war of effectives.' Now the Allies have had for three years an overwhelming superiority in effectives. They have had entire liberty in arming them and making use of them, and yet they are not victorious.

Others of the Allies declare: 'This is a war of matériel.' Another mistaken idea. In the third year of the war the Allies, as a whole, certainly had more matériel at their disposition than their adversaries. Now if, in the second half of 1917, the Russians have given way; if the Italians have allowed their Friuli front to be pierced, it is because they chose not to avail themselves of the matériel on hand. In these instances, then, it is very clear that the moral factor far surpassed the material factor.

Lastly, others of the Allies declare that 'This is a war of credit. When Germany is ruined, she will go to pieces all in a moment.' These men do not understand that, although Germany's *external* credit is beyond question sorely shaken by the stoppage of her exports, on the other hand, her *internal* credit is constantly augmented by the enormous profits which the war enables her to realize.¹ Now this internal

¹ See my articles in the *Atlantic* for November, 1917.

credit is based upon actualities so evident that it will permit the Berlin government to negotiate all the internal loans it may desire, to support the burden of the war as long as is necessary. If the character of the war is not yet understood, it is because it has been shaped in every detail by the Germans themselves, who, having embarked upon it with a concrete end in view, have long been studying the question by what endlessly diversified means they might attain that end. It is their employment of these means which gives to the war its wholly unique character.

The Berlin government entered into this war in order to obtain by conquest the instruments of universal domination. As this was a far-reaching object, the Germans devoted themselves for a quarter of a century to studying all the military, naval, geographic, ethnographic, economic, and national-psychologic problems of the whole world, and especially of Europe. This preparation—profoundly scientific, we must admit—for the gigantic Pangermanist scheme, led the Germans to make a most thorough investigation, not only of everything relating to the army and navy, but also of four political sciences—geography, ethnology, political economy, and national psychology. These four sciences are known, outside of Germany, only in the theoretical or rudimentary stage, whereas the Germans have carried their study of them so far, that they derive from them immense practical powers which have a constant and far-reaching influence on the whole evolution of the war.

The Allied leaders do not even suspect the extreme importance of these factors—for two reasons. In the first place, not one of them has made a sufficient study of the four political sciences in their application to Central and Eastern Europe to realize the extraordinary efficacy of the intensive

use that the Germans are making of them. Secondly, while the powers derived from the political sciences are immense, and as real as the X-rays, like those rays they are invisible.

The constant use of the political sciences, in enormous doses, made by the Germans in their conduct of the war, has this result: that the utilization of the military art alone, even the most highly perfected from a material standpoint, is absolutely insufficient to ensure victory to the Allies. It is because of their failure to understand this that, notwithstanding their boundless resources, they have condemned themselves to the most unrelenting, the most cruel, the most heart-rending disappointments. As a matter of fact, this war not only is not solely a military and naval war—it is, in addition, a geographical war, an ethnographical war, an economic war, a war of national psychology. To define its endlessly complex character by a brief phrase which includes all these factors, we may say that it is a *war of political sciences*.

A few examples derived from actual events will prove that this is not a matter of words alone, but that the utilization of the political sciences is an absolute necessity for the Allies.

Down to the present time the swift invasion of Roumania—October–November, 1916—has been regarded as a triumph of the German heavy artillery. But, while the action of the heavy artillery in forcing the Dobrudja and the passes of the Carpathians was the great physical fact, manifest to all, which determined the German victory, the effective use of the heavy guns was possible only because, long before the military movement was begun, the invasion of Roumania had been prepared for by the Staff at Berlin with the aid of a practical application of the political sciences.

Geographical preparation. In March, 1916, it was known that a system of espionage had been organized in the Roumanian Dobrudja by Germans who alleged archæological explorations as a pretext for their travels. The very precise information thus acquired by the Staff at Berlin was quite indispensable to it. In fact, the Roumanian Dobrudja is a swampy region of a very peculiar nature, altogether impassable under ordinary conditions by the immense and heavy matériel of modern armies. To move quickly through such a country, it was necessary to look ahead — to construct months beforehand, and have in readiness for use on the Bulgarian frontier, innumerable small bridges to be thrown across the streams, and enormous supplies of movable floors, to be used in building, on the unstable soil, artificial roads practicable for motor caissons and the tractors of the heavy artillery.

It was the turning to account of the minute details of the geographical information in the hands of the Germans operating long before the invasion, which enabled her Staff to realize precisely the nature and amount of the special matériel which it was necessary to manufacture and to get together long before the offensive, in order to ensure, when it should be launched, a rapid forward movement of the troops at the predetermined points.

Ethnographical preparation. In the Dobrudja there were Bulgarians and Turks as well as Roumanians. Side by side with the geographical study went the ethnographical research, which made it possible to arrange systematically for a general uprising of these Pro-German elements — a movement which was considerably facilitated by the rapidity of the German invasion.

Economic preparation. Early in October, 1916, before the movement was begun, a number of merchants,

experts in cattle and cereals, and certain specialists in political economy, assembled behind Falkenhayn's front, and were thus all ready to exploit Roumania after the invasion.

Therefore the overthrow of Roumania by means of military operations, — advance of the Kaiser's troops and effective employment of heavy artillery, — which alone were regarded by Allied public opinion as having had a decisive effect, was long anticipated by the geographical, ethnographical, and economic preparation for the military invasion, which was simply a consequence of that preparation. In fact, when one is familiar with the swampy character of the Dobrudja, one can but be satisfied that, without careful forethought for the geographical obstacles and without preparing the means to overcome them, the rapid advance of Falkenhayn's heavy artillery — an inescapable condition of military success after the offensive was started — would have been impossible. On the other hand, it was due to the previously arranged scheme for the economic exploitation of the country that the German troops were able to obtain their supplies on Roumanian territory and thus to force the Russo-Roumanian troops back without delaying. Now, this rapidity of movement was an essential condition of the military success. It is perfectly certain, therefore, in the case we are considering, that the military success of the Germans, which was apparent to all eyes, was achieved only by virtue of the previous employment of three extremely powerful invisible forces, derived from the practical application of geography, ethnography, and political economy — redoubtable forces of which the Allies have as yet made no use in any of their operations.

Utilization of national psychology. The recent occurrences in Russia and

Italy will enable me to demonstrate the even more tremendous power of that other political science — national psychology.

The extraordinary disruption of Russia by Germany, which entails such threatening consequences for the whole world, was brought about, not by force of arms, but by means of a moral propaganda carried on by speech or in print. The reason that this manœuvre has produced such tremendous results is that it was based upon exact data supplied by national psychology — a political science of which the Allies seem not even to suspect the existence. It was by favor of this science, no less subtle than powerful, founded on minute observations, that the Germans were able to exploit unerringly the extraordinary ignorance of actualities of the Russian Socialists, their immeasurable pride, and the artlessness, even the very genuine evangelical spirit, of the Russian people, which lead them naturally to forget affronts, and, lastly, the particularist tendencies of certain Russian nationalities, which the Boche propaganda has transformed into separatist movements to be immediately carried out. Thus the moral, and even the material, dissolution of the vast Russian ex-Empire of one hundred and eighty millions of people was made possible in a few months by the application of national psychology.

Now, although this force is invisible, it is unquestionably far greater than the most stupendous military force imaginable, since its knowledge of the national psychology of the mixed peoples of Russia enabled the Berlin government to obtain a result which could never have been obtained by millions of German troops using the most highly perfected weapons and the most terrifying explosives of the present day in greatest profusion.

Again, it was this same gigantic

force, national psychology, which enabled the Boches to manufacture systematically the 'defeatist' frame of mind, by virtue of which they were able to break through the Italian front at Friuli, which they would probably never have succeeded in doing if they had had to carry by sheer assault the exceedingly strong mountain positions held by the Italians.

II. GERMAN STRATEGY AND THE THREE PHASES OF THE WAR

The utilization of these invisible forces by the Germans has varied in accordance with the changing phases of the war.

One can distinguish three very clearly marked phases in their conduct of the war. By studying them, we can appreciate how the Grand General Staff at Berlin has unvaryingly pursued the same end — the fulfillment of the Pangermanist plan of 1895–1911 — with the assistance of widely different methods, which, taken as a whole, constitute the 'strategy of political sciences,' which necessarily coördinates with the 'war of political sciences.'

First phase — from August 1, to the early days of October, 1914; about two months.

The Staff at Berlin plunged into war confident of a speedy triumph by means of a whirlwind campaign in two acts: first, utter defeat of France in five or six weeks, following an initial blow of formidable and unparalleled intensity; second, a powerful blow against Russia, which would certainly be incapable of resisting single-handed the German armies which had just triumphed over France.

If this scheme could have been carried out, Germany, after a contest of about three months, would have been mistress of the whole of Europe. In that case no Balkan campaign would

have been necessary. Serbia and Roumania would have had no other choice than to submit on the most severe conditions. As for Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey, by the force of events they would have fallen under the absolute hegemony of Berlin. As a result of this new state of affairs Pan-Germany would have been constituted without visible effort, — automatically as it were, — thus assuring Prussianism of the domination of the rest of the world.

But the calculations of the German Grand General Staff were upset by events not only unforeseen but coincident: the invasion of East Prussia by the Russians, the resistance of Belgium, the intervention of Great Britain, the much greater consumption of munitions than had been anticipated, and, finally, by the victory of the Marne, which was in large measure the consequence of all these facts. During this first phase, marked throughout by violence carried to the point of frenzy, the German strategy was purely military — the strategy of political sciences had not yet appeared.

Second phase — from October, 1914, to December, 1917; about thirty-eight months.

At the beginning of October, 1914, William II's Grand Staff found itself constrained to abandon the idea of carrying through the Pangermanist scheme by means of the whirlwind campaign which it had prepared. It was obliged therefore to plan to attain its object by means of a long war. It resigned itself the more readily to this necessity because it knew that it was infinitely better supplied than the Allies with material to bring about the essential moral and physical conditions — various and complicated as they are — of a long-drawn struggle.

Furthermore, on the morrow of the battle of the Marne, the Staff had been

in a position to appreciate the extraordinary defensive power of strongly fortified continuous points, consisting of deep trenches protected by barbed-wire entanglements; a defensive system the technique of which it had studied exhaustively since the Russo-Japanese War (1904–1905), whereas it was wholly unknown to the French and British. For these reasons, from the battle of the Marne (October, 1914) down to the end of the first phase of the offensive against Italy, that is, to December, 1917, a period of thirty-eight months, the whole tactics of Berlin has been directed to the object of carrying out a programme composed of the following elements: —

1. To organize an immovable defensive on the Western front, while pretending now and then to attempt a genuine attack.

2. To carry out without pause a series of circular offensives against Russia, Serbia, and Roumania, in order to seize one after another the territories of those states, which are essential to the constitution of Central Pan-Germany according to the plan of 1895.

3. To take advantage of these successive offensives on the Eastern fronts to go to the very vitals of Germany's allies, properly so-called: that is to say, under color of helping Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey to defend themselves against Russia, Serbia, and Roumania, to organize those three countries militarily and economically to the precise degree and in the precise form necessary to bring it about that even, at need, without changing their ancient names and the frontiers of 1914, they should contribute to practical purpose, and almost without suspecting it, to the constitution of Central Pan-Germany. The plan of 1895 assigned to Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey an



Map printed in Berlin in 1895, and distributed by the Pangermanist League, showing the frontiers of Central Pan-Germany 'as they should be in 1950.' It will be observed that the line of the projected frontier includes Italian (or Venetian) Friuli, which the Austro-Germans have recently taken, but stops a little short of their present front, as shown by the line added to the map by the author.

essential and indispensable part to play in its execution.

Let us, first of all, prove, with the aid of a document of unquestionable authenticity twenty-two years old, that this was actually the plan of the Berlin Staff.

The Pan-Germanist plan of 1895, which is that of Central Pan-Germany,

the formation of which is the first condition of carrying out all the other Pangermanist plans, is set forth in detail in a pamphlet published at Berlin in 1895, with a colored map, under the title, *Greater Germany and Central Europe about 1950*. The extraordinary importance of this pamphlet is no longer open to question, for these three

reasons. First, from 1895 on it was spread broadcast among the German masses by the Pangermanist League (*Alldeutsche Verband*), whose action after that time in making war inevitable was as deplorable as it was persistent and notorious. Second: everything points to the probability that this action of the Pangermanist League toward executing a concrete scheme of annexations was secretly but very definitely agreed upon with the Berlin Grand Staff. Third: the force of this assumption is peremptorily proved by the fact that *the German Grand Staff, from the beginning of the second phase of the war, has carried it on in a way exactly in accord with the political Pangermanist plan set forth in the pamphlet of 1895.*

- In very truth, after an interval of a score of years, coincidences so perfect as these between plans and their execution cannot assuredly be fortuitous. The verification of what I say is supplied by the map printed herewith, a reproduction of the map of the pamphlet of 1895, upon which I have had the colors represented by lines and have shown the German front as it was at the end of 1917. Now, it will be noticed that the German armies have stopped a little beyond the lines marking the future frontiers of Central Pan-Germany, or in the positions that are necessary to make sure the creation of the satellite states of Pan-Germany to the eastward. Thus, on the Eastern front, they have stopped on lines laid down beforehand, even when they had before them no Russian troops capable of opposing their further advance. Our map also enables us to declare on the most irrefutable testimony that the offensive against Italy — that is to say, first of all, the seizure of Italian Friuli, which was such a surprise to the Allied Staffs — was provided for most definitely in the plan of

1895. In fact, on our map, Italian Friuli is plainly included in Pan-Germany, and in the text of our pamphlet, *published in Berlin twenty-two years ago*, is a passage on the rectification of frontiers between Italy and Austria which the Pangermanists had already determined to be indispensable. On page 19 we read as follows: —

‘The frontier between Italy and Austria will start at Marmolata, and will run by Monte Cristallo, Monte Croce, and Paralba to the water-shed between the Piave and the Tagliamento. It will continue by Monte Cridola, Monte Premaggiore, Monte Valcolda, and Spilimberga, and will follow the line of the lower Tagliamento to the sea.’

Now, on November 22, Italian aviators recorded the fact, confirmed by German officer-prisoners, that extensive fortifications had been constructed by the Austro-Germans to form a Hindenburg line ‘on the line of the Tagliamento,’ that is to say, precisely on the frontier-line laid down in 1895.

Lastly, the Austro-Boche schemes of annexation in this region have been plainly asserted. In the orders of the day to his troops on November 4, the Emperor of Austria described the invasion of Italian Friuli as the ‘liberation of my territory on the Adriatic littoral,’ a phrase which suggests explicitly both the idea of premeditation and the idea of conquest.

Let us remark in passing that, as in the matter of Poland and indeed in all others, the Emperor of Austria coöperates docilely in the execution of the Pangermanist ideas of Berlin. Certain persons of the Entente believe that the government of Vienna is subjugated by Berlin, whose tyrannous yoke it would be glad to shake off. Nothing of the sort is true. Even though the hegemony of Berlin may be offensive to Austrian self-esteem, the leaders in

Vienna and Budapest submit to it readily enough for this simple reason: the dynasty of the Hapsburgs realizes perfectly well that its fate is bound up with that of the Prussian autocracy, and that it can save itself only by saving the Hohenzollerns, that is to say, by strengthening the enormous extension of Prussian militarism. If this point of view had been grasped at the outset by the Entente, blunders resulting in endless evil consequences could never have been committed.

Our pamphlet and map prove therefore that in the second phase of the war the German Staff subordinated everything to the determination to create Central Pan-Germany first of all. This determination is easily explained when one is familiar with the Pangermanist ideas and the conditions of their fulfillment. Brought abruptly face to face, after the battle of the Marne, with a redoubtable coalition which it had not foreseen, and which threatened to take in the whole world, the German Staff knew perfectly well that the military forces alone of Germany and Austria-Hungary, in view of the ineradicable hostility of the Slavs and Latins who form the majority of the population of the Empire of the Hapsburgs, and because of the insufficient food-supply of the Central Empires, could not resist the combined forces of Russia, France, and Great Britain. On the other hand, the exhaustive investigations pursued for more than twenty years in preparation for putting into effect the Pangermanist plan, had shown the German staff that a Central Pan-Germany actually constituted, comprising, in addition to the Central Empires, the Balkans and Turkey, would contain all the military and economic elements necessary to confront a formidable coalition.

Indeed, it was because it had been established before the war that Cen-

tral Pan-Germany would supply Germany with the means of universal domination, that the war was begun. Under these conditions, then, it was absolutely logical that the German Staff, before seeking to obtain a final decision in the West should have determined to create a Central Pan-Germany, either at the expense of Russia, Serbia, and Roumania, or, by dissembling its purpose, at the expense of Berlin's own allies, who, by the very fact of this creation of Pan-Germany would automatically become more and more completely the vassals of Germany.

It is not true, therefore, as people still say incessantly among the Allies because of their extraordinary and obstinate ignorance of the Pangermanist plan, that the Germans, for three years past, have by their circular offensives simply been seizing territorial pledges; no — during the second phase of the war the Germans have taken possession of the various fragments of territory essential to the formation of Central Pan-Germany, not regarding them as pledges, but as acquisitions long anticipated, or as destined to remain forever in subjection to the will of Berlin.

Of course, to refute my interpretation of events, any one can say, 'But Verdun proves that the Germans wished to break through on the Western front early in 1916.' This objection has only an apparent or very imperfect force. In reality, the German offensive against Verdun was of a twofold character which is not yet understood by the Allies, still because of their ignorance of the Pangermanist plan. In the conception of the German staff the Verdun operation had, not one, but two objectives — a *maximum* and a *minimum*. If the maximum objective could have been secured, that is to say, if the morale of the French *pouls* could

have been destroyed by the length and the savagery of the German offensive; if the Germans had succeeded in breaking through and taking Paris, France, struck to the heart, would unquestionably have been put out of the war. Verdun, therefore, may and should be regarded as an attempt to break through and to resume the warfare of movement.

But what must be clearly understood is that, even if they had been certain at the outset that this maximum result was absolutely impossible of attainment, still the Germans would have undertaken the Verdun operation; for to them it had its full justification in view of the extreme importance of the *minimum* objective which it had in the conception of the Staff — an objective which, as we shall see, was in conformity with the general decision at Berlin to constitute Central Pan-Germany first of all, before really thinking of annihilating France by a genuine offensive.

This demonstration brings me to the setting forth of a series of points of view which have never, to my knowledge, been suggested.

Not until the early days of 1916, did Germany, as a sequel of the recent seizure of Serbia, come into direct geographical contact with Bulgaria and Turkey. Berlin was still a long way from having organized the various resources of those two countries — resources which were indispensable to her to enable her to continue the war.

Now, at that very time, certain persons in France were making persistent efforts to have the French and British supply the expeditionary force at Saloniki with the powerful means of action which it ought to have. These efforts were on the point of success, for a very large body of public opinion had become convinced of the consid-

erable importance of the Balkan theatre. If therefore the Eastern army of the Allies had received quickly the powerful reinforcements which the leaders in Paris and London did not give it, as the Bulgarians had not as yet the necessary matériel for fortifying themselves strongly, it is exceedingly probable that the Allies would have been able to recover the Danube front, that is, the strategic position which was the key of the whole war; for its possession alone, by putting into effect automatically the land blockade of Austria-Germany, and depriving her of the men and supplies without which she could not go on fighting, would have assured the Entente a complete victory, with efforts tenfold less vigorous than those which have been compulsorily decided upon, with the result that we know.

The German Staff, realizing fully that the lengthening of the war would be of advantage only to that one of the two groups of belligerents which should be in possession of the Danube front, spied an immense peril in the campaign carried on in France in favor of Saloniki. It determined therefore, at any cost, to prevent the Allies from ascribing to their actions in the Balkans the importance which would have made it possible to bring to naught all the Pangermanist plans. To divert the attention of the Allies from Saloniki-Belgrade, a violent and persistent offensive against Verdun was the best expedient that could be imagined, given the fact that the Pangermanist scheme was at that time wholly unknown to the Allied leaders.

In fact, the Verdun operation, by threatening the very heart of France, presented from the German standpoint this enormous psychological advantage, that it apparently justified those of the French and British leaders, who at that time regarded the Saloniki

expedition with the opposite of sympathy. Indeed, early in 1916 they were still claiming that the Balkans could not have any decisive influence on the result of the war, since they were sure, as they declared, that they could break through the Western front — which they called the most important one — whenever and wherever they chose.

Under these conditions it is easy to see why a part of the press also — and hence of public opinion — was hostile to the Saloniki expedition, in France, but especially in England. This being so, a vigorous offensive against Verdun could not fail to strengthen these currents running counter to the Balkan expedition by seeming to justify the opposition that had been offered to it. Thus the minimum — but exceedingly important — objective of the Verdun operation consisted in preventing the Allies from shifting the chief theatre of the war to the Balkans in the beginning of 1916. This minimum objective was completely attained.

Unquestionably the Verdun operation was expensive to the Kaiser's troops; but in reality those enormous sacrifices had their justification, since they resulted in enabling Berlin to complete the formation of Central Pan-Germany, which alone could furnish the means of contending against the world-wide coalition. It cannot be denied that Verdun, by reason of the Allies' ignorance of the Pangermanist plan, caused them to throw away their last chance of sending sufficient reinforcements to the Balkan front before the Austro-Germans and Bulgars had the necessary time and matériel to make it, humanly speaking, about as hard to break through as the Western front.

Third phase — from December, 1917 to —. As Central Pan-Germany has become an accomplished fact in thirty-eight months, and as its military

and political forces have been sufficiently developed, the combined consequences of the length of the war and of the existence of Central Pan-Germany, have manifested themselves in accordance with the anticipations of the German Staff. As Russia, under the government of the Tsar, was not put in a condition to sustain a long struggle either morally or materially, — indeed, the Petrograd government was never capable of doing so, — and as she was, later, completely disorganized by the Maximalist traitors and maniacs, she has foundered. As a consequence Roumania is reduced to impotence. Thus, at the moment that I am writing these words, only the Allied army at Saloniki continues to embarrass the German Staff. But that army not having been reinforced sufficiently to form as dangerous a menace as was necessary, the Staff has already, in effect, a sufficiently free hand in the East to enter upon the third and last phase of the war, that is to say, to concentrate on the Western front the whole of the disposable forces of Pan-Germany, — Germans, Austro-Hungarians, Bulgarians, and Turks, — in order to make another trial of the war of movement likely to bring about the final decision.

At this moment the concentration is proceeding with all possible speed. But we must thoroughly grasp the fact that in the German scheme the general offensive in the West is regarded as a very complex operation, necessitating recourse to the strategy of the political sciences, and hence of national psychology, which lies at the root of all the German pacifist manœuvres.

III. THE GERMAN PACIFIST MANŒUVRES AND POLITICAL STRATEGY

In reality Germany has succeeded in creating Central Pan-Germany only

with the aid, since the beginning of the second phase of the war, of her six main pacifist manœuvres: a separate peace between Berlin and one of the Entente Allies; a separate peace between Turkey, Bulgaria, and Austria-Hungary and the Entente; the democratization of Germany; peace through the International; the armistice trick; and the drawn game of the deceptive formula, 'peace without annexations or indemnities.'

These six manœuvres, which have served in some sort as a screen for the never-ending military achievements of the German armies, had as their chief object the exploitation to the utmost extent of the intellectual lacunæ of which the Germans had detected the existence among the Allies — that is to say: —

1. The incredible yet indubitable ignorance on their part of the Pan-Germanist plan. Even at the present moment this ignorance is still so great that some of the leaders and some even of the great newspapers of the Entente are wondering what Germany's real war-aims can be, when they have been laid bare for twenty-two years past in numberless German publications, and the whole German people knows them, and the geographical boundaries of Pan-Germany correspond exactly to those indicated in the basic plan of 1895, as our map shows. It is this undeniable ignorance on the part of the Allies which has enabled the Germans constantly to spread the belief that they were going to stop; whereas in reality they have planned and executed without a pause the series of offensives destined to constitute Central Pan-Germany.

2. The credulity of the Allied diplomacy, which ever since the outbreak of war has allowed itself to be deluded into incessant negotiations, official or semi-official, with the Turks, the Bul-

gars, and the government of Vienna. This credulity contributed largely to the loss by the Allies of the Danube front, the key to the war.

3. The credulity of the Allied Socialists, which is as extraordinary as that of the diplomatists. The Socialists have been hoodwinked by means of the Stockholm manœuvre, which has had the following disastrous results: the accession to power of Lenine; anarchy in Russia; the capture of Riga; the conquest of the Baltic; the fact that many Allied Socialists have declared their adherence to the Boche formula of 'no annexations or indemnities,' without a suspicion that its application would assure the overwhelming triumph of Prussian militarism and the autocracy; the piercing of the Italian front through the 'defeatist' campaign; and, finally, the armistice with Russia and Roumania, which puts them at Germany's discretion while leaving her at liberty to devote all the effectives at her disposal to the final offensive in the West.

This last manœuvre was sure to be attended by a lot of others, of which the chief are easily detected already. Portugal is to be detached from the Entente. The recent pronunciamento, issued at Lisbon early in December, 1917, has begun the process. Switzerland, deeply undermined by the German propaganda, as was proved by the disturbances at Zurich in November last, is to be violated. If the passage of troops through Switzerland should become possible, the Germans would seize Marseilles and Toulon. France would then be cut off from the Mediterranean, and the situation for which the Boche propaganda has long been laying wires in Spain, would then produce all the results foreseen. The scheme is to align Spain against the Entente through the medium of the junta of pro-German officers who are

to create a military dictatorship, receiving its orders from Berlin and managed by Prince von Ratibor, German Ambassador at Madrid.

To sum up — the 'idealistic' offensive of Pan-Germany against all of Western Europe which is still outside the rays of the light that shines from Berlin, as it is projected by the Staff of William II, is to be executed finally by means of a land attack, on a line which will form a complete envelopment on the day when the intrigues of Berlin have reached their fruition in Switzerland and Spain. Furthermore, it is probable that the attack on the Western front will be made up of several simultaneous Verduns, in order to involve the Franco-British troops, admirable in their gallantry and courage, but manifestly fatigued by three years and a half of atrocious warfare, in a momentary weakness which will make possible the piercing of the wall behind which the freedom of the world is still sheltered.

It is clear, moreover, that the general offensive of the Pan-German forces against the Western front must, in order to be successful, take place before American troops, having gone through the training that is indispensable to make them into effective fighting men, have arrived in sufficient numbers to reinforce that front.

Let us glance now at the other side. If the German offensive now in preparation on the West presents a very serious and undeniable danger, we must consider as well that it will have to reckon with many contingencies. The disposable forces of Pan-Germany which can be concentrated on the Western front are tired out, whereas the Allied troops on that front are infinitely more numerous, better equipped and disciplined than they were at the time of the attack on Verdun. It is extremely probable, therefore, that the

Verdun achievement will be repeated on a gigantic scale, thus postponing the definitive decision and giving the Allies another chance to conquer Pan-Germany if they decide to make use at long last of the large unemployed forces existing in Pan-Germany itself which I have described in a previous paper.

The grave nature of these contingencies is well understood at Berlin. That is why the preparation for the general offensive against the Western front is sure to be attended by the same pacifist manoeuvres which, by bringing about anarchy in the Russian front and rear, have enabled the German Staff to avoid an expensive military movement which the moral downfall of Russia has made unnecessary, while leaving the Germans to become *de facto* masters of the former Empire of the Tsars by virtue of the monstrous Maximalist delusion.

It is plain, in truth, that if — let us pose this hypothesis in order to make our argument plausible — a decided moral backsliding should manifest itself among the Allies in the West, the general military offensive against them of the forces of Pan-Germany, involving such great losses and so many contingencies, would cease to have any purpose; for fallacious negotiations on the basis of a so-called peace by agreement, of which the negotiations of the Boches with the Maximalists give a very succinct idea, would suffice to assure Germany of a complete victory, avoiding the necessity of its making itself manifest by a brilliant military operation as a tangible sign.

For this reason. The war-expenditures of France and Great Britain are so formidable that, unless the conflict ends with the utter defeat of Germany, making possible a progressive reparation for the incredible damage caused by her, a few months of the Boche peace — the 'peace by agreement' —

would suffice to cause, if our hypothesis should prove true, the French and English bank-notes to lose their value, and there would ensue in France and Great Britain a financial, economic, and moral disaster of such gigantic proportions that those two countries could no longer offer the slightest resistance to the constantly augmented economic and military resources of triumphant Pan-Germany. At that moment the Germans, without the slightest risk, could overrun France as far as Bayonne. And on the day when affairs reached this pass, the Germans would meet with no serious obstacle to their projected invasion of the British Isles.

IV. CONCLUSIONS

The analysis we have made of the German methods of warfare proves that the strategy of the Grand Staff at Berlin, infinitely more complex than the purely military variety, is a strategy of the political sciences.

This is a result of the fact that the creation of the complex Pangermanist scheme has led the Germans to realize that the solution of every great problem susceptible of statement demands for its performance an accurate acquaintance with, and, generally speaking, the employment of six well-defined factors: a military factor; a naval factor (in fact a problem that seems to affect only the centre of Europe always has in certain aspects some reaction on the general naval situation); a geographical factor; an ethnological factor; an economic factor; and a national-psychologic factor.

It results from this that a military operation to be executed on land, on the sea, or in the air, as soon as it proves to have any relation whatsoever to the general conduct of the war, is not decided upon at Berlin until the

following points have been determined by means of a documentation always kept in sight.

1. The military or naval, geographical, ethnographical, economic, and national-psychologic conditions of the execution of the operation proposed.

2. If the operation should be successful, what would be its military, naval, geographical, ethnological, economic, and national-psychologic reactions on the general situation?

The result of these considerations is that the solution of every problem presented by the general conduct of the war requires the solution of an equation with six unknown quantities, not one of which is negligible.

To place in relief the extreme importance of this last aspect of the matter, I will take as an example the unknown ethnographic quantity. The determination of this quantity is so indispensable to the proper conduct of the world-war, that the German Grand Staff, although already possessed of a documentation of exceptional value on the ethnographic questions, carefully got together in peace-time, does not, nevertheless, deem itself justified in neglecting other sources of information. That is why it has mobilized in its service all Germans who are specially familiar with foreign countries, particularly those who are experts as to the various nationalities of Austria-Hungary, the Balkans, and Russia. Thus no major operation which may have an effect on foreign peoples is decided upon at Berlin until the opinion of these specialists has been most seriously considered.

It was by virtue of this information, — of a purely psychological and intellectual order, — that the Germans were able to obtain in the East, and especially in Russia, the successes of which we are all aware, although the normal condition of affairs was exceed-

ngly unfavorable to them, and would have remained so, had the Allies known enough to make the very slight effort which would have sufficed to effect that result.

To summarize, then — it is in the strategy of scientific politics — that is to say, in the intellectual management of the war in every domain — that the whole secret of the German victories resides. In like manner, it is the ignorance on the part of the Allies of this kind of strategy which explains their successive set-backs and their constant disappointments despite the superabundance of their material resources. Now, this ignorance is so undeniable that, after three years and

a half of war, it is impossible to point to a single operation of theirs, of which the geographical, ethnological, economic, and national-psychologic conditions of its execution have been first seriously studied. They have not even thought of such a thing; and at the present moment their leaders have no organization intellectually equipped to solve a complete strategic equation.

But such an organization is absolutely essential to winning a victory. All the elements exist for creating it whenever they choose, in such wise that it will give practical results with comparative promptitude.

This is what I propose to prove in my next article.¹

¹ To be printed in the April *Atlantic*.

SCHOOL CHILDREN OF FRANCE

BY OCTAVE FORSANT

I

THE four compositions given below, taken from the collection of papers written for the examinations for the Diploma in 1915, and reproduced word for word, give a clearer idea than any commentary of the mental qualities of the children of Rheims. I may add that the details given are as exact as possible.

This is how young André Deligny describes the entry of the Germans at Rheims on September 4, 1914.

'After breakfast, and without asking my parents' leave, because I knew very well that it would not have been granted, I started out alone to see the Ger-

mans, who had just arrived in the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville. In front of the Mayor's office I saw ten or twelve horses hitched to lamp-posts; some German cavalry were going to and fro on the opposite sidewalk, with their hands behind their backs and looking rather ill at ease. One of the policemen who were holding back the crowd made us fall back, saying that the German Staff was just coming. It was n't long before they came. A magnificent limousine drove out of rue Colbert. Five officers got out, revolvers in hand, and the car went in under the arch at the left.

'Suddenly there was a loud report like a clap of thunder. We pricked up

our ears, but the policeman reassured us, saying that the Germans were firing blank shots to celebrate the arrival of their staff. In a minute there was a second shot, and a third, and finally a fourth which sounded much louder than the others. At the same time pieces of iron and lumps of lead came tumbling down from the roofs near-by, and the policeman cried, "Sauve qui peut!"

'I understood then that it was a bombardment. I ran off in a fright; I don't even know now through what streets I ran, until I came out on Place d'Erlon. The square was deserted; there was nothing to be seen but an abandoned tram-car, without a conductor. At that sight I was more frightened than ever, I ran faster, and during that frantic race I had to lie flat on my stomach several times for fear of the shells. At last I got home: my mother was standing at the door, anxious enough; but I told her I was all right and confessed my disobedience. That bombardment taught me a lesson, and I determined not to go out any more without my parents' consent. I was made very sad by what I had seen: they were the first atrocities committed by the Germans in Rheims, where they were to commit so many others.'

Young Angéline Menny describes in these words the return of the French to Rheims eight days after September 12, as the result of the Victory of the Marne.

'The eighth day we had spent under the German yoke had come to an end, as always, in sadness and despair. Suddenly a cannon-shot like a thunder-clap made us jump. Two or three more followed, and then the cannon roared without interruption. Hope sprang again: could it be the French returning? After a sleepless night during which we heard the rain and wind and cannon roaring, we were just going

home when — oh, a miracle! — we saw in the distance the red trousers. In a few seconds all the streets were hung with flags. We had suffered so terribly to see our city occupied by the enemy and to hear the Boches singing their hymn of victory in every street! How great was our joy to see our defenders once more! We no longer felt our weariness. Everybody ran after them; people embraced them, and laughed, and wept, and acted like madmen. You would have said that a mother had found her child who she thought was lost.

'The shops were not large enough for their customers; everybody was offering sweets to our liberators. When they came in front of the Hôtel de Ville, the Mayor received them and saluted them from the steps. Many Germans surrendered in the streets. That will be the happiest day of my life.'

Lecoq Raymond, a pupil, tells in these words of one of the numerous bombardments of which he was a spectator and nearly a victim.

'Day before yesterday we were just eating breakfast. It was half-past seven when a shell passed over our heads and burst a hundred metres away. We jumped to our feet and listened. The shells were falling now by fours in our quarter and bursting with a tremendous crash. From the house we could hear the noise of falling tiles and beams and all sorts of things. Through the open window — it was a warm morning — we watched the smoke, sometimes white, sometimes gray or reddish, rise in the air, taking strange shapes; and at the same time the fumes of burning powder got into our throats. The hissing noises came fast, one on another. A shell burst 50 metres from our house; a yellowish smoke rose from it, and with a sharp hiss a fragment buried itself in the wall a metre from the window. We hurried

down into the cellar and stayed there an hour; then, as the bombardment had stopped, we went up, and resumed our ordinary life.

'The next day I went out to see what damage had been done: unhappily there was a great deal. As I walked along, I saw the doors of the shops which were still occupied open; people went and came without hurrying, looking at the ruins. A traveling kitchen went through the street with a pleasant smell of soup. Housekeepers were going to and fro, one with a basket on her arm. A nice old man who had not left his house went out to get his newspaper. For my part, I took my school satchel and went off to school, where I tried to work hard so as to obtain the Diploma as a reward of my efforts.'

Last of the four, Georgette Thierrus tells the story of the battle of Thillois, near Rheims, which she saw with her own eyes.

'In the last ten months many historical events have occurred: one of them happened in my village, and I shall never forget it. Early in September the villages near mine were occupied by the Germans; ours was visited by only a few of the enemy. But on the second, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the invaders appeared, to the number of several thousand. They quartered themselves and passed the night in the houses and lofts and barns. The next morning they started early and dug trenches in the fields. Several officers said to us, "Hide in your cellars or clear out; the French are coming, and we're going to fight."

'We did not believe a word of it; we thought that they meant to pillage our houses. Not at all — what they said was quite true. In fact, at a quarter past two the machine-guns which the Germans had set up in the church tower began to crackle, then the cannon roared loudly; several of the guns

were near our houses. The French did not fire on the village, because they wanted to spare the people, but into the near-by fields. They attacked the Germans several times, but were driven back. It was not until four in the afternoon that, victorious at last, they made their way into the village and drove the Germans out with the bayonet. Alas! about two hundred of our soldiers had fallen. The Germans had had losses too, but they made haste to burn their dead. Once more the French had shown their gallantry and courage, for they had been victorious over superior forces.

'I think that it was a very beautiful death for my fellow countrymen, sacrificing themselves thus to defend their country, and I wish with all my heart that their souls may enjoy the everlasting happiness they deserve.'

II

Finally, here are a few extracts from my own journal of life at Rheims, particularly of school-life, during the bombardment.

Rheims, an open city, has been without remission under the enemy's fire from September 12, 1914, to this day. As the school year does not begin till October, I will say nothing here of what happened in August and September, 1914. However, there is much to be said of life in Rheims during that period, when, in the course of a few days, we passed with confusing rapidity from blind and enthusiastic confidence in victory to fears of invasion, to general panic, to crowded flight from the city, and, finally, to the horrors of German invasion!

We lived much out-of-doors, the weather being superb; the streets were always black with people. During the first days the crowd was especially

dense on the Laon bridge, from which could be seen, day and night, the long garlanded convoys which followed one another at intervals of fifteen or twenty minutes, carrying our troops, light-hearted and singing. After that people collected rather on the driveways in front of the railway station where the first prisoners were brought, whom every one wanted to see; and before long — in the night-time — our first wounded.

About August 11 the flood of Belgians fleeing before the enemy and straggling through the Cérès faubourg, gave us our first glimpse of the terrible reality. From that time until early in September, that daily picture grew more and more sombre. After the Belgians of Liège came those of Charleroi; then our ill-fated compatriots from Givet, Mezières, and Rethel, falling back in haste before a foe who drove them like a flock of sheep. And we looked on at the pitiable procession of those poor creatures herding before them their loitering lean cattle; the old creaky wagons with a bale or two of hay on the floor, on which were heaped pell-mell children and old men, kitchen stove and bird-cage, and little family keepsakes, often of the most trivial sort.

Then came the retreat of our army. First the corps of mobilized customs officers marched through the Cérès faubourg in column of fours. Then the dragoons, the hussars, and the rest of the cavalry who had gone to the front with such enthusiasm a fortnight before; they were now to re-form behind Rheims, awaiting the time for falling back again to the Marne, where the 'great stand' was to be made, at last.

February 2, 1915. What grievous sights in these streets, for six months under bombardment! The windows of the fine shops, almost all shattered by the explosions, have been replaced, here by a shop-front three fourths of

wood, with a pane or two of glass in it yonder by shutters made entirely of wood, so that the door has to be kept open to light the interior; in other places by unplanned boards or by sheet-iron. On rue de Talleyrand some large panes, badly cracked, have been mended with strips of paper of all colors. On rue des Deux-Anges an instrument-maker's shop is closed by box-lids with the inscription, which happens to be just where the door used to be, 'Open on this side.' Not far away, a tailor's shop, formerly of great consequence, is indicated by this simple line written in ink with a pointed stick: '*Auberge, Tailor — Civil and Military.*' A dealer in motor-cycles on rue de l'Étape has gone to even less expense, and, in his haste, has simply scrawled in chalk on the panels of his door, in huge letters: 'For cyclists' supplies, apply at the nearest shop.' On a corner of the same street a saloon-keeper has boarded up his place with the leaves of his table. And on the public monuments, in the squares, pretty nearly everywhere, printed on green paper that attracts the eye, but is torn half across and defaced, appears the detestable German 'Proclamation,' informing the people of Rheims that, the enemy forces having taken possession of the 'city and fortress' (!), there is nothing for them to do but behave themselves if they do not wish to incur some of the numerous penalties to which they are liable — notably, hanging. Then follows a long, interminable list of hostages.

Do not imagine, however, that the city, although bombarded every day, is a dead city. On rue de Vasles the traffic is active enough between eight and ten o'clock in the morning and after two in the afternoon, for our excellent neighbors, always most methodical, generally shower us with bombs between ten and two. A number of shops are open, and well patronized,

oo; the 'civil' customers, contrary to what one might expect, are as numerous as the military.

Monday, February 22, 1915. Such a fearful night! The weather was superb yesterday (Sunday): bright sunshine, temperature mild, and absolutely calm; all Rheims was out-of-doors. At five minutes to nine in the evening an ominous whistling was heard, followed by an explosion very near; almost immediately there were more whistlings and more explosions, and more and more, without a pause. We all ran hurriedly down to the cellar, where some neighbors soon joined us. We stayed there till twenty minutes past two. Outside the shells went whistling by continuously, in gusts of eight or ten, and those incessant whistlings echoed under the arches of our place of refuge, splitting our ears with the crash.

About eleven o'clock, in a momentary lull, I went up to the attic. I could distinguish four or five huge fires. Ten minutes had not passed when renewed explosions, close at hand, warned me that the shower was not at an end.

When I returned to the cellar the women who had hurried to that shelter and had seated themselves there, as best they could, on chairs and benches and planks, were shivering with cold. Their nervous excitement manifested itself in a different way in each of them. Mademoiselle P—— laughed continually — a nervous laugh which it was painful to hear; Mademoiselle C—— talked incessantly, as if to forget herself and to seem self-possessed; and Madame F——, at every near-by explosion, cried out wildly, 'Still another!'

The shells fell in front and behind, in the canal, in the fields (where often they did not explode), on the neighboring houses (where they made an infernal uproar), in the distance, in the centre of the city, everywhere. Half-

past two, three o'clock came and went, and, numb with cold as well as overcome with fatigue, we went up to bed. But, notwithstanding our overwhelming weariness, how could we sleep after such horrors?

This morning, I am told that no less than 3000 or 4000 shells fell in Rheims during the night. Not a single district was spared, but rue de Vesles was especially unfortunate. There must be many victims in the city. On rue de l'Étape two women were buried in the ruins of their house, and the firemen who, all too few in number, strove vainly all night long to put out the fires, have just started out to liberate those who are imprisoned in the ruins.

Monday, March 29. Still another bad day. Since six in the morning the aeroplanes have been flying in every direction. At a quarter past eleven a Boche plane flew over the Courlancy quarter and dropped five bombs, one on the road to Bizannes, where it killed a woman. Tremendous excitement among the school-children of Courlancy when they heard those tremendous reports. I had the children collected in a small square room in the middle of the building which seems to me more sheltered than the others. A word of encouragement to them all, and the children recovered their cheerful aspect; and, when the aeroplane had passed over, the classes were resumed within a quarter of an hour. The next day not a child was missing; such is the effect that German bombs produce on the children of Rheims!

Sunday, September 19. There is much talk in the city of a proclamation of General Joffre, which is said to have been read to the troops at three o'clock to-day. Some people believe that they can give its exact words. Mademoiselle F—— 'fortifies' Madame L——'s class-room with rows of chests filled with linen, with tables

piled on each other, with furniture and armchairs, and places a bed on top! The entrance to the cellar is closed with bags filled with stones. I order the linen closets on the first floor to be emptied and the contents taken down to the cellar. We place all the furniture and the piano in the kitchen, which seems to be less exposed. To-day there is still less animation in the city, and we can hear a very intense cannonading by our own forces on the eastern front.

January 31, 1916. I have performed to-day one of the most painful duties of my office. To the roaring of the cannon we attended the obsequies of Madame Communal, a young teacher, who died prematurely of a disease that had been undermining her health for several months. At eight in the morning, the whole staff met at the house of death in the Laon faubourg. It was a magnificent day, an ideal time for Taubes and Fokkers. By rues Anquetil, Saint-Thierry, and Mont d'Arène, the procession wended its way to rue des Trois Fontaines, to the chapel of a private school now become the humble church of the district, the Church of Saint-Thomas not being in condition to be used. The priest, an aged country curé, began to say Mass. Throughout the service we heard the loud reports of heavy guns; and bursting bombs responded in the Litany. The roar of the instruments of death thus punctuating the funeral ceremony, whose religious tranquillity they disturbed, was tremendously impressive! The little church was full to overflowing; in the front rows was the whole staff of Rheims teachers, who had come from the most distant parts of the city, without thought of the danger, to bring the last testimony of their bereaved sympathy for a colleague for whom they had a special esteem.

And now we are on the way to the

North Cemetery, so frequently bombarded and peppered with shells. The custodian was killed there recently before his door, and the number of victims killed by the enemy on the Place de la République near-by is too great to count. The family burial lot is at the far end of the cemetery. The procession moves through endless winding paths, passing among tombs shattered or marred by shells, beside disemboweled graves and felled trees. At last we arrive. In a few words, I review the life of the deceased, all devotion to her duties—her professional qualities; then, a last farewell, and the crowd melts away.

Friday, March 3. At a quarter past eight this morning some one came in hot haste to tell me that a shell fell last night in a room of the school on Place Bétheny, where it demolished everything.

'What is to be done?' the principal asked.

'Close the school immediately.'

I went at once to the school. There was an enormous hole in the front wall, and fragments of the shell made possible its identification as a 150 mm. The classroom was, of course, filled with plaster, the doors twisted, the walls and ceiling riddled with holes. This room had been opened only a month. What good fortune that this accident did not happen during the session! I went to lay the situation before the mayor. I wanted to close the least protected schools for a month, especially those in Place Bétheny and rues du Ruisselet and Anquetil; but the mayor insisted upon keeping them open. However, the Bétheny School is to be transferred to the Mumm cellars, the former location of the Joffre School, which will thus be born again.

Wednesday, October 25. Another 'fine bombardment.' The shower of bombs was generally distributed and was more

severe than we have had for many a long day—nearly a year. In the morning the *communiqué* announcing the recapture of Douaumont had made everybody happy. About a quarter past two, there were several of the familiar whistling noises followed by the usual explosions, very near the Paris faubourg. And that went on and on until five o'clock. As a measure of prudence I had had the children of the kindergarten taken down into the special room. At three o'clock I went down to see what was going on and sent the two lowest classes to share the protection of the little ones' shelter. They made much noise, as there were a great many of them; and since we could not hear even the explosions, one teacher stayed in the yard to observe the direction of the firing. There were nearly a hundred and sixty pupils: was not that a target? If ever a shell should fall in these schools!

After half an hour I went up to my own quarters. In the class-room below, the older pupils of the supplementary courses, to whom their teacher was reading one of Molière's comedies, were bursting with laughter. That is one way of forgetting danger. The bombardment continued. The shells fell every ten or twelve seconds, to the right, to the left, or in front of the schools, but always a short distance away. I gave instructions not to send the children home alone for some time to come; but already many parents had come to fetch their own, despite the great risk they ran in passing through the streets at that time.

And still the whistlings and explosions went on! A quarter past four, half-past four, a quarter to five; almost no pupils are left, and the bombardment seems to be localized at Flé-

chambault. The last group of children is sent home; as the pupils in the supplementary courses live at some distance, I advise against letting them go until it is once more entirely quiet, and request Mademoiselle Philippe to keep the very last ones until some one calls for them.

At six o'clock the bombardment continues, still in the same direction. It seems that shells have fallen again all over the city. Surely the dead and the 3500 German prisoners of Douaumont are well avenged by their fellow bandits! Who can say how many victims have fallen in this bombardment 'by way of reprisal'?

Friday, March 30, 1917. At half-past two I went to headquarters to confer with the commander of the garrison. Then I sent to each principal a circular prepared with a view of forestalling anything like panic: 'Please note that the holidays for your school will begin this afternoon at half after four.' This is only *the day before* the regular beginning of the Easter holidays. This measure seems to me not only urgent but absolutely necessary.

Thus, on the eve of the last terrible bombardments, in the course of which sixty thousand shells fell on the city, the schools of Rheims, which had been open nearly thirty months, were closed.

Delivered at last from that long and heart-breaking agony, it is not without a satisfaction easy to understand that I reckon up the results secured: it is impossible to doubt that the schools in the cellars have performed a genuine service for the parents and a still greater service for the children, and all without the slightest mishap to lessen the joy which we have found in doing our duty.

THE FRENCH AND GERMAN THEORIES OF WAR

BY GENERAL BARTHELEMY EDMOND PALAT¹

I

IN France, after the period of prostration that followed the War of 1870, theories of strategy and tactics swiftly took a new direction. As the new army increased in strength, the former tendencies toward the defensive system began to disappear. Much profound study was given to the wars of the First Empire, and the secret of Napoleon's victories was sought in manœuvres alone. It came to be believed that the *offensive* was indispensable in every case. Doubtless there was merit in that doctrine. France owed to it, particularly, the resurrection of the military spirit which was destined to be one of the outstanding facts in the years preceding the present war. But it was accompanied by serious disadvantages. To all intent it presupposed a war of manœuvres, an 'open-air' war, in which evolutions would be easily carried out and of great extent—that is to say, a war absolutely different from that which we have seen on the Franco-German front ever since the victory of the Marne.

Our staffs had not paid sufficient attention to the lessons of recent wars—perhaps because they were still hypnotized by the campaigns of the First Empire. The slavish acceptance of Napoleon's methods was no less

mistaken than their scornful rejection had been in 1870–1871. If the leading principles of the art of war still are and will always be true, their application varies with the progress achieved in armies. Was it not the Master himself who said that tactics must inevitably change every ten years?

The South-African, Manchurian, and Balkan wars had demonstrated the major importance of fortifications and of heavy artillery. These indications were still unperceived for the most part. It was considered that campaigns carried on under peculiar conditions could not afford information applicable in a great European war. Some very distinguished experts, General Langlois at their head, showed themselves hostile to heavy field artillery. He did not believe in the possibility of artillery dislodging an enemy with unimpaired *morale* from a strong position. He would combine with it the threat of infantry, that is to say, assault. He went so far as to write, in his *Field Artillery in Connection with Other Arms*, 'Heavy guns, in a field artillery of which mobility should be one of the leading characteristics, are a useless incumbrance, and the transportation of their heavy projectiles, especially on highways, introduces a serious complication. Let them remain in the siege trains. There should be but one kind of gun in our field artillery—our "seventy-fives" are adapted for all tasks in flat country.'

Another general officer, also belonging to the artillery arm, General Percin, expressed himself to almost the same

¹ General Palat is the first French authority on the Franco-Prussian War. Now retired for age, his judgment on military subjects is regarded by the profession with great respect.—THE EDITORS.

effect in a work issued on the eve of the war — *Le Combat*.

In 1911 an officer of the Staff, who was destined to fall gloriously at the Aisne in command of an army corps, Colonel de Grandmaison, delivered two courses of lectures which aroused widespread attention and which had a marked influence on the regulations then in preparation. Full of original views, expressed in a style no less original, these studies (published in 1912 under the title, *The Idea of Safety and the Engagement of Large Units*) give a very clear idea of the way in which the waging of war was then understood in France.

Grandmaison disclaims anything like the formulation of a general rule. 'It is even more true than in any other military matter, that in the management of large units there are none but special cases.' Having made this statement, he notes among the manœuvres contrary to rule the constant necessity 'of engaging at the outset on a wide front, instead of spreading out gradually as the progress of the battle seems to demand.'

This tendency toward the widening of fronts has many causes, among which these predominate — 'the constant fear of being outflanked and the sense of the superiority of converging attacks in the present state of armaments.'

The fear of being outflanked seems to Grandmaison one of the characteristics of present-day fighting. The fact is that, in a defensive battle, the disaster of being outflanked may become irreparable more suddenly than under the old conditions. In the offensive the frontal battle is so long, so costly, and so uncertain in its results, that all methods of reducing its extent seem worth while. Grandmaison does not conceal the fact that these fears seem to him justified, and that he is in no wise opposed to the extension of

fronts: 'The real danger — unless special dispositions have been made beforehand — will not lie in extending the front too far, but in not extending it far enough.'

Thereafter, like Field-Marshal von Schlieffen, he extols the formation in several columns with wide intervals, which alone permits a rapid initial deployment on the corresponding front. He is led thus to turn his attention to the question of safety during the manœuvre, and concludes that in France the immediate rôle of covering detachments (advance-guard and flank-guard) has been exaggerated and, at the same time, perverted in the offensive.

We demand of this arrangement for immediate protection something that no system should or could give, namely, information which will enable the commander to decide upon his dispositions with confidence. On the other hand, we rely for the protection of our columns upon the external action of these covering detachments, whereas, especially in the offensive, such protection must in reality be looked for rather in the power to attack itself — that is to say, in the dispositions made for attacking quickly and in force.

On this point again, Grandmaison approaches the ideas of Von Schlieffen, and even of General von Bernhardt — in other words, the doctrinaires who exerted a preponderant influence on the German army on the eve of the war.

From this conception of immediate security, as Grandmaison describes it, there results an almost complete atrophy of the principle of the offensive. The commander waits until he is definitely informed concerning the enemy's dispositions before deciding how to employ his main body. In this way he degrades the attack to the level of the defense, to which all initiative is forbidden. To avoid the *preconceived idea*, we foster the *preconceived appre-*

hension, or the *aggressive-defensive*, and one serves as well as the other to ensure defeat. A commander would, in truth, incur a serious risk by applying these timid methods in face of 'a widely extended and violent assault, following its preordained path, without deviation and without evasion'—in other words, in face of the Germans. It is, Grandmaison continues, the rapidity in beginning the action which guarantees us against the enemy's manoeuvres. 'In reality, the safety of a body of troops in an attack is based on this fact: a man whom you have by the throat, and who is busily engaged in parrying your blows, cannot attack you in flank and in rear. The value of the method depends on the speed with which you jump at his throat and the firmness of your grip.'

Under these conditions it is not surprising that Grandmaison recommends an offensive on the whole front: 'The custom, which seems to be spreading, of employing different tactics on different sections of the front and of skillfully combining defensive and offensive, means the death of all true offensive.'

Instead of employing this timid method, well adapted to paralyze all enthusiasm, we should engage at once, on a front broadened beforehand—extended almost as far as our effective strength will bear. In short, it should be a matter of the simultaneous engagement of several columns, carrying out, not a demonstration or anything like it, but an attack 'in dead earnest' with the bulk of the columns. Such simultaneous offensives on a wide front will not interfere with the formation of reserves, whose employment will be, in a certain measure, prearranged. They will most frequently be posted in rear of one or both wings, and will sometimes extend beyond them. On this point again Grandmaison's ideas approximate to Schlieffen's.

The colonel does not fail to notice this similarity. He relies, however, on the slowness of the German deployment—it is hard to see just why. This is how he views the matter of engaging battle with our future adversaries:—

'We do not propose to give them time to form in battle order. Our advance guard, and, immediately behind it, our main body will assume the offensive at once, in the direction of their objectives. On the other hand, we shall still have some forces in reserve at the outset.'

This is a hazardous sort of warfare, full of formidable risks, which Grandmaison proposes, and he does not conceal that fact. He admits the risk, because it enhances the importance of victory—if victory ensues. But he seems to forget that the risk may increase to an extraordinary degree the burden of a defeat.

His last words are that we must foster 'with passion, with exaggeration, and even in the most minute details of instruction, everything which bears the mark—however slight—of the offensive spirit. Let us even carry it to excess, and that perhaps will not be enough.'

We see how intense a partisan Grandmaison is of the offensive, and of the offensive to the limit, the offensive whether or no. The fact is that it is German ideas, especially Von Schlieffen's, which lie at the root of this doctrine. However, he fights shy of the attack *en tenaille*¹ so dear to the heart of the Teuton field-marshal.

There is a measure of truth in what he says as to the enforced extension of fronts, and as to the advantages of an energetic offensive undertaken as speedily as possible. But the doctrine is open to the criticism of being too dogmatic, and of taking too little account of facts. It would gain immensely if

¹ That is to say, 'as with a pair of pincers.'

t were supported by examples borrowed from the most recent wars, and if it were not derived so directly from abstract reasoning, more or less accurate, and from pure speculation.

We have emphasized Colonel Grandmaison's theories because they influenced the studies of the army staff and the war school on the eve of the mobilization of 1914. While authoritative voices — those, for example, of General Larrezac and Colonel Grouard — were raised to point out the danger of this infatuation with the most hazardous sort of offensive, they were not heeded as they should have been.

Furthermore, the regulations promulgated in France shortly before the war bear the imprint of the general tendencies that have been pointed out. The most important, in this regard, is the decree of October 28, 1913, entitled 'Regulation as to the management of large units' (a group of armies, an army, an army corps, and, to a certain extent, a body of cavalry).

This document, wherein we readily discern a number of Colonel Grandmaison's ideas, lays down in principle an axiom borrowed from Clausewitz: *War aims at the annihilation of the adversary*. But it admits the possibility, even the necessity, of a rapid execution, at the risk of being contradicted by events.

'In the present status of warfare . . . everything urges the endeavor to reach a decision in the shortest possible time, with a view of bringing the struggle to a speedy close.' It admits, therefore, the 'thunder-clap' after the style of Napoleon: 'The decisive battle . . . constitutes the essential act of the war.' Offensive tactics alone can lead to positive results. However, the regulation does not adopt as its own the German views concerning the *preconceived idea*. In the scheme of manœuvre, it says, 'any disposition would be premature if it is based upon a definitive opinion,

arbitrarily formed, of the enemy's purposes, so long as he remains at liberty to change his position.'

In respect to the matter of safety, it reproduces an idea of Grandmaison: 'The best way for a commander to ensure freedom of action is to impose his will on the enemy by a vigorously pushed offensive according to a well-considered controlling plan.' Let us remark in passing that this last clause contradicts the passage previously quoted concerning the preconceived idea.

A very open order facilitates marching and enveloping movements. It lends itself readily, by closing up the intervals, to a subsequent closer formation in view of an actual battle. Theoretically each army corps controls at least one road; thus, on this point again, the regulation approximates German theories.

By reason of the extent of the battle-front, it is difficult to shift the position of large bodies of men materially in the course of the action. The commander of the army, therefore, determines, most frequently beforehand, the direction of the main attack, and the weather conditions in which it will be undertaken — fresh confirmation of what we just now said as to the preconceived idea.

As to the actual method of attack, the regulation does not lay down any fixed rules, although it allows its preference to appear: the main action may be directed either against one wing of the enemy or against his front. Ordinarily, however, the attack on a wing is more advantageous, for it leads toward an enveloping movement. The frontal attack is more difficult, and, generally speaking, has less important results.

Under these conditions it would seem that, in manœuvres preparatory to deployment, an extended disposition is preferable to a deep one. Nevertheless this same regulation has nothing to

say in this regard, and one cannot fail to approve its silence, for the choice manifestly depends upon the special circumstances.

In the explanatory report which accompanies this document, its framers insist further on the advantages of the offensive: 'The conduct of warfare is controlled by the necessity of imparting a powerfully offensive impulse.' But they seem strongly opposed to the concentration of armies on the battlefield, so dear to Moltke and Schlieffen: 'The essential thing is, first of all, to get the forces together, and assume the offensive as soon as they are got together.' As for the offensive itself, it is governed by the same rules as in Germany: 'The action, when once begun, should be pushed vigorously, without reservation, to the extreme limit of our power.' In accord with Grand-maison, the Commission sees in the headlong attack the best means of ensuring the safety of the column: 'A vigorous offensive forces the enemy to adopt defensive measures, and is the surest method of protecting the high command, as well as the troops, against any danger of surprise.'

Above all things we must impose our will on the enemy: 'In war every decision of the high command should be inspired by a determination to assume and retain the initiative of operations.'

Lastly, the Commission cries out against the distinctions between 'demonstrative battle,' 'drawn-out battle,' 'battle of attrition,' and battle pure and simple: 'So far as the executive officer is concerned, the attack must, in all cases, be conducted with the utmost vigor and a firm determination to come to close quarters with the enemy in order to destroy him.' It is the commanding officer's business to arrange the distribution of his forces in such wise that a certain section of the enemy's front will be assaulted less

violently than a certain other section

To sum up — on the eve of the war the same tendencies toward the most energetic offensive prevailed in both French and German armies. There is no difference except in respect to the details of the attack. We admit the possibility of success in a frontal attack and of breaking through, as well as of success in an attack on the wing; we do not ascribe to the latter, and especially to the attack *en tenaille*, the altogether preponderant importance given to them by Schlieffen and most of the other Germans. Perhaps there is a tendency in France to force the action and to bring the main body into line, whereas in Germany the preliminary battle would be conducted with more moderation. But the substance of both theories is identical.

Let us add, however, that the German staff appears to have grasped much more fully than ours the major importance to be assumed by the fortification of the battlefield, by heavy artillery, and by aviation. In this respect the first weeks of the war taught us some cruel lessons.

However that may be, the inevitable result of the mutual inclination toward a general offensive was that the battles of August, 1914, most frequently took on the aspect of chance combats between two adversaries going straight to the attack without looking back. On our part, our natural impulses, intensified by those resulting from a study of the regulations and of the most authoritative publications, urged us to rush our assaults even more, without giving sufficient thought to artillery preparation and machine-guns. This state of mind, added to serious errors in concentration, and in the conception of the original plan of operations, is sufficient to explain our set-backs at the beginning of the war. The victory of the Marne, and the series of battles and

engagements which preceded it, prove in most conclusive fashion that the offensive is not an infallible method of procedure in war; that, as Clausewitz teaches, the defensive is often susceptible of leading to the happiest results; and, lastly, that heavy artillery, field-fortification, and aviation will henceforth play a part of first importance in war.

As for the Germans, when their headlong rush into France ended in a repulse of which they strove vainly to deny the unparalleled seriousness, they might well be convinced that enveloping attacks are not devoid of the gravest risks. Their effect is irresistible on a single condition — that the adversary remains inactive in face of the blow which threatens one of his flanks. Schlieffen's attack *en tenaille* presents the same disadvantages on a more extensive scale. Not only does it require, for complete success, inertia on the part of the enemy; but it is essential also that nothing shall happen to interfere with its execution.

II

It was in this way that the evolution of present-day doctrines of warfare began in the two armies — an evolution brought about by events, and the end of which has certainly not yet been reached. Let us note, first, that, so far as the Germans are concerned, the present status of warfare, which recalls the seventeenth century by virtue of the importance of the part played by fortification and lines of defense, and by the slowness of offensive operations — this status is the very negation of their ambitions and of their earlier theories. Whereas they formerly maintained that they could carry on a war swiftly, by manœuvres of vast extent and by violent offensive, with speedily decisive results, they have found them-

selves forced to adopt the siege method with its slow progress, and with the enormous consumption of munitions and matériel which it entails. Their plan manifestly was to crush France in a week or two, thanks to the strategic surprise resulting from the violation of Belgian territory. Then they would have turned against Russia and would easily have worked their will on that immense body, headless and with feet of clay. Their expectations were absolutely falsified.

Under these conditions, we should not be surprised to find them hesitating between diverse tendencies. Sometimes they hold true to the doctrine of envelopment of the adversary's wings; and again they deal straight frontal blows. Sometimes they attribute to artillery preparation its full present importance; at other times they operate by assaults with great masses of infantry, and do not shrink from the immense slaughter made possible by the slavish discipline of a nation fanaticized by a vision of superhuman grandeur.

Although they have met with little but reverses on the Franco-British front since September, 1914, there is no dissembling the fact that elsewhere, on the Russian front, in Roumania, and very recently in Italy, they have achieved most brilliant successes. But we must not fail to recognize the share that diplomatic and *political* measures have had in these victories. Manifestly they have often been due to intrigues most skillfully managed — with the complicity of traitors or simpletons — rather than to purely military calculations and manœuvres. In this regard the recent Austro-German offensive on the Italian front may stand as a typical example.

On the Western front the Germans have been powerless to resort to the same expedients. After vainly attempting an offensive in the grand style in

Flanders, late in 1914, they have confined themselves to an almost continuous defensive. The assault on Verdun, begun in February, 1916, never had, in truth, so extensive an object as the attack on the line of the Yser. The Germans tried to attain a limited objective, rather of a moral than of a material nature.

Let us make a rapid scrutiny of the battle in Flanders. Our adversaries apparently set out to crush the Allies' left wing, in order to open up the existing passage between their central front and the English Channel. They proposed to isolate England as far as possible, — she was their most cordially detested foe, — and, very probably, to make a direct threat at her territory by way of the shore of the Pas de Calais and the North Sea. As the locus of an attack so serious in its proportions and in the consequences which it might bring in its train, the German staff chose the one sector, perhaps, on that vast front, where nature offered insurmountable obstacles to such an attack. Flanders, especially the eastern part, is an almost impracticable country. Though the occasional elevations can almost be called insignificant, the Flemish plain is as difficult for an army as certain mountainous countries. The clayey sub-soil and the abundance of streams make the movement of troops very arduous except on the towing-paths, railroads, canals, and rivers; and all these routes are easy to cut.

Nevertheless, it was through these marshes, these *Watergangs*, these inundated lands, that the Germans rushed to the assault dense columns, marching in step and singing hymns in praise of their bloody fatherland. They had crushed the defense of Antwerp and taken possession of the city. They had entered Ghent, Bruges, and Ostend. They arrived before the Yser, a narrow stream which flows sluggishly through

a low plain intersected by canal and drainage ditches. There is water everywhere — in the air which is incessantly saturated by showers, on the earth, and under the earth. To the north, the town of Nieuport, where the main locks are; to the south, Dixmude and Ypres.

It was this front which the Kaiser gave imperative orders to break through, on October 21, 1914, with Furnes as the objective. Four assaulting columns were formed; two were to attack the front between Nieuport and Dixmude, which was held by the Belgian army. The other two converged upon Dixmude, which was occupied by French Admiral Ronarc'h's naval fusiliers.

The general assault was set for the 24th, at nine in the evening. It took place at the precise hour fixed. The first two columns crossed the Yser and advanced toward the canal which runs alongside that stream. In spite of their vigorous resistance the Belgians were forced back to the line Ramscapele-Perwyse-Dixmude, where they were joined by considerable French reinforcements. Thanks to them, the Allies took the offensive on the 25th, and drove back into the canal the German battalions, no longer supported by their artillery, which was mired in the swamps. It was a complete disaster. All who were unable to recross the canal were killed or drowned.

At the same time Admiral Ronarc'h's fusiliers covered themselves with glory in the defense of Dixmude. Their resistance lasted from October 20, the day when the bombardment began, to November 10, when the Germans entered the town. From 6000 men they were reduced to 2000. Of the 50,000 of the enemy who attacked them, 10,000 lay thickly strewn about the surrounding plain.

This magnificent episode was but one

ncident of the battle of Flanders. On October 26, after the disaster of the 25th, the Kaiser had arrived at Thielt, and had given orders to make a fresh attempt toward the South, in the direction of Ypres. During the five following days, five army corps — more than 150,000 men — attacked the 40-kilometre front between that city and La Bassée. British and French vied with one another in tenacity. The last general assault took place on November 10. That was the day when the ruins of Dixmude were wrenched from our grasp. On the 11th there was a fresh effort, this time directed against Ypres alone. The Prussian Guard was engaged and suffered very heavy casualties. On the 15th the German offensive was shattered for good and all. The Kaiser had perforce to renounce the 'To Calais!' with which he had inflamed the ardor of his troops. Thereafter the war took on the form of a siege, on the whole Western front, but a siege in which millions of the Allies were engaged against Fort Deutschland.

Another example of offensive fighting in which our enemy was much more fortunate, was the battle of the Vistula in July and August, 1915. We can see therein the application, on a very vast theatre, of the strategic theories of Field-Marshal von Schlieffen.

The battle of the Donawetz, which began on May 2, 1915, had broken communications between the Russian forces echeloned before the Carpathians and those in Poland. That victory, due mainly to an overwhelming superiority in artillery, had brought about a twofold withdrawal of our allies. They had fallen back, on the one hand, toward the affluents of the Dniester, on the other hand, into the district between the Vistula and the Bug.

Meanwhile, the armies facing each other to the west of the Narew and the

Middle Vistula had remained inactive — an inactivity which was inexplicable on the part of the Russians. The German forces on the left flank — the armies of Von Scholz and Von Galivetz — faced the Narew; the centre — Prince Leopold of Bavaria and Von Woirsch — were at the loop of the Vistula, to the west and southwest of Warsaw; the right — Archduke Joseph and Von Mackensen — between the Upper Vistula and the Bug. These last-named armies, which alone had been in action up to this time, had halted on July 2 half-way between the Galician frontier and the Lublin-Cholm front, which the Russians still held.

At that time the line of the opposing forces between the Bobi and the Bug had the shape of a parabolic curve, with its peak on the Bzoura, west of Warsaw. The German armies were deployed on the outer side of this curve, in the most favorable positions for an offensive *en tenaille*. The Russians had the advantage of 'interior lines,' and of a closely knit formation comparatively well-developed. It does not appear that they were able to make the most of these advantages as they should have done.

The German plan was as follows: to join to the eastward of Warsaw the jaws of the vise formed by the four armies on the two wings, while the centre remained stationary. On July 12, 1915, everything was set in motion on the Narew and to the south, between the Bug and the Vistula. On the 25th the German left forced a passage across the Narew from Rojan to Pultusk, thus most seriously threatening the line of the Vistula, at right angles with the former of those streams. The Russians still placed their reliance on the three fortified places — Novo-Georgievsk, at the junction of the Bug and the Narew, Warsaw, and Ivangorod to the south. Those fortifications soon showed them-

selves powerless to resist the heavy artillery. It may be, too, that other causes came into play — the Russians were unfamiliar with the military art.

On July 30 Archduke Joseph entered Lublin, while Mackensen was making rapid progress on the extreme right. At the same time, on the other flank, Von Gallwitz was marching between the Narew and Bug. He even made his way as far as the latter stream. On both flanks the Germans were pushing forward toward the axis of the Russian line of communication — Warsaw-Brest-Litovsk. Mackensen appeared in front of the latter fortress while the Russian forces in the Bzoura had more than twice the distance to go before reaching it.

It was not, however, until August 3 that our allies' centre began a long and difficult retreat, which was destined not to come to an end finally until it reached the Dvina, more than 400 kilometres from the starting-point. Contrary to all anticipations the movement was carried out without excessive losses. If, as seemed likely, the Germans had planned 'to repeat the day of Sedan, on a great scale,' their expectation was defeated. The Russians succeeded in reaching the Niemen and the Upper Bug, near Kovno, Grodno, and Brest-Litovsk. It was from that region that they finally fell back on the defensive positions which they held, with various fluctuations of fortune, until the fall of the Tsar had given over their ill-fated country to a state of anarchy, the deplorable consequences of which are becoming more manifest from day to day.

The French and British armies had not for their adversaries, like the Germans on the Eastern front, forces undermined by treachery, by revolutionary propaganda, and too often lacking the most essential supplies. They were confronted by German troops, sup-

plied with a matériel which was at first greatly superior to theirs, but inferior in numbers and, since the battles of the Marne and of Flanders, somewhat impaired in morale.

III

Thereupon the conflict assumed the shape of siege warfare. There was no alternative but to submit to it, for lack of resources, and especially of munitions. Indeed, we may well believe that this siege warfare on the Franco-British front will be prolonged until the hour perhaps still far distant, when the demoralization of the German forces shall have gone so far as to result in a complete loss of equilibrium.

In the course of the year 1915 certain undertakings in Champagne and Artois had important results on several occasions, but they were purchased by much bloodshed for lack of sufficient preparation. We were not as yet provided, either with the due proportion of heavy artillery and trench machines, or with a sufficient quantity of munitions. Moreover, the dispositions for conducting the assaults were not always well-judged. Experience led to the establishment of new rules, which differed from those in force on the first day of the war. They were contained in two sheets issued to the armies by Grand Headquarters: 'A Study of the Question of the Attack at the Present Stage of the War: Impressions and Reflections of a Company Commander'; and 'Notes concerning the Attack: Impressions of a Battalion Commander.' The first is founded especially on the enlightenment furnished by the offensive in Artois in May; the second on that by the September battle in Champagne. Here are their most salient ideas.

Of all the phases of infantry attack studied in times of peace, trench-war-

fare makes little use of any except the last — *the assault*. The infantry begins its part of the battle by assault, and its action thereafter is simply a succession of 'waves.' But an essential condition is that the units concerned be brought up to the *parallèles de départ*,¹ in close formation and full numbers, fresh, supplied with what is necessary, well informed as to their objective, and well under the control of their officers. Then it is a question of urging them on with a rush to an objective, where they must establish themselves immovably, and which will serve, in its turn, as a starting-point for a second similar onrush.

In order that a body of infantry may fulfill such a mission, it must carry out its forward movement under much more difficult conditions than formerly. In fact, the men must march in Indian file from the last comparatively sheltered zone to the point of assault, through kilometres of narrow and involved passages. The preparation of the locus of the assault is therefore absolutely indispensable. The end sought is to ensure the outflow at a fixed hour of unfatigued men; the support in due season of sufficient and really fresh reinforcements; abundant supplies of provisions, water, and munitions, and the opportune arrival of troops destined to make the most of the success of the assault.

The possibility of fulfilling these various conditions depends, too, upon a preliminary operation — artillery preparation. Since the outbreak of the war this preparation has taken on constantly increasing importance. In 1915, in default of heavy artillery and of munitions as well, we were fain to be content with results which would

appear to-day most inadequate. The most trivial successes were often very costly.

The programme of this preparation was at that time as follows: — to destroy the barbed-wire entanglements; to isolate or wipe out the trench-defenders; to prevent enemy artillery from coming into action; to bar the way to the reserves; and to destroy the machine-guns as soon as their location was revealed.

The chief part of this task fell to the 'seventy-fives' and the trench-guns. But the resort of the Germans to deeper and deeper shelters and to concrete blockhouses and cupolas for machine-guns, was already leading to the intensive use of heavy artillery — a use which has become well-nigh universal since, assuming proportions which had but lately seemed beyond all likelihood.

In the autumn of 1915, the German defensive dispositions presented the following aspect, generally speaking: a continuous line, along the whole front, consisting of two or three trenches one behind the other, at intervals of one hundred to three hundred metres, connected by numerous communication trenches; in many cases each was protected by barbed-wire entanglements; centres of resistance, formed by villages, farmhouses, woods, or even by vast outworks outlined by a tangle of trenches, with machine-guns under cupolas, and light-artillery pieces; a second line of defense, which was not always continuous.

The attack on such a position took the following course: a first line was made up, comprising several assaulting columns; a second line, as strong as the first, accompanied by batteries after the first trench was carried; a reserve, without a special initial assignment, which was to provide reinforcements where necessary and overcome stubborn resistance. In the last line

¹ Certain front lines from which, on the occasion of an important offensive, the assaulting troops can start under the protection of the artillery barrage.

were cavalry, motor-drawn guns, motor machine-guns, battalions of motor-trucks, with crews of pioneers to clear the roads. And lastly, large bodies of infantry, ready to begin new battles and to enter into action two or three hours from the beginning of the operation.

The first line consisted of two or three 'waves' of assault. If the distance to be traversed was more than 100 metres, the first wave comprised whole companies in one line, the men half a pace apart. It rushed forward to the assault immediately upon the cessation of the artillery fire, and tried to reach the enemy trench before the defenders could come out of their shelters. Down to that moment it ordinarily had no occasion to fire.

When the distance was more than 100 metres, a different disposition was adopted for the first wave: a line of skirmishers five paces apart, and 50 metres in their rear the assaulting force properly speaking, in a single line, elbow to elbow, the officers ahead, the file-closers four metres in rear. The skirmishers were supposed to protect by their fire the movement of the assaulting force, the detachments setting out from the starting-point one after another, at a single bound, and marching in step if possible. They did not break into the gymnastic gait until the movement was well developed; the charge proper started about 60 metres from the enemy. Even then they preserved the alignment as far as possible and crossed the barbed wire; then began the hand-to-hand fighting, for which there can be no rules.

When the first trench was taken they swept it clean and re-formed, lying on the ground, ten metres farther on. Then they opened fire on the second trench, and rushed forward again to

the assault. The first wave was instructed to break as far ahead as possible. The second started the instant that the first reached the enemy trench.

It does not appear that all these prescribed steps have stood the test of experience. The augmented strength of the German lines, and the resistance of their shelters, have led the high command to restrict the width of the fronts aimed at, and to limit the objectives in respect to depth, while increasing the intensity of the preparation. On the other hand, the Germans have sometimes abandoned the system of continuous trenches, to adopt a system of separate elements, reinforced by nests of machine-guns which are disposed with the greatest care and often constitute veritable points of support. They pretend to regard their lines of defense as flexible, stationing a limited effective in the first line while keeping heavy reserves behind. In case of an assault the first line is easily carried, but strong counter-attacks are able to wipe out the results so easily obtained.

The German theory does not, however, seem to be absolutely settled on these various points. It still wavers between several solutions. One unquestionable fact is that, on the Franco-British front, the Germans have lost their superiority in morale, and the initiative that derives therefrom. In a great majority of cases, those impassioned partisans of the most vigorous offensive are reduced to the defensive pure and simple. If the backsliding of the Russian Maximalists had not come to their assistance, it is probable that the year 1917 would have witnessed decisive events of a nature to hasten the end of the nightmare which has lain so heavily on the civilized world since the first days of August, 1914.

THE NATIONAL ARMY

BY GUSTAVUS OHLINGER

I

HAD any one in the early days of 1917 predicted that in April the United States would formally be at war with Germany; that in May Congress would pass the Selective Service law; that in June nearly ten million men would be registered for service pursuant to the President's proclamation; that in July the order in which they were to appear for examination would be determined; that in August the first quotas would be ready to report; that in September they would begin to arrive at the cantonments; and that by October the training would be well under way — had any one in those early days of uncertainty and indecision possessed the temerity to suggest even the possibility of these achievements, his predictions would have attracted attention only on account of the seeming improbability of their realization. Never did a nation abandon more suddenly and completely its dreams of peace and neutrality and turn to the arts of war.

Even more noteworthy are these results when account is taken of the means by which they were accomplished. Recorded experience would have required a complicated system in some departmental bureau to work out the infinite details of the undertaking. But in this case precedent was thrown aside, and the intelligence and capacity for coöperation of the private citizen were intrusted with the task of providing the recruits for a great army. The draft law of 1863 was administered

by a bureau of the War Department and by district boards of enrollment presided over by provost marshals who had the rank and pay of captains of cavalry. The roster of the National Army of 1917 was prepared by civilians, for the law expressly enjoined that the boards charged with the selection of the men should be composed of members 'none of whom shall be connected with the military establishment.'

The enormous volume of work involved in enrolling those subject to the law, in giving them cards of registration, in preparing the lists and numbering the names of registrants preparatory to the drawing, in the physical examination of those called up for service, and in hearing and passing on claims for exemption and discharge, was performed almost entirely without compensation. Well might Provost-Marshal-General Crowder exclaim that 'no great national project was ever attempted with so complete a reliance upon the voluntary coöperation of citizens for its execution.' Democracy had stood the test, and for the time being had earned its right to survive. The voluntary coöperation of free citizens had proved as efficient as any administrative machine devised and imposed by an autocratic government.

Under these remarkable auspices the National Army of 1917 came into being. And who can forget those memorable days when the first quotas entrained for the cantonments? The crowded sidewalks, the bands, the escorts of citizens and officials, and be-

hind them the long lines of serious-faced men, — men of every walk in life: keen-eyed business men, sturdy farmers, neatly dressed clerks, mechanics, barbers, bakers, professional men, a college professor or two, and unskilled laborers, — some with countenances aglow with the consciousness and enthusiasm of patriotic service, others with hardly a perception of their mission showing through their stolid faces; men, too, of almost every racial mould that Europe produces, and many from the countries of Asia; some men with poise and dignity in their walk, a few with slouchy gait and slip-shod appearance — a veritable cross-section of our population, revealing all its racial varieties, types, and conditions of men. And then the ringing bells and shrieking whistles as the trains pulled out — and we almost forgot the tear-stained faces of wives and mothers and sweet-hearts as we hurried back to work.

In the early summer the sites for the cantonments had been selected. Tracts of farm-land and prairie, from which the latest crops had not even been harvested, suddenly became the scenes of feverish activity. Neighboring communities awakened from their slumbers and felt the thrill of a new life. Sixteen cities, containing in all twenty-four thousand buildings and designed to shelter nearly seven hundred thousand men, were rushed to completion, and each city provided with its own water, sewerage, telephone, and lighting systems, with miles of constructed roads, with its own theatres, fire department, railroad yards, refrigeration plant, bakeries, laundry, post-office, hotels, and hospital — all embodying the latest results of scientific investigation and building practice. The camps in themselves were an epic in enterprise.

And in these cantonments a new epoch in our national life began, and six hundred thousand young men entered

upon a new enterprise. Arriving at the cantonment receiving station their names were read: Aboud, Abraham, Adams, Adamski, Annarino, Applegate, Arhondakis, Anderson, Baranek, Beseske, Boerst, Brown, Cassidy, Corwin, Czarnota, Czeniowski, Czyryla, Dzurda, — every conceivable combination and permutation of the alphabet, — and they were assigned to quarters in the new barracks. Thumb- and finger-prints were taken to assure future identification, and every man was given another rigid physical examination. Any suspicion of defect was subjected to the X-Ray and the latest tests of medical science. Typhoid prophylaxis and vaccination were administered. Defective teeth and minor ailments were treated. In the first few days of its existence the National Army had appreciably raised the average of health in the United States.

Having passed the physical tests, the men were assigned, according to the districts from which they came, to the various line regiments and to the different branches of the service. Later on, a civilian committee from Washington organized for each cantonment a personnel office. Every man was required to fill out a card on which was a printed list of forty-nine occupations arranged in the order of their relative value for military purposes, unskilled labor and the legal profession being bracketed at the bottom of the scale. By means of the entries on these cards and their classification it became possible to assign men according to their trades and experience to the various duties connected with the sheltering, clothing, feeding, equipment, and the transportation and communications of a community of forty thousand souls.

Most of the men had never seen an officer, and most of the officers, fresh from their training at the officers' camps, had never commanded a pla-

toon, but the novelty of the experience and the zest of action inspired all with the spirit of the mighty enterprise.

The first lessons were in military courtesies. The meaning and the importance of the military salute were explained, and in a few days every man in camp was privileged to laugh at the untutored recruit who happened to encounter the commanding general. Not receiving the customary salute, — so the story went the rounds of the barracks, — the general stopped the youth and asked him how long he had been in the cantonment. 'Oh, two days,' was the answer; 'how long have you been here?' 'A little longer than that,' replied the general; 'and how do you like it?' 'Oh, first-rate,' was the response; 'how does it suit you?'

Uniforms were lacking and the ranks at first presented a motley disarray of civilian suits and khaki, comic-opera combinations of military tunics, blue overalls, and mismatched leggings — but all looked forward hopefully, and it was a proud day when the entire company appeared in uniform.

Instruction began with the school of the soldier, and with close-order drill by squads. Constant attention was given to 'setting-up' exercises, for this war makes unprecedented demands on physical endurance. As proficiency was acquired, close-order drill was taught in platoons, companies, and larger units. Then came instruction in extended order, in attack and defense, and in the work of covering detachments.

There were not sufficient rifles to go around, — only sixty to a company, — and the platoons were compelled to take turns in their use. But after ten days' training in the manual of arms, the battalion commander, a regular army officer, was heard to remark that 'regulars could n't do it any better.' The position- and aiming-drill were performed with dummy guns, and

sighting was taught with sighting bars which the men made for themselves. The artillery regiments were even more put to it for equipment. For months after the preliminary training had been completed, the men were compelled to wear out their enthusiasm on Quaker guns improvised from cart-wheels logs, stove-pipes, or anything at hand, which, by violating the imagination, could be made to resemble artillery.

By this time French and British officers had arrived, and had begun instruction in the new methods and the new weapons which the war has called into use. An automatic rifle, brought from France, and the only weapon of the kind in the cantonment, went the rounds for purposes of demonstration. Groups from every company were instructed in the art of bomb-throwing. The resources of the country having proved inadequate to supply trench-mortars, a few mechanical geniuses, out of materials at hand, produced a weapon which tested out as satisfactorily as any mortar in actual service. The trench-systems of the Western front were duplicated, the infantry battalions taking turns at digging front-line trenches, communication, supporting, and reserve trenches, and bomb-proof shelters, and in making fascines and sand-bags for the parapets and parados. Barbed wire was strung, and dummies representing German soldiers defending the system were set up. Under conditions as realistic as art could produce, and under the eyes of veterans who had faced the Boche and bested him, the men were taught the 'will of the bayonet,' democracy's answer to Germany's 'will to power.' Whoever witnesses the bayonet practice in any of the cantonments will realize that our men are being prepared, not for the idealities, but for the grim business of war.

Nor was it all work. Men whose

minds and bodies had never been swept by the purifying atmosphere of healthful play learned for the first time the meaning of outdoor sport. At the daily recreation hour forty football games could be seen in progress in all parts of the camp. More than one gridiron star, whose services in the past would have commanded a general's salary, was wearing a uniform and coaching men who had never seen a game. A number of ring champions had been drafted in the first quotas. Their fame spread rapidly through the barracks and they were commandeered for instruction in the manly art. Two big league nines happened to stop at the cantonment and played a ten-inning game in a natural amphitheatre formed by the hills. Twelve dozen balls were lost among the thirty thousand soldiers who covered the hillsides. The next day every battalion had its baseball nine.

After the day's work a lecture or entertainment would pack the liberty theatre or the various camp auditoriums; but there was abundant talent among the men themselves. Moreover, every man's ability in the way of public entertainment had been recorded and classified at headquarters with as much care as his previous military experience and ability to speak French or German. Monotony and discontent are as deadly as an epidemic. Practice in mass singing was encouraged and was taken up by the men with enthusiasm. Battalions on practice march could be heard carrying with lusty voices the tune of the Battle Hymn of the Republic to some such improvised words as, —

Watch your step, here comes O-HI-O!
 Watch your step, here comes O-HI-O!
 Watch your step, here comes O-HI-O!
 To fight for liberty!

America's long neglect of her immigrant population was early reflected in the returns made by the personnel

office. Out of twenty-four thousand men in one cantonment it was found that over four thousand could speak little or no English, and that thousands more had so imperfect a knowledge of it that their military training was seriously handicapped. One regiment, drawn from a large industrial centre, was said to contain over twenty-five hundred such men. Forty foreign languages and dialects were found to be represented in the division. Most of these men were of necessity transferred from the permanent organizations to the training battalions of the dépôt brigade, and intensive instruction in English through the dramatic method was begun. Many enlisted men volunteered as teachers. On the other hand, one man, who was born in Germany and had been a college professor in civil life, gave instruction in French and German to the division headquarters staff.

In this way civilian garb gave place to khaki, stooping shoulders and careless gait to expanding chests and precision of muscular movement, stolid looks to alertness and attention, inertia to the spirit of the bayonet. Class-distinctions were obliterated, and racial and religious prejudices cast aside, bringing into relief those qualities of sinewy manhood, patriotism, and service which in times past have been the glory of the Republic. Frequently mothers, harassed by rumors that the 'boys were starving,' or that 'half a company had been frozen to death,' or that 'the men were being mistreated,' drifted into camp. They met their boys, were shown over the barracks, sat down to mess, and went away satisfied — hoping against hope that it would all end with the cantonment.

In accordance with the Selective Service law, the men had been organized, as far as practicable, into units corresponding with the sections from which they came. Early in the training

the commanding general ordered that the four platoons from each of the larger cities of the state which made the finest showing should be sent home for an exhibition drill. This had been a powerful incentive to the men. The home cities looked forward to the visit with keen anticipation. The newspapers featured it, and a monster reception was planned. When the day finally arrived, a great throng surged about the railroad station and lined the sidewalks. The whistles sounded, and the long-expected train pulled in. With the celerity and precision attained only by military training two hundred and fifty khaki-clad men had detrained. With steady step, eyes to the front, and seemingly unconscious of the vociferous cheers and shouted greetings of their friends and fellow townsmen, the solid ranks pushed through the parting throngs. The crowd was suddenly silent. It had vaguely sensed a new and mighty purpose.

It was the remaking of the nation.

Were peace to be declared to-morrow, the National Army would have fully justified every effort which it has entailed and every dollar it has cost.

II

Magnificent as are these results, military experts tell us that they represent nevertheless only a fraction of what is necessary before the National Army can reach effectiveness as a fighting machine. They explain that an army is an organization held together and vitalized by moral forces. Neither numbers, nor equipment, nor drill can take their place. Napoleon said that 'in war the moral is to the physical as three is to one.' Men who have experienced the soul-shattering horrors of the present war place the ratio even higher — as high as nine to one. As the French Infantry Drill

Regulations express it, 'The moral forces constitute the most powerful factors for success; they give life to all material efforts, and dominate a commander's decisions at every turn. Honor and patriotism inspire the utmost devotion; the spirit of sacrifice and the fixed determination to conquer ensure success; discipline and steadiness guarantee the necessary obedience and the coördination of every effort.'

How gloriously the French have proved all this! The ultimate purpose of every military operation is the destruction of the moral cohesion, the will and courage of the opposing force. So long as these last, the army may be battered in action or torn with losses, but it is not defeated. When they are gone, the army ceases to exist — it becomes a mob. In this condition it is helpless and a prey to the will of the victor.

These moral forces must finally come from the people. This is true in a special degree of the National Army. The splendid young men who volunteered for service in the Regular Army, the National Guard, and the Navy have behind them the heritage and traditions of the older organizations of which they are a part. The National Army, on the other hand, is without traditions. Its life is still in the future. It must of necessity draw its moral sustenance from the people at home. There is no other source from which it can obtain it. It represents every element and class of the population. The army as a whole, and every soldier in its ranks, is in constant communication and in intimate touch with those in civil life. The opinions prevailing in the community are immediately reflected in the army; if there be doubt at home there will inevitably be indecision in the camp; racial, religious, and social prejudices in the population tend to foster such differences among the

men and destroy their *esprit de corps*.

The sense of duty among the people will produce a corresponding level in the discipline of the army; their determination to wage the war to a successful conclusion will inspire the will to victory among the soldiers; if the people falter, the army will weaken; it is true of this army in a higher degree than of any army in the past, that its morale is a function of the public spirit of the nation. 'Battles are no longer decisive,' says General von Ludendorff. 'The people must be defeated.' Hence Germany's policy of propaganda for confusing the intelligence, and her system of frightfulness for breaking the spirit of a nation.

That both will be employed against the United States goes without saying, and it behooves us to survey our defenses.

It is evident that the national spirit is determined largely by the character of the population. It will be more potent in a homogeneous people, speaking the same language, than in one made up of varied elements. Partly for this reason, Germany has been a far more important factor in the war than the heterogeneous population of Austria-Hungary. Our own country contains a variety of unassimilated elements. Forty per cent of those living within our continental territory are either foreign-born, or children of the foreign-born. In our large industrial centres, in the East and in the Middle West, from sixty to eighty per cent belongs to this class. What is more, they do not come from Anglo-Saxon or Teutonic stock. In recent years there has been a steady influx of Slavs, Armenians, Greeks, Latins, Turks — people who possess but little affinity with Anglo-Saxon ideals and institutions. So negligent have we been of our national life, that we have permitted our foreign population to segregate itself

according to racial groups, each group preserving its native language and only very remotely affected by American thought and ideals. For many of them America symbolizes merely a factory and a boarding-house, and neither of these institutions produces patriotic enthusiasm. Every man is ready to fight for his home, but none for a lodging-house or a workshop. No contribution to the public spirit of the country can be drawn from these sources.

Twenty years ago Germany began to take advantage of our fatuous shortsightedness. Just as unmistakable as the gun-emplacements which she built within the territory of her friendly neighbors are the evidences of her military preparations against the United States. Just as her agents promoted the purposes of Pangermanism in Austria-Hungary by consolidating the German and Magyar elements and by preventing the unification of the other racial groups, so in the United States they have consistently fostered the solidarity of the German section of the population and have sought to hinder all processes of assimilation.

It was no mere accident that, after German immigration had practically ceased and the dwindling circulation of German-language newspapers indicated that their usefulness was ended, these same papers suddenly increased their clientele of German readers, and at the beginning of the Great War, with sudden unanimity, became violent partisans of the German government. Nor is it a coincidence that through all these twenty years a vigorous propaganda for the German language and *Kultur* has been conducted in our schools and colleges, and in our legislatures and administrative bodies. It was a well-thought-out plan for the consolidation of the German element and the disintegration of the rest of the population. In this manner Germany

hoped to exercise a predominating influence upon American policies and to make impossible the development of any national spirit that might offer resistance to her plans of world-empire. To make assurance doubly sure, thousands of her spies and agents insinuated themselves into the peaceful communities of our country and into the offices of our government. Thousands of alien enemies are in the ranks of the National Army.

Common religious belief and enthusiasm for the same political ideals also serve to intensify the public spirit. Religious fanaticism spread the Saracen conquest over Northern Africa and into the Continent of Europe. The formula, of liberty, equality, and fraternity, cherished with the ardor due a religious creed, made the poorly equipped and poorly paid armies of the French Revolution irresistible. But these elements, again, are lacking in the United States. In the pursuit of wealth the principles of the Declaration of Independence and the ideals set forth in Lincoln's Gettysburg speech have been neglected. Those flaming words which inspired the efforts of the past have come to be regarded as glittering generalities. They have ceased to be the foundation of our education. We have made no effort to inculcate them in our foreign population.

We are to-day at war with a people which for generations has been trained in sacrifice and duty to the state. Ever since Stein translated the categorical imperative of Kant into terms of universal military service, the habit of discipline has become the predominating quality of German character. This quality, intensified by heredity and education, has given the German army the moral cohesion which has made it the most perfect military machine the world has known. Our own development, on the other hand, has been in

a different direction. Our history has been one of repeated struggles for individual rights and individual advantages. The sense of duty has not been called into play. Our foreign population, reaching these shores, has gladly cast aside the burdens which oppressed it in the home lands. But until the National Army was called out, we offered these people nothing to visualize their duties and obligations to their adopted country.

It is against these sins of omission and apathy in our past that we must contend to-day. The faults and weaknesses in the mass of the population will inevitably be reflected in the army. Most of the foreign-born know little of the purposes of the war. Democracy is for them an ideality devoid of meaning. There is nothing in their social, intellectual, or emotional background to inspire their spirit. Among the native Americans there are many whose education in our history and our ideals has become so attenuated that they view the present struggle with utter indifference. After the novelty of the first few months had worn off, many men discovered that they were in the service against their will and against the wishes of their families, and claims for exemption were multiplied. And, finally, those who entered the cantonments with enlightened patriotism and high purpose have had their spirits sorely tried by the shortcomings of the government and the mood of the people at home.

Those having dependents promptly made allotments for their support. While these allotments were regularly deducted from the soldiers' pay, the government was unable to make prompt payment to the families. The long delay has caused suffering among dependents which has reacted unfavorably upon the men.

Again, men who are called away from

their business pursuits naturally chafe when they find that rifles are slow in arriving, that machine-guns and artillery cannot be supplied, and that they are marking time instead of making rapid progress in the work which they are called to do.

It is said that criticism should be stilled and investigation and inquiry suspended. On the contrary, every criticism and every inquiry prompted by interest in the welfare of the army and its efficiency should be welcomed. It would be a certain omen of defeat if the people did not demand the reasons for apparent failures. A nation indifferent to its armies never won a victory.

That the army has maintained its spirit is due to the splendid character of its leaders and the wonderful leaven of patriotism which it contains. There are within its ranks thousands upon thousands of men who gladly answered the call to service, sacrificing everything they held dear. There are thousands of men of Polish and other stock who, either in their own persons, or from the lips of their fathers, have learned the meaning of Prussian autocracy and realized its menace to human liberty — and these men will acquit themselves in a manner worthy of the countrymen of Kosciuszko and Pulaski! Every cantonment can tell of men and families who waived their rights to exemption that they might serve the country in its need; of men who, at large individual expense and inconvenience, submitted to surgical and medical treatment that they might pass the physical tests; of mothers who gave their sons without a murmur. It is these men and women who, to-day, are not only bearing the burden of their own sacrifices, but enlightening their comrades and neighbors, teaching them American ideals, explaining the meaning of the war, and maintaining their spirit under adverse conditions.

But up to the present it has been a personal, individual effort. The National Army is so new that there has been no mobilization of the mass-sentiment of the nation behind it.

It is true that public organizations have been active on behalf of the material well-being of our soldiers. But their appeal has been rather to sympathy and solicitude — sometimes even to pity. A young wife had sent her husband to the cantonment, in the fervor of her patriotism waiving her just claim for exemption. She gradually dropped out of the life of the community. One day her minister called to express his sympathy and condolences. Her patriotism turned to angry indignation. She had made a glorious sacrifice — and in return was regarded as an object of charitable sentiments! It is not sympathy that is needed. Sympathy will not sustain a man through the long months of training, nor will pity nerve his sinews when he is brought finally to the supreme moment of his life, when his bayonet-thrust must be sure and his guard ready. Pity will not support a family throughout the long months of uncertainty. It is not this. It is far more. It is the pride of the country, the confidence in the valor and heroism of the army, and the flaming consciousness of the glory of the service, which must be mobilized. Until there is a vivid mass of realization of these things the country has failed in its spiritual duty to its soldiers.

The army is the cutting edge of the sabre, the government the blade and grip, but the force that must wield it is the people behind the army. If they lack determination, the blade will not be driven home. If there is uncertainty of purpose, the edge will be turned and the blade broken.

We are to-day seeking to overcome the results of fifty years of apathy and

careless living. We are attempting to accomplish within a few months what in the natural course of events would require generations — what in Germany has taken centuries of training and heredity. It seems impossible. But the very existence of the National Army proves that nothing is impossible to this nation when its intelligence and its conscience have once been aroused. Let us address ourselves promptly and vigorously to the Americanization of all who live within our territory by providing them with the opportunities for learning our language and for acquainting themselves with our history and the principles of our government. Until this has been done there is no excuse for continuing in our public schools the teaching of German. The task must no longer be left to charitably inclined individuals and organizations, but must be assumed by the state as a supreme duty. On the other hand, the utilization of such opportunities must be made compulsory.

The present war is the culminating struggle between two systems of poli-

tical philosophy. It will end in the world being all Prussian or all free. Those who seek at this crisis to undermine our faith in our institutions, or to libel the policy or impugn the motives which brought us into the war, or who in any way would dissipate our determination to win, are no ordinary traitors. Benedict Arnold merely surrendered material resources — these would destroy the soul. The treatment accorded them should be commensurate with the enormity of their crime.

Let us no longer commit the error of extending barren sympathy to those families that have given their sons and husbands and brothers to the country; rather let us proclaim them as the elect of the community, those whom it delights to honor, and behind whom we gladly mobilize all our resources of sacrifice and devotion.

And in our soldiers may we cherish only confidence and pride. The fiery Pentecost will then descend and envelop our people with the glory of the battle for democracy and sweep its armies on to victory!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON MAKING CALLS

I KNOW a boy who dislikes to make calls. Making a call, he says, is 'just sitting on a chair.'

I have had the same feeling, although I had never defined it so nicely. One 'just sits on a chair' — precariously, yet with an odd sense of unhappy security, of having grown to and become part of that chair, as if one dreaded to fall off, yet strongly suspected that any

real effort to get up and go away would bring the chair up and away with him. He is, so to speak, like a barnacle on a rock in an ocean of conversation. He may exhibit unbarnacle-like activity, cross and uncross his legs, fold and unfold his arms, twiddle his useful fingers, incline his tired head this way and that to relieve the strain on his neck, assume (like an actor) expressions of interest, amusement, surprise, pleasure, or what not. He may even speak or laugh. But

he remains sitting on his chair. He is more and more certain that he cannot get up.

He is unlike the bottoms of his own trousers. Calmly, quietly, and by imperceptible degrees *they* get up. Higher and higher they ascend kneeward; they have an ambition to achieve the waist. Every little while he must unostentatiously, and with an easy, careless, indifferent, well-bred, and even *blasé* gesture, manage to pull them down.

I am referring, you understand, to the mature, married male. Between boyhood and maturity there is a period (without which there would be fewer marriages, and perhaps none at all) when a call is a personal adventure, and it often happens that the recipient of the call, rather than the caller himself, fears that somehow or other he and his chair have grown together. But my boy friend, as I think you will agree when you consider his situation, does not, strictly speaking, call: he is taken to call. And just so is it with the average mature, married male; the chief difference — and even this does not invariably hold good — is that he dresses himself. He has become part and parcel (particularly parcel) of what is presumably a wise and necessary division of life in which the social end is taken over by a feminine partner. She is the expert. She knows when and where to call, what to say, and when to go home. A man, happily married, has no further responsibilities in this business — except to come cheerfully and sit on his chair without wriggling. Sometimes, indeed, he takes a pleasure in it, but that is only when he has momentarily forgotten that he is making a call. These are his rewarding moments; and then, the first thing he knows, somebody is 'making signs' that it is time to go home!

The wise man, noticing these 'signs,' comes home. He stands not upon the

order of his coming, but comes at once.

A call, says Herbert Spencer, in his *Principles of Sociology*, is 'evidently a remote sequence of that system under which a subordinate ruler had from time to time to show loyalty to a chief ruler by presenting himself to do homage.' The idea is plausible: was it not for this very reason that Cleopatra galleyed down the Cydnus to call on Antony, — a call that would probably have had a different effect on history if the lady had brought a husband, — and Sheba cameled across the desert to call on Solomon? The creditor character of the visitation survives in the common expression 'paying a call.' In both these cases, however, the calls took on a lighter and brighter aspect, a more reciprocally admiring and well-affected intimacy, than was strictly necessary to an act of political homage. One is, after all, human: and the absence of marital partners, whose presence is always a little subduing, must be taken into consideration. 'But Solomon,' you say, 'Solomon?' Sir and madam, I rise to your question. In such a situation a man with seven hundred wives is as good as a bachelor; and I think the fact that Solomon had seven hundred wives proves it.

Later the Feudal System provided natural scope for innumerable calls of this nature; visits, as we should now term them, because it was customary for the callers to bring their nighties — or would have been if the callers had had any. The Dark Ages, curiously enough, lacked this garment. But it was only after the Feudal Period that the call, as we now know and practice it, became a social custom; and even to-day feudalism, in an attenuated form, rules society, and the call is often enough an act of homage to the superior social chief. One might argue (except for the fact that Sheba *gave* as well as exhibited her treasure to Solomon)

that Mrs. Jones is following historic precedent when she brings and exhibits Mr. Jones to Mrs. Smith. Or, again, it might be pointed out that both Cleopatra and Sheba *brought their slaves*. There is, apparently, more than one sequence (as Mr. Spencer would say), but there is also a wide divergence from original type. Only partly and occasionally an act of homage, the call has become, broadly speaking, a recognition of exact social equality, as if the round, dignified American cheese in Grocer Brown's ice-box should receive and return a call from the round, dignified American cheese in Grocer Green's ice-box.

And it has become divisible into as many varieties as Mr. Heinz's pickles. — The *call friendly* ('Let us go and call on the Smiths: I'd like to see them'); the *call compulsory* ('We really *must* make that call on the Smiths'); the *call curious* ('I wonder if it's so, what I heard yesterday about the Smiths'); the *call convenient* ('As we have n't anything better to do this evening, we might call on the Smiths'); the *call proud* ('Suppose we get out the new motor, and run round to the Smiths'); and so forth, and so forth. But, however we look at it, the call is dependent upon feminine initiative. Our mature, married male, unless he has had already a call to the ministry, has no call, socially speaking, to make calls. It is his wife's business. As the British soldiers sang at one period of the war, 'He's there because he's there, because he's there, because he's there.' But it is his plain duty to *sit on his chair*. I do not hold it legitimate in him to 'sneak off' with Mr. Smith — and smoke.

Fortunately, however, once he is there, little else is expected of him — and nothing that a man should not be willing to do for his wife. A smile, an attentive manner, the general effect of having combed his hair and wash-

ed behind his ears, a word now and then to show that he is awake (I am assuming that he controls the tendency to wriggle on his chair) — and no more is needed. He is a lay figure, but not necessarily a lay figure of speech. I do not know why he is there, unless to prove to their little world that he still loves his wife; that he is, in short, *attached* to her, so that wherever she goeth there he goeth also.

Unless a man who is taken to call is of an abnormally lively conversational habit, quick to think of something that may pass for a contribution to current thought, and even quicker to get it out, he had best accept his position as merely decorative, and try to be as decorative as possible. Either he must be so quick that the first words of his sentence have leaped into life before he is himself aware of what is to come hurrying after them, or he must be so slow that the only sentence he has is still painfully climbing to the surface long after the proper time for its appearance has passed and been forgotten. Swallow it, my dear sir, swallow it. Silence, accompanied by a wise, appreciative glance of the eye, is better; for a man who has mastered the art of the wise look does his wife credit, and is taken home from a call with his faculties unimpaired and his self-respect undiminished: he is the same man as when he was taken out. But not so the man who starts, hesitates, and stops, as if he actually said, 'Hold-on-there-I-'ve-got-a-fine-idea — but — er — on second thought — er — I — er — that is — I guess — er — it is n't — worth hearing.'

Such a man, I say, adds little to the pleasure of himself or the company; he attracts attention only to disappoint: and others are kind as well as sensible to ignore him. He should have kept on rapidly and developed his fine idea to the bitter end. Nor is it wise to at-

tempt to shine, to dazzle, to surprise with a clever epigram, thoughtfully composed and tested by imaginary utterance before an imaginary charmed circle while dressing; for nothing so diminishes confidence in an epigram as successive failures to get it into circulation. In calling, one must jump on the train of thought as it speeds through a way station; and there is no happy mean between jumping on a passing train and standing still on the platform — except, as I have suggested, a pleasant wave of the hand as the train passes.

'There are not many situations,' said Dr. Johnson, 'more incessantly uneasy than that in which the man is placed who is watching an opportunity to speak without courage to take it when offered, and who, though he resolves to give a specimen of his abilities, always finds some reason or other for delaying to the next minute.'

I know that resolve; and yet how often have I, too, failed at the crucial moment to give the hoped-for specimen of my abilities! 'Not yet,' I said to myself, 'not yet. The time is not ripe.' And so I waited, incessantly uneasy, — as Dr. Johnson so well puts it, — but always finding some reason or other to postpone the fireworks. I was beset by a kind of gross selfishness — an unwillingness to give *anybody* a specimen of my abilities. Let them chatter! Little do they guess — and never will they know — the abilities sitting on this chair! Give *them* a specimen! Yet I must confess also that my specimen seemed somehow isolated and apart from my environment. It was all right in itself, but it needed a setting; it was like a button without a coat, like an eye without a face, like a kiss without a companion.

And so I come back to my young friend Humphrey; and it seems to me that, with respect to calls, the life of

man is in three stages. At first he is a child, and is taken to call by his mother, and he 'just sits on a chair.' But sometimes in that family there is another child — it may be a boy child or a girl child; and so, presently, he finds a little playmate, and begins to play, until his mother decides it is time the call was over, and she takes him home. Then he grows older; he makes calls all by himself; and so impressed is he (being at the impressionable age) by the satisfaction derived from certain of these calls that he marries the young woman, God willing, and makes the call permanent. After that, his wife takes him to call and he 'just sits on a chair.' But it sometimes happens, even as when he was a child, that he finds a little playmate: and then, when all is well and he has quite forgotten that he is making a call, his wife decides it is time that the call was over.

And she takes him home.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE

I ALWAYS think of him as the general countryside directory, for, if in need of information in regard to anything within a radius of twelve miles around my summer home, I turn to Henry True. When the fickle appetite of an invalid member of the household demanded potatoes in the early summer, he told me confidentially that I could get some of those, at that time extremely precious, vegetables from a farmer on Green Prairie. He assured me that it was nothing to him whether I bought of his friend or not.

During the hot days of July, when unexpected guests suddenly descended from their automobiles on us in alarming numbers, I flew to the telephone, and asked Henry if he knew anybody anywhere who would and could help in our kitchen.

'Why, yes,' he answered, 'there's a

newcomer girl staying with the Ole Olsens on the Barberry Road. She can't talk much English, but I guess she can peel vegetables and wash dishes all right enough. I'm supervising the new macadam over there and if you want me to, I'll tell Ole to have her ready when you come for her, any time you say. Of course it's nothing to me whether you take her or not. I don't care one way or the other.'

I thanked him and said warmly that it was a great deal to me.

Henry can always find a man, even in these war times, to do an odd job on our place. He knows those who can best spade a garden and those who dabble in cement. He always urges me not to employ any one on his say-so, and he never fails to declare that it is nothing to him, one way or the other.

One autumn when our middle-aged cook expressed a desire to stay in the country during the winter, he knew of just the place for her as working house-keeper, with a delightful old couple in a village ten miles from us. He did not forget to say that it was nothing to him whether she went to the retired country banker and his wife or not; but Matilda went, and had a happy winter.

Although he is vice-president of the woolen mill company, owns a large farm, which he farms with a share-man, is roadmaster of the township, and teaches singing-school in the district-school community centres, Henry yet has time to raise small fruits for market in his home yard. He often brings his luscious berries to our door, and as I stand by his little car, wondering how many boxes I can use, for I am sorely tempted to buy him out, he tells me that he does n't expect to make money on them, that he raises them for pastime mostly, but as long as he has them he thinks he might as well sell some.

'It's nothing to me whether you buy

or not. Take them or leave them. I just come round this way when I'm out with a crate or two, so if you do want some you can have them. Now these red caps are extra fine. If I was recommending any, it would be them, but it's nothing to me, one way or the other, whether you buy them or not. There's plenty that do want them, and even if there were n't it would n't make any difference to me, for Sarah can put them up all right. I guess really it's her patriotic duty to can them now, you know. Well, yes, of course you can have eight boxes or more if you want them. The folks down the other end of the lake will probably be a little disappointed if I don't have any left for them, but it's nothing to me, one way or the other, who gets them. I guess Sarah won't have many to can to-day.'

'Henry,' I said, 'I hear that you and Sarah are going to have your silver wedding on the seventeenth. I'm sorry that I shall not be here at that time. I have to go to the city for a few days just then.'

'Well, of course, we'd like to have you come to the blow-out all right, but it's nothing to me, one way or the other. We've got along and prospered all right, and I'm perfectly satisfied to keep still about it; but the children want to have a party, and I guess Sarah thinks she'll gather in a little solid silver, maybe. Steel knives and forks are good enough for me. I'm not proud myself. I told Sarah this morning that any one who really wanted to give me a present could just hand me a silver dollar. I'd rather have a collection of them than any other pieces of silver I know of.'

For a moment I thought he was joking, but I never had heard him joke, and glancing into my purse, which I had not closed since buying the berries, I saw two silver dollars. I proffered

them rather timidly, I must confess, with my best wishes.

'Well, as my boys say, you came across pretty quick. Thank you kindly.' He pocketed the coins, and then looking at me with a sudden thought, added, 'I suppose one of these is for Sarah.'

'No,' I laughed, 'I shall get a little keepsake in the city for her, in memory of our long friendship. But it's just like you, Henry, to want to divide with her.'

'Oh, well, it's nothing to me, one way or the other, which of us has the money, she or me.'

There are people who say that Henry is mean, and some of his ways are strange and may be misunderstood by those who don't know his great justness. It is true that, when asked to have a cigar or a drink, he has been heard to reply that he does n't smoke or use alcohol, but that he would take the price. He always has money to lend. He charges interest, of course, but he is never hard on his debtors. I knew of his canceling an unfortunate farmer's note for a load of pumpkins one autumn, when his own cellar was full of the golden fruit, for which there was no market. Every child who wanted a jack o' lantern, every housewife who wanted a pie, was welcome to them, for, as he said to me when I went for my share, it was nothing to him, one way or the other, whether the neighbors took them or he threw them out for the cattle.

At the dance in celebration of the completion of a large new barn on the True farm, Henry came across the floor in my direction, towing a youth taller and lankier than himself. Dispensing with superfluous formal introduction he said, 'This young fellow saw you across the room, and he thinks he wants to dance the fox-trot or some-

thing with you. I never saw him dance. I don't know whether he's a good dancer or not, but I told him I knew you, and I'd bring him over, and if you wanted to try him you could. But you need n't take him on my say-so. It's nothing to me, one way or the other.'

At the end of the fox-trot, when my partner had left, Henry turned to me with a questioning look. 'He was all right, was n't he? His father used to waltz and polka harder than any one round here, so I thought dancing must come easy to him. But of course I could n't recommend him, because it was nothing to me whether you danced with him or not.'

'Why don't you speak for yourself, Henry? Are n't you going to ask me to dance?'

'Well, I'm not dancing much to-night. I've got on new shoes and they're kind of stiff. See those shoes.' He pushed forward a large broad foot in a shiny shoe, for my inspection. 'Is n't that a pretty good-looking shoe for nothing?'

'Yes, indeed. Were they a present to you?'

'Well, sort of a present. Anyway, I got them free. You see I took some of my grapes and pears over to the Butterworth County fair to exhibit, and there was a firm over there offering a pair of shoes to the man on the grounds who had the biggest feet. I got them.'

'Just for the size of your feet!'

'Yes; but I did have to walk round the fair grounds all the rest of the day carrying two signs, one in front and one behind, telling how I got the shoes.'

'Why, Henry!' I cried, somewhat aghast at the thought of my old friend as a sandwich-man.

'Oh, I did n't mind that. The signs were n't heavy. It was nothing to me, one way or the other.'